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Saturday Review

MICHENER TOURS THE PACIFIC

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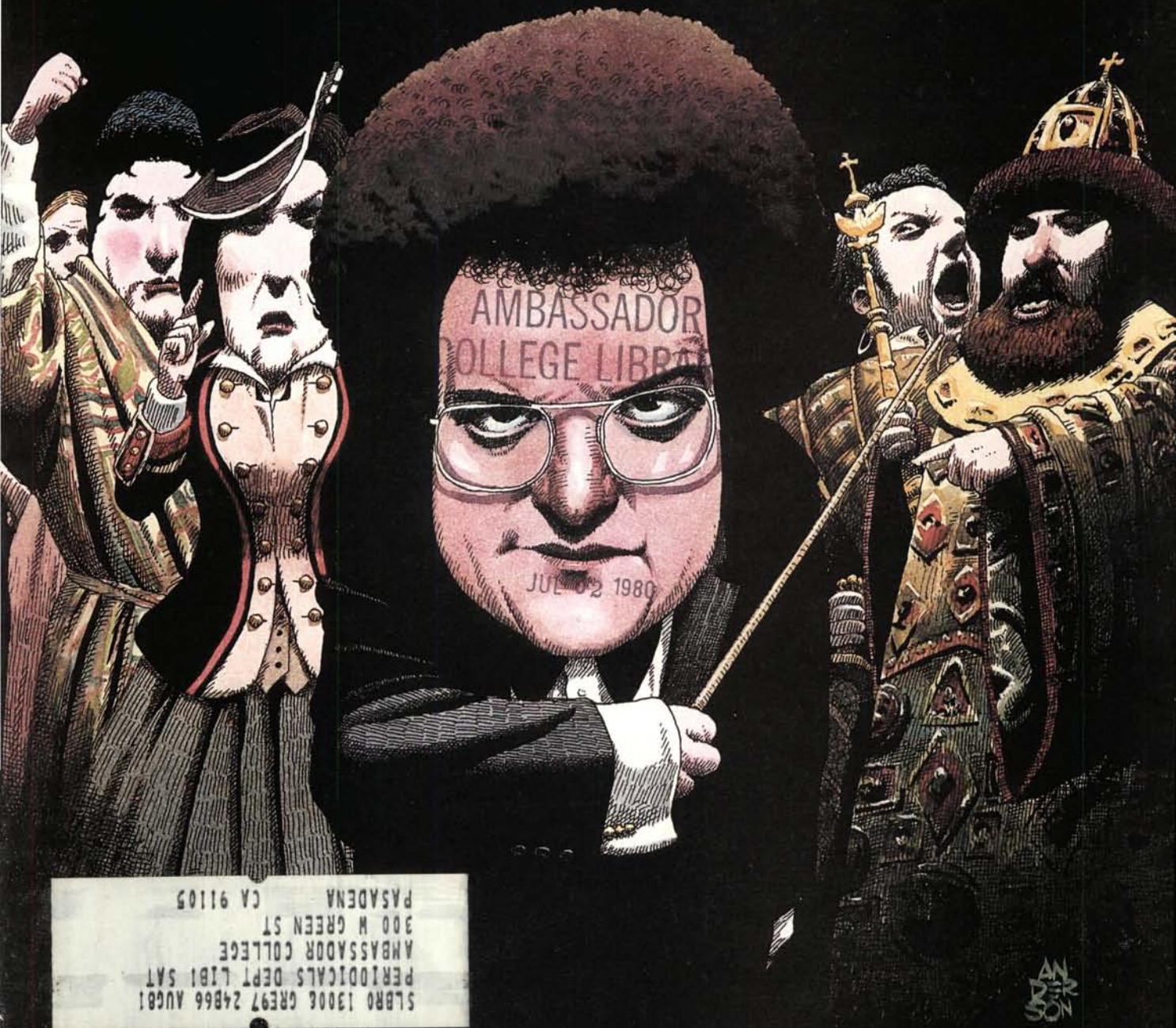

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U.S. Government Report:

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Box or Menthol:

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Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	14	1.1
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than 0.5**	**0.05**

Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

Carlton.
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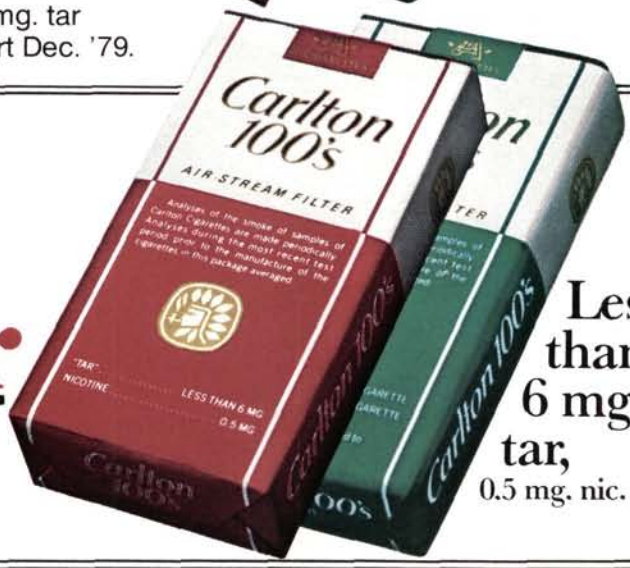
The lighter 100's.



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

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This message first appeared on May 4, 1972.
We think it is just as timely today.

Stagnation is still the worst form of pollution.

Pollution takes many forms. In the American experience, by far the most damaging form has been stagnation. Economic stagnation.

This is the stagnation that brings a region or a community (or a race, or an economic group) or the whole country to a standstill. It deprives people of upward mobility. It erodes individual ability and self-respect and even hope.

Of all forms of pollution, economic stagnation has been least acceptable to other generations of Americans.

In the 1930s, as part of our response to the Depression, America mounted a great effort to overcome the blight of the South. And of the Dust Bowl, and other rural sectors. In the 1940s, emphasis shifted to the nation's declining small towns; and for a decade, on into the 1950s, our efforts were directed largely at relief for the depressed areas of New England, the Middle Atlantic states, the Midwest, and the Great Lakes region.

During the 1960s, social policy and programs reached out toward new concerns: the hopelessness of the rural poor, the bitterness of the ghetto.

But for all our good intentions, the basic problem will persist until we focus on root causes: failure to conserve and develop resources; failure to keep pace in fostering the new investment that creates new jobs; failure to encourage sound growth and expansion of the private sector as the sole support of works needed in the public sector. These omissions lead to stagnation. Stagnation has polluted the lives of millions of Americans. It will continue to pollute lives until we as a nation attain the understanding and determination that can stop it. And we can stop it without impairing the environment.

To stop pollution of human existence we must restore a decent priority to economic growth—sound, responsible, adequate growth. Public policy must encourage growth and expansion. It must encourage investment, innovation, and new technology.

Growth carries with it some costs. But they are costs we can afford and may eventually be able to reduce. Economic stagnation brings far larger costs—larger than America can afford—and they multiply inexorably through the generations.

What we inherit when that happens is surely the very worst of all the many forms of pollution.

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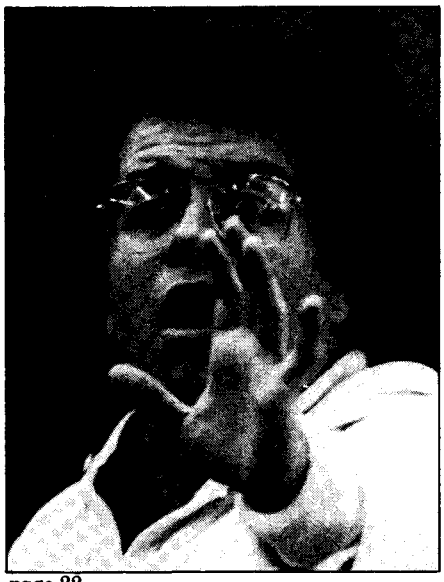
Saturday Review

JUNE, 1980



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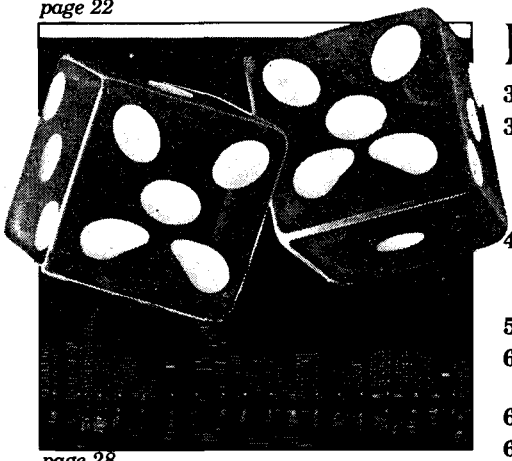

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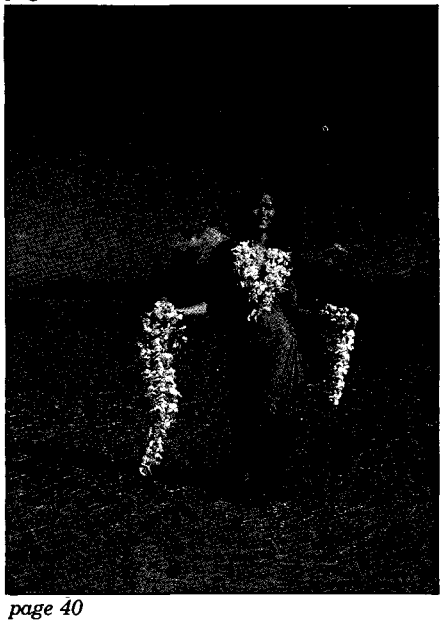

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LETTERS

Women and Doctors

For Susan Schiefelbein, author of "The Female Patient" [March 29], my congratulations on a balanced presentation. It is rare to find a commentator on the medical scene who goes beyond the exposition of sensational and glaring embarrassments of the medical profession and notes the significant effort within the profession to rectify unacceptable practices.

It should be no surprise that medicine reflects both ends of the humanistic spectrum. Remember, physicians did not spring complete from the arms of Aesculapius. They are products of the same society that produces sociologists and sociopaths, philosophers and philanderers. Much progress will be made if first it is understood that "doctor" and "patient" are titles which under special circumstances are given to people.

Frederick R. Abrams, MD
Past-President, International Society for Advancement of Humanistic Studies in Gynecology
Denver, Colorado

I was glad to see your article on the medical profession's attitude toward the female patient. I can personally vouch for its veracity—I was a victim of this attitude only one year ago.

I entered the emergency room of a neighborhood hospital with stroke symptoms. Two days later I was released and told I had hyperventilated, probably from nerves. I was never seen by a neurologist, nor was I given an electroencephalogram.

My right carotid artery was collapsing and I subsequently needed a brain artery bypass. Had I not enough faith in my judgment to pursue further medical help, I would now be in a wheelchair or dead. I believe a man would not have been dismissed with such a diagnosis.

Jerianne Garber
Chicago, Illinois

Ms. Schiefelbein's facts and figures are indeed convincing. The solution to the problem of the female patient is possible only with a concerted effort by feminists, women who suffer poor health care, husbands who would like healthy wives, men, and even children. First of all, more women must be accepted (both formally by the colleges and informally by their colleagues) into the medical profession. Sexist attitudes, which are slowly being rooted out of business and education, must be banished from the medical classrooms and institutions. Young women must be encouraged by teachers, parents, guidance counselors, admissions officers, and even by physicians themselves, to seek careers in medicine. If male physicians with sexist attitudes lose patients to competent female physicians, they will of necessity begin to treat women with the respect and care they deserve. Women *and* men should demand respect and competent care from physicians. Without this, we cannot hope for healthy families or healthy lives.

Dana Herreman
Newark, Ohio

A "Gong" for Chuck Barris

Peter Andrews's trenchant review "Chuck Barris's Hating Games" [March 29] left me, at once, rolling on the floor and in serious agreement with his assessment. An encompassing adjective might have been "em-barrising."

James K. Turner
Louisville, Kentucky

Libretto or Lasagne?

Kudos to Kolodin for his article "The Tenor of Success" [March 29]. Despite the media hype, Pavarotti is not immune to the simple facts of life and vocal health. He will have to stop pushing his voice (which has been displaying alarming signs of misuse) and start pushing himself away from the table.

Comparisons with Caruso (not to mention Bjoerling or Gigli) are, to say the least, premature. The extended careers of those singers bore eloquent testimony to a solid singing technique; careers built without the advantages of promotional pandering to current pop/media stardom.

Jerry Kleinsasser
Department of Fine Arts
California State College
Bakersfield, California

It was too good to last—to let the superb Pavarotti voice be. There have always been the nit-pickers who seem to have the need to prey on achievers and exploit whatever juicy tidbits they can scrounge up. Lo and behold! Who ever would have thought that a person of the stature of Irving Kolodin would have to scrape the bottom of the barrel and despair of Pavarotti's humanness.

Mr. Kolodin's article was knowledgeable, but he should have let Mr. Pavarotti's talent and warm personality shine alone, and not get upset because this "Tenor of Success" chooses to have a second helping of lasagne!

Jane Cox
Roselle Park, New Jersey

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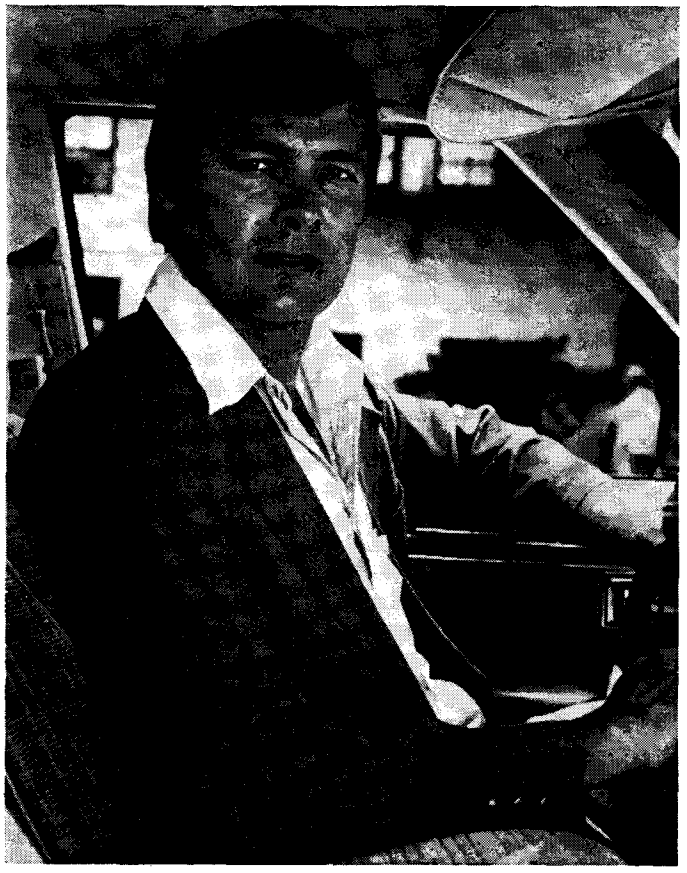

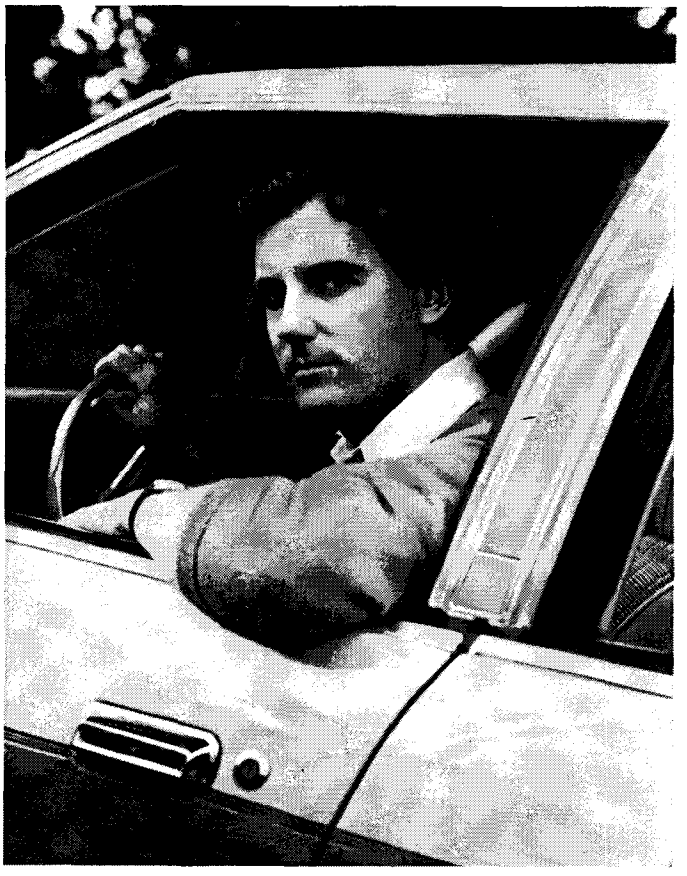

Why should two men with identical cars and similar driving records have different auto insurance rates?

Both men are about the same age, live in the same state and drive their cars about the same number of miles a year. Yet the man on the left pays more because he lives in a city.

As representatives of a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we want everyone to understand the reasons why people who live in cities pay higher auto insurance premiums than suburban or rural residents.

Higher Loss Potential

The large number of people driving within a relatively small area increases the likelihood of something unfortunate happening to you or your car. For example: motorists driving in the Manhattan borough of New York City experienced 41% more accidents per thousand drivers in 1977, compared to their counterparts in suburban areas.

Higher Repair Costs

Should your car be involved in a mishap, it will, on the average, cost you more to repair. In cities, the higher cost of commercial space and the higher wages paid to skilled labor result in increased overhead for the auto repair industry, as for most businesses.

Greater Risk

The crime problems associated with densely populated areas increase the risk of your car being vandalized or stolen. To cover this greater loss potential, insurance companies must charge higher premiums.

Some people think this practice is unfair. We disagree. We believe people with lower exposure to loss should not have to subsidize those with higher exposure to loss. Of course, where you live is only one of the many factors that determine the cost of your auto insurance. But it is a factor that can be accurately measured through the accident claims experience of drivers.

Working together, we believe we can keep the costs of auto insurance fairly distributed...and affordable.

Here's what we're doing to keep costs down:

- Reassessing the loss potential of geographical areas.
- Investigating repair claims more thoroughly.
- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars more crash-resistant and highways safer.
- Distributing the administrative costs of providing insurance more evenly among rural and urban dwellers.
- Supporting the National Automobile Theft Bureau, which is working to reduce auto thefts and to advise on theft prevention.

Here's what you can do:

- Ask your agent about discounts that may be available.
- Check into a higher deductible. It will lower your premium.
- Join a car pool if you have to drive to work. It will save gasoline and you will reduce your insurance premium.
- Lock your car. Don't invite trouble.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association**, 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

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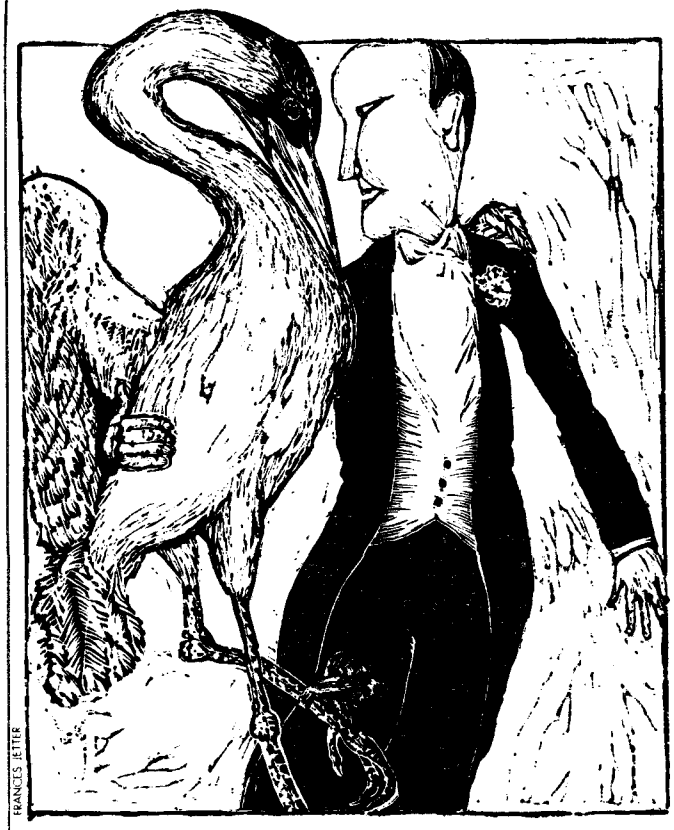

Whooping It Up

Once upon a time, there was a female whooping crane named Tex who thought she was a human. She was a very lonely whooping crane. The males of her species who came to pay court were rejected, sometimes violently. She wanted a *real* man. Now this made all her friends unhappy, because they knew she was one of the last of a dying species. The female whooping crane, meanwhile, grew lonelier and lonelier.

But then came hope in the form of a Japanese ornithologist. Yoshimitsu Shigeta, of the Tokyo Zoo, flew to Wisconsin—where Tex currently lives—all ready to play a combination Prince Charming/Fairy Godmother to Tex's Princess. For two months Shigeta was to perform the whooping crane mating dance to the music of Strauss's "On the Beautiful Blue Danube." After convincing Tex that he was about to become her mate, he was going to artificially inseminate her, so that she would lay fertilized eggs.

The odds looked good. Shigeta, after all, was not without terpsichorean experience. Before coming to Wisconsin, he performed the mating dance for a male whooping crane in Tokyo—that's how he got the reproductive fluid with which to impregnate Tex.

Alas, this story does not have a happy ending. Shigeta came, saw, but did not conquer. Proving that love between man and whooping crane can be just as fickle as love between man and woman, Tex in no uncertain terms made it clear that she would have nothing to do with Shigeta. She preferred by far the company of her keepers, who apparently can't dance. Shigeta, morose, boarded the plane back to Japan.

Good Neighbors

In the 13th century the town of Geel in northern Belgium was more than 700 years ahead of its time. Other medievals treated the mentally ill as a lesser species of humanity. But not Geelites: Long before anyone had ever heard of "anti-psychiatry," the town was practicing it. Instead of locking mental patients away, the citizens took them into their homes and cared for them. Now, lack of money and political interest may spell the end of this still-unique tradition—just as anti-psychiatry is attracting interest worldwide.

Currently, 1,300 mental patients are registered in and around Geel; more than 1,000 live in local homes as paying guests, sometimes for their entire lives. "The importance of Geel," said psychiatrist Jean Roosens, a professor at the University of Louvain, "lies not only in the fact that patients are lodged in ordinary homes and allowed to share ordinary lives, but also in the town's totally supportive nature." Local ethics, for instance, forbids making fun of patients or referring to them as "basket cases" or similar epithets. This atmosphere, according to Roosens, gives patients a sense of security and enables them to learn how to behave.

If Belgium's government doesn't take action, however, the work of centuries will be undone in just a few years. At the moment, families who have taken in a patient are paid a meager $3.60 a day by the government. That, in one of Europe's most expensive nations, hardly covers the food bill.

Being Sheepish

Lamb is many things to many people—a symbol to the religious, a delicious dinner to the hungry, a coat to the cold. But to Dianne Hooper of Narre Warren, Australia, a lamb is, well, a lamb is a trimmed lawn. If you just can't bring yourself to roll out of bed on Sunday morning to crop the grass, Miss Hooper will rent you a lamb to do the job for you. Rent-a-Lamb charges 40¢ per week per animal, which is a pretty good deal, considering that the fertilizer is thrown in, free.

Cloudy Crystal Balls

At least a few times a year local TV stations and newspapers run stories about clairvoyants who miraculously solve unsolvable crimes. They saw a body near a tall elm, they saw a large man in brown shoes, they awoke from their vision with a shudder of horror, etc., etc. But, according to Dr. Martin Reisner of the Los Angeles Police Department, psychics just aren't that helpful. He recounts that in 1978 two groups of psychics and two control groups were formed to help police solve a series of crimes. One of the control groups consisted of 12 homicide detectives, while the second control group consisted of 11 college students. The results? "The information that the psychics came up with," Reisner reports, "was not any better than that of the two comparison groups." However, he says, "the psychics seemed to be more confident in their responses."

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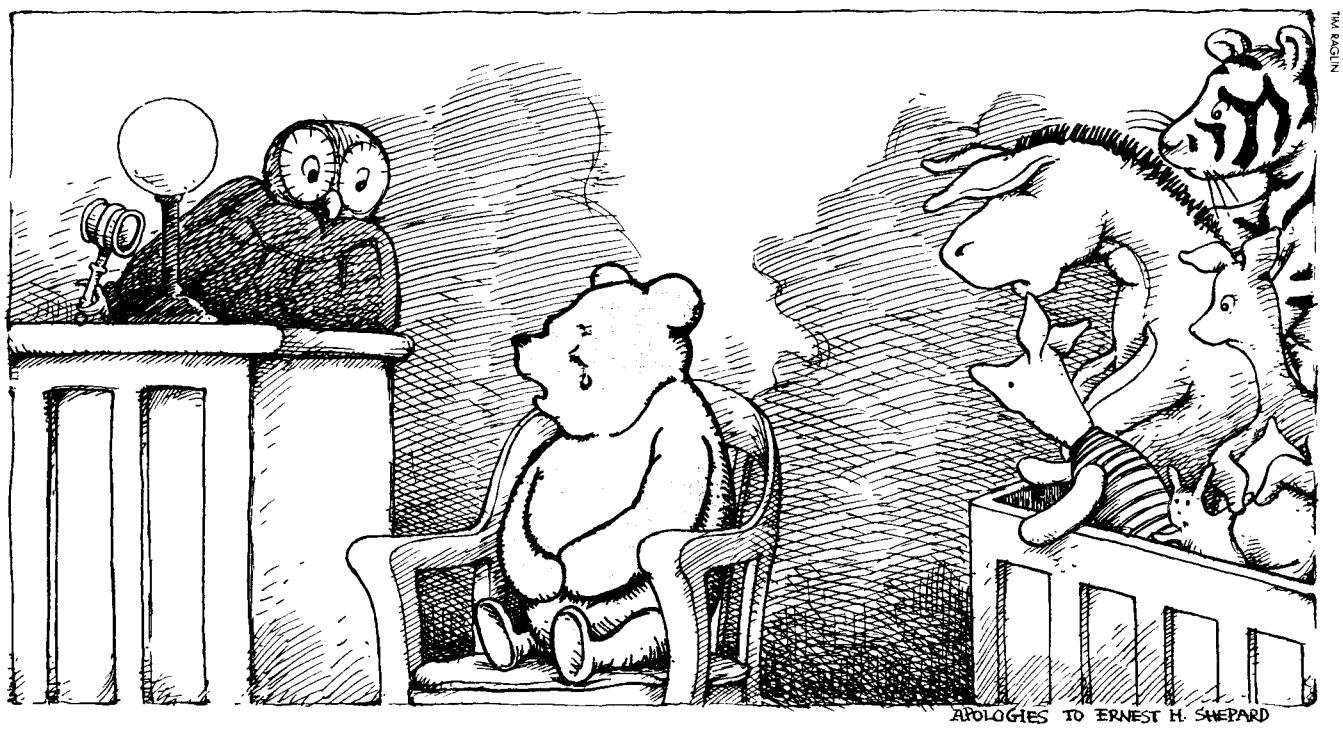

Piglet for the Defense

Winnie the Pooh, you may remember, always fell into trouble, getting his paws stuck in the honey jar or eating so much he couldn't squeeze out of Owl's house. Well, recently, Winnie did it again. While working at Disneyland, the hapless bear was accused of bopping a nine-year-old visitor to the amusement park with his paw. And since this is a society of lawyers, the lawyers went to work: Representatives of the alleged victim sued for negligence to the interesting tune of $15,000.

The despondent bear—really a Disneyland employee named Robert Hill—took the stand in full Winnie-the-Pooh garb and denied the charges. He claimed he had been pushed accidentally from behind and struck Debbie Lopez—not with his paw but with his fur-covered wiggling plastic ear.

Winnie's testimony moved the jurors deeply. After only 21 minutes of deliberation, they acquitted him. Said Judge Jerold Oliver, who presided at the sticky trial, "Winnie the Pooh has been vindicated." Rum tum tum tiddle um.

Shhh, S'il Vous Plait

To George Gershwin, French street crowds were music to his ears. But not, apparently, to the French. Recently the government agreed to 25 anti-noise measures, which will be tried out in three towns—Blois, Toulouse, and Aix-les-Bains—over the next three years. According to *Zodiac News*, the plan is aimed mainly at reducing the decibel levels generated by traffic, aircraft, and household appliances. By October 1982:

- Autos in the three communities will have to emit 20 to 50 percent less noise to conform to government directives.
- When planning new routes, road planners will be required to take account of sound nuisance.
- Police anti-noise squads are to be given special training.
- Silencers will be mandatory on motors and powered saws.
- Appliances will have to carry a certificate showing how many decibels they emit, and those exceeding certain limits will not be allowed to be imported or sold.
- Grants for soundproofing subsidized homes will be increased from 20 to 30 percent.
- Finally, 250,000 leaflets explaining the problem of noise pollution will be distributed to children, who, it is to be hoped, will be more seen and less heard.

Jersey Rocks

Quick, what is the only state to have an official rock theme for its youth? Did you say New Jersey? Well, you're wrong—but only momentarily. For at the urging of his 22-year-old son, Robert, Bergen County Assemblyman Richard Visotcky is sponsoring a resolution to make Bruce Springsteen's "Born to Run" the rock anthem of New Jersey's adolescents. (Visotcky is a Democrat, of course.)

"Bruce is a New Jersey native," says Robert. "He often talks about how much he loves the state, and, most importantly, adoption of the song would make young people in the state believe in politics again."

At the moment, the proposal has been released from the state's education committee and is in a position to be posted by the speaker of the state assembly for a vote. If it passes both houses, it will be referred to the state secretary, who will sign the motion. Believe it or not, the odds for passage look good.

So here, for those among you who are not rock-'n'-roll fans, are the lyrics of "Born to Run," which, incidentally, doesn't mention New Jersey:

Baby, this town rips the bones
from your back.
It's a deathtrap,
It's a suicide rap,
We gotta get out while we're
young,
Cause tramps like us, baby,
We were born to run.

Sort of fits, doesn't it?

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Transporting Chemicals Safely

What we're doing to help protect you and your family

To meet America's needs, U.S. chemical producers ship millions of tons of chemicals every year—some of them potentially hazardous. All but a small fraction arrive without incident. Still, we're not satisfied. Here are some of the steps we're taking to move chemicals even more safely:

1.
More safety training

We've intensified training programs for chemical workers, and the results are good. Today, chemical workers are far safer *on* the job than *off*. We've also extended this training to truck and rail carrier employees.

2.
Stronger tank cars

Working with railroads and the government, the chemical industry is equipping tank cars for transporting flammable compressed gases with safety devices to make them more resistant to damage. These devices include things like solid steel "head shields" that help prevent rupture in case of collision. "Thermal shields" that resist heat buildup in fires. "Shelf" couplers to help prevent puncture in case of derailment. (See illustration at right.)

3.
Better warning signs

Placards with basic information on shipping hazards are now posted on tank cars and on tank trucks. To improve these placards, we support the addition of United Nations identification numbers. These numbers could then be used for quick reference to an emergency response guide now being prepared by the United States Government.

4.
Upgraded emergency response

In 1971, we set up a 24-hour emergency response center called CHEMTREC. Since then, we have continually expanded and improved the system. When an accident occurs at any hour of the day or night, a single toll-free

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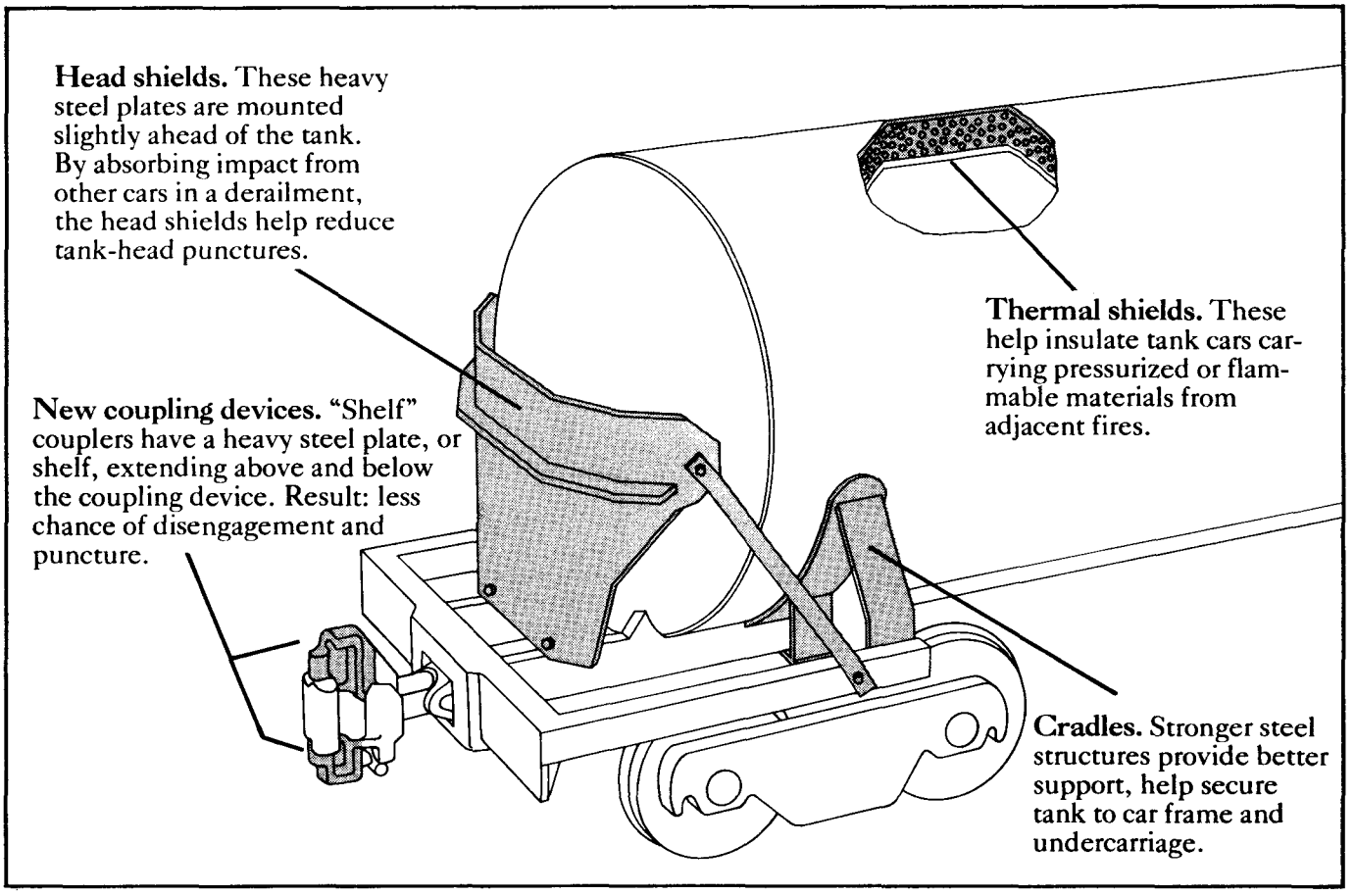

Head shields. These heavy steel plates are mounted slightly ahead of the tank. By absorbing impact from other cars in a derailment, the head shields help reduce tank-head punctures.
Thermal shields. These help insulate tank cars carrying pressurized or flammable materials from adjacent fires.
New coupling devices. "Shelf" couplers have a heavy steel plate, or shelf, extending above and below the coupling device. Result: less chance of disengagement and puncture.
Cradles. Stronger steel structures provide better support, help secure tank to car frame and undercarriage.

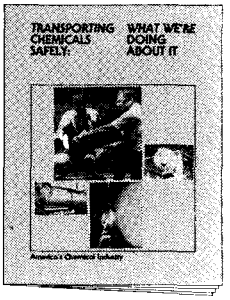
Many chemical tank cars are now equipped with safety devices to lessen the severity of rail accidents. Four of these devices are shown above.

phone call brings immediate safety information. Then CHEMTREC calls the chemical manufacturer, who provides expert guidance on how to minimize the risk of handling the emergency.

5. Expanded Police and Fire Department Programs

When a transportation accident occurs, local police and fire personnel are the first to deal with it. So the chemical industry offers a training program to show how various kinds of chemical emergencies should be handled. Some chemical companies even run true-to-life drills in which firemen learn how to put out actual chemical fires. This program is now being greatly expanded in cooperation with the U.S. railroad industry.

What you've read here is just a beginning. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to transport chemicals safely, write to: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. AR-06, 1825 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20009.



America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

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EDITORIAL

Being Healthy Is Not Enough

On the surface, it would appear that the American people have never been in better shape. Certainly, the statistics are auspicious. According to the current report of the U.S. Surgeon General, life expectancy at birth for the average American is moving well up into 70-plus years—contrasted with 47 years at the beginning of the century.

Just in the past two decades, the mortality rate for children—both white and black—has been cut in half. It now stands at 14 per thousand, a record low. Deaths from heart disease for all ages have dropped 22 percent since 1968. Last year, tuberculosis, diphtheria, poliomyelitis, and gastroenteritis produced a combined death toll of 10,000 lives. If the death rate for those diseases were the same today as it was in 1900, they would have claimed 800,000 lives.

Despite these gains, other threats to life are increasing. The grisly fact about life in the United States is that accidents and murder are replacing disease as the prime killers—especially of the nation's young people. Murder has become the greatest single cause of death among nonwhite American youths. Last year, firearms claimed the lives of 50,000 in the 15- to 24-year-old age group. Handguns are the most frequently used weapons. For the population as a whole, the United States now has the highest murder rate of any major nation in the world. Our 10.2 homicides per 100,000 people compares with 1.3 for Japan, 1.1 for Sweden, 1.0 for Great Britain, and 0.9 for France.

Next to murder weapons, automobiles are the most lethal devices in the United States. About 2 million Americans were disabled last year in automobile accidents, and almost 50,000 were killed. More than half of the casualties were under the age of 24.

Still another social problem is represented by the increased use of alcohol and drugs, once again especially among young people. About 80 percent of teenagers between the ages of 12 and 17 have had experience with liquor. About 3 percent drink daily. The percentage of high-school students who come to class intoxicated at least once a month has doubled in the past 15 years—from 10 to 20 percent.

In 1950, drug abuse was virtually nonexistent in the United States. Only 2 percent of the entire population at that time had sustained experience with such narcotics as cocaine, heroin, and marijuana. By 1976, 60 percent of the 18- to 25-year-old group had used marijuana; 20 percent had "graduated" to the harder drugs.

One of the most disturbing facts to emerge from the Surgeon General's report concerns the increased incidence of venereal infections. Venereal disease has replaced smallpox, tuberculosis, and diphtheria as the disease posing the biggest threat to our youth. An estimated 12 million young Americans today are carrying sexually transmitted diseases.

Pregnancy is now also a major risk for American teenage girls. About 1 million adolescents became pregnant last year, 300,000 of whom were under the age of 15. Children born of these mothers carry all sorts of disabilities, beginning with low birth weight. An additional health threat with pregnancy becomes apparent in the fact that at least three out of 10 teenage pregnancies are aborted.

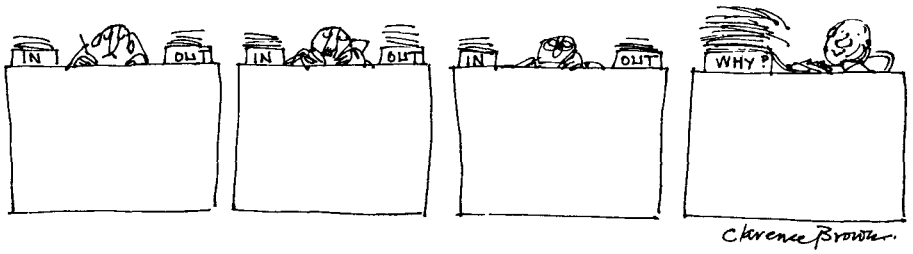
What to do about these assorted problems? Any approach to problems must begin by making connections. It is no coincidence that the increase in violence corresponds to increased use of alcohol and drugs; moreover, the murder rate is directly correlated to the easy availability of handguns in the United States. Since 1960, annual sales of handguns have quadrupled; last year 6 million were sold over the counter and through the mails. During the same period, the murder rate of 15- to 24-year-olds rose from 5.9 to 14.2 per 100,000.

Nothing does less credit to the American people than the way Congress has allowed itself to become bamboozled by the gun lobby. Even the proposed law that confines itself to the registration of handguns has been sidetracked because of the incredible power of gun manufacturers and users.

What makes the situation all the more bizarre is that polls show a dramatically high percentage of the American people favoring gun control. It is absurd for Congress to allow a highly organized minority to impose its will on the entire country. The time has come for the American people to translate their outrage over easy access to murderous weapons into sensible legislation.

With respect to the problems resulting from sexual activity among teenagers: The clear need is for an all-out educational effort—not just for youngsters but for their parents. It is estimated that two thirds of unmarried boys and girls in their teens have engaged in sexual intercourse. Of these, 25 percent have never used any form of contraception. According to the Surgeon General's report, "If sexually active young people who do not want to become pregnant were to use some effective form of contraception regularly, premarital pregnancies would drop by more than 300,000 a year." The Surgeon General is correct in believing that contraception would reduce the number of teenage pregnancies. Parents and educators, however, should also address themselves to the more fundamental question concerning sexual precociousness and promiscuity.

Obviously, none of these problems sprang into being overnight. They are the result of a wide range of interactive causes involving many segments of the society. They do not exist outside ourselves but are the reflection of internal weaknesses and defaults that have been accumulating over a long period of time. It is a serious error to suppose, therefore, that the total situation lends itself to a quick fix. The corrective changes will come about, as they have come about in the past, when enough people decide to take personal responsibility. Before we celebrate the conquest of many diseases in the United States we have the obligation to show progress in the conquest of violence and moral breakdown. —**N.C.**



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If your interest is only in buying an instant camera for as little as possible, you've stopped at the wrong ad. Polaroid's SX-70 Sonar Land camera isn't cheap. On the other hand, if the idea of owning the finest instant camera in the world appeals to you, we'll tell you more.

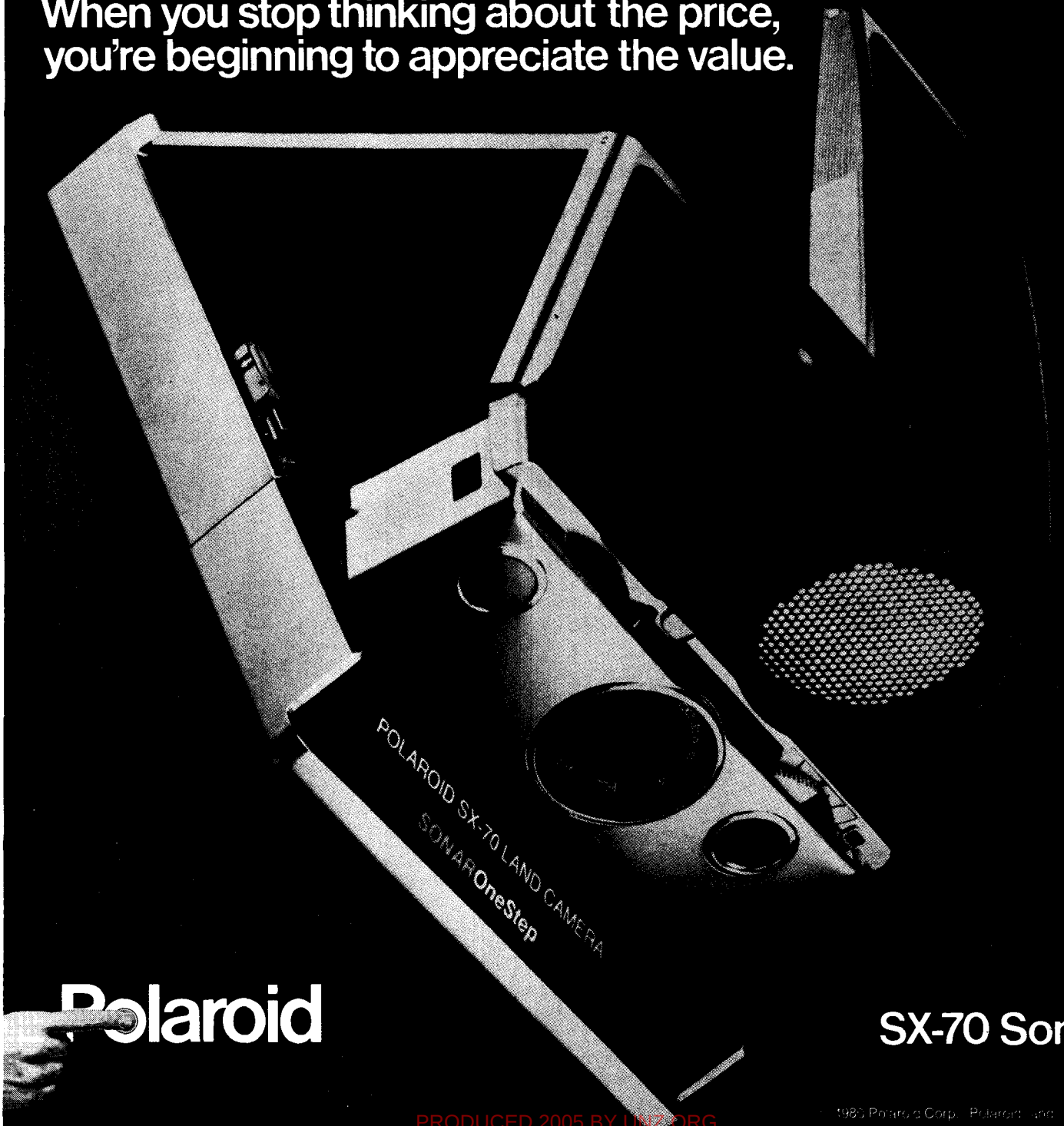
In brief, the Polaroid SX-70 Sonar is perhaps the most ingenious, yet easy-to-use picture-taking system ever designed. It incorporates a computer, electronic eye, motor, film developing capacity and a revolutionary sonar focusing system: a photographic breakthrough that lets you take pictures at any point from infinity to 10.4 inches without changing, adjusting or calculating anything.

You push a button. An ultrasonic impulse speeds from the camera to the subject and back. In milliseconds the sound bounce-back is computed and the camera automatically focuses itself. Simultaneously the electric eye sets the exposure. And in about one second, the camera hands you a precisely focused, properly exposed, developing photograph.

And with the capacity to do all of that, it still folds down to a portable 1 by 4 by 9 inches. Handsomely covered in leather and brushed chrome.

And if by now all of this is beginning to sound like a wonderful bargain, it's obvious you're the kind of person who can discern the difference between the value of something, and its price.

When you stop thinking about the price, you're beginning to appreciate the value.



Polaroid

SX-70 Sonar

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Confusion Confounded

I DON'T KNOW WHY, but *stink* used to be considered a word that wasn't quite polite. When I was a child, I was told not to say that something stinks. It was all right to say, "It smells bad," but not, "It stinks." In a scene in *The Philadelphia Story* the mother tells her younger daughter that she should not say *stinks*. "Say 'smells,'" she says, "but not 'stinks.'"

These days, when almost anything goes and good authors who once knew better words now only use four-letter words, you'd think *stinks* would be quite acceptable. But I suppose it isn't. I say this because I noticed that in Franco Zeffirelli's big television film, *Jesus of Nazareth*, Lazarus' sister Martha, leading Jesus to her brother's tomb, says, "He hath been dead four days, and by this time his body must be decaying."

I am by no means a Bible scholar, but I know those are not the words that appear in the King James version. For after I had been told not to say something stinks, I saw in the Bible that Martha's words are, "Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days." Verily I rejoiced, saying "Aha! How come I'm not supposed to say *stink*, and here it is, right in the Bible?"

When I heard the line in Zeffirelli's film, I wrote it on a scrap of paper and filed it away. Then, out of curiosity, I went to the New English Bible to see how they handled the line. There, Martha says, "Sir, by now there will be a stench. He has been there four days." Evidently, *stink* is still in disrepute.

Just now I said I had filed that scrap of paper. This is perhaps as good a time as any for a confession. I do, in fact, have filing cabinets full of thousands of "Fans Double-Crostics," but for everything except Double-Crostics, my filing areas are desk tops, table tops, a day bed, wicker baskets, plastic baskets, cardboard boxes, bookcases, drawers, pigeonholes, clips glued to the walls, and, occasionally, chairs. So the truth is that I filed Martha's dialogue in a desk drawer under an ancient Remington electric shaver. When I dug it out yesterday, I found next to it another slip of paper with, "Olivier: I'll make a ghost of him that hinders me."

I'm not sure when I committed that jotting, but I suppose I must have been watching Sir Laurence's film of *Hamlet* on television, and obviously I was struck by his having altered Shakespeare to conform to today's English—with good reason, I think.

The line is from the scene in which Hamlet wants to follow his father's ghost. Horatio and Marcellus try to stop him, Horatio warning him of how foolhardy it is to follow ghosts. When his two friends grab Hamlet, he says, "Hold off your hands." Still they try to hold him, so he says, "Unhand me, gentlemen, By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!"

For years I—and, I suspect, millions of others—thought that Hamlet's "of him that lets me" meant "of him that permits me," that he was saying something like, "If you get in my way, you'll have to let me run you through with my sword."

Actually, Hamlet's *let* is the *let* that barely exists today. It is the archaic *let* of "without *let* or hindrance" and tennis's *let ball*, a serve that is impeded in its flight over the net.

Let is one of those words with two almost diametrically opposite meanings. It has meant both *to permit* and *to prevent*. There are lots of other words that seem to contradict themselves, although only a few come to mind immediately: *cleave*, meaning both *to unite* and *to divide*; *overlook*, meaning *to inspect or examine* as well as *to ignore or disregard*; and *fast* (a superfast man can run a hundred yards in nine seconds, while a superfast dye does not run at all).

I first noticed a word with opposite meanings when I was in my teens and my favorite Shakespearean play was, of course, *Macbeth*. *Macbeth* is, or at least used to be, irresistible to adolescent boys, with its blood-gouted blades, murder most foul, gory locks, and eyes that glare without speculation.

After Macbeth has made Duncan's quietus with a bare bodkin, he tells his wife about the voice that cried:

"Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep!"
the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave
of care.

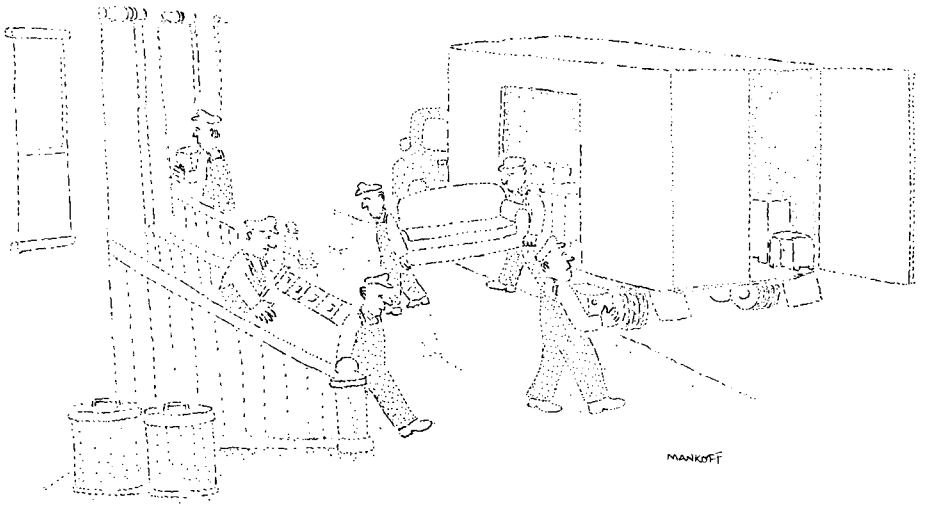
Naturally, I pictured the sleave of the image as one of my sweater sleeves, whose elbows and cuffs had a tendency to become ravell'd or unravell'd.

It wasn't until years after I'd been graduated from college that I learned that Shakespeare's *sleave* had nothing to do with a *sleeve*. A sleave is a thin strand of silk obtained by separating a thicker thread. Because Macbeth's line is so well known and so often quoted, *sleave* has come to mean also simply a "tangle." And, speaking of a tangle, let's go back to *ravel*: *The Random House Dictionary* says *ravel* means "to disentangle ... to involve; confuse; perplex ... to make clear; unravel." Is that clear?

Macbeth wants to get some innocent sleep that will knit up his ravelled, or unravelled, sleave of care, but he hears a voice that won't let him, or, as Hamlet might have said, *will* let him.

Contemplating these linguistic aberrations in conjunction with my filing system, I can only sigh, "Confusion now hath made his masterpiece."

—Thomas H. Middleton



Even if you're only moving next door, it's best to have it done professionally.

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HOW GM "PROJECT CENTERS" CREATE CARS

FROM CONCEPT TO CUSTOMER IN THREE YEARS AND THREE BILLION DOLLARS

Throughout the history of the automobile industry, product change was almost always evolutionary. But in 1973, GM determined that the times required revolutionary changes. It started its first Project Center—which by itself heralded a revolution in the use of science and technology to meet the changing demands of the marketplace. A few months later, the Arab countries launched the oil embargo. Fortunately, machinery was already in motion in GM to create and develop new cars and components in a new way and faster than ever before.

GM's first Project Center brought out totally new full-size cars: smaller, yet roomier, and far more efficient than their predecessors. The advertisements said they were "designed and engineered for a changing world"—and they were. Another Project Center, begun in 1975, developed the immensely popular GM X-cars.

Led by the five car divisions, Project Centers gather people, ideas, and knowledge from all 30 divisions and staffs of General Motors. In the first stage, which we call "concepting," experimental engineers, environmental scientists, forward planners, and marketing experts pool their thinking. Their objective: what the marketplace will require. This is the most important stage. Here we must determine not only what kind of car, but how many we might be able to build and sell years later. Economics, customer tastes, availability of various kinds of fuels must be compared with state-of-the-art technology—and what steps must be taken to advance that technology quickly yet surely.

In the "concepting" stage, a new car is conceived. If the car is to be sold to customers three years later, construction of new plants must begin and basic tooling must be ordered.

The second phase of the Project Center takes 24 to 30 months. It encompasses development, design, structural analysis, handling analysis, emissions, noise and vibration, safety, reliability, serviceability and repairability, manufacturing, assembly, marketing, financing.

Advanced product engineers and research scientists work with the one hundred fifty to two hundred people at the Project Center and thousands more in the staffs and divisions to transfer new science and technology to the new car. Components are hand-built and "cobbled" into existing models for road testing.

Prototype cars are hand-built at a cost of more than $250,000 each. These enable the Project Center team to determine how newly developed, pretested components operate as a unit. Then, pilot models will be built from production tooling and tested some more. New technology, such as structural analysis by computer, saves time. Lead time has been reduced by 25% from ten years ago, when cars were far less complex.

After almost four million miles, nearly three billion dollars, and nearly three years of work, the new cars—quite unlike anything before them—start coming off the production line at a rate of better than one a minute.

There are now eight Project Centers in General Motors. Four are developing new cars using hydrocarbon fuels, one is creating an electric car, and others are working on computerized engines and emission controls, a new kind of automatic transmission, and the inflatable restraint system.

New and revolutionary cars can't be mass produced for the road overnight. But by putting all the parts of General Motors to work together, we found a way to speed up the process. We have integrated the creativity of thousands of human minds to make invention into reality when it's needed.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

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TOP OF MY HEAD

Humor Through Adversity

I ASKED AN attractive young woman of my acquaintance, who is shopping for a husband, what she expects her husband-to-be to be. "Well," she said, "first and foremost, he must have a terrific sense of humor." Or to quote her exactly, "a terrific sensa humor."

"That's a good start," I conceded. "But tell me young woman, what other qualifications do you fondly seek?"

"I fondly seek," she replied, "a man who will be compatible, gentle, compassionate, magnanimous, thoughtful, considerate, kindly, and well off."

I tried to plumb the depths of each of these high qualifications, but she sidestepped the plumbing and said, "He will understand what I mean after we are married, because we will both have terrific sensa humors."

Please join me, if you will, in an in-depth examination of her long laundry list of angelic prerequisites for a blissful marriage:

Compatible: easy to mold.

Gentle: to her mother.

Compassionate: no children for three years.

Magnanimous: separate checkbooks and credit cards.

Thoughtful: phone from his office hourly.

Considerate: never bring unexpected guests to dinner.

Kindly: see magnanimous, thoughtful.

Well off: he is but he doesn't realize it.

Now we know. You don't have to be a psychiatrist to recognize that this gal is preparing to enter the state of matrimony with Fear and Trepidation—the handmaidens of practically every new bride. She anticipates a bouquet of early adversities that her groom will accept with grace and laughter. The little things, such as bent fenders, burnt dinners with the ever-present night after night after night after night of the same vegetable course—asparagus tips vinaigrette. To say nothing of her weird monthly myth math on her checkbook stubs—because she has a great deal of difficulty counting to 20 without taking off both her shoes.

However, his joining her in laughter through the semiserious, semicomic incidentals of everyday life takes time, years, and a heap of living together—legitimately of course. I've been avoiding the word, but it's the "molding" she is depending upon to create her ideal man.

If I may inject a bit of personal biography, I confess I was the moldiest man a woman ever molded. Throughout our 50 years of marriage, I never realized I was being molded. I guess that was because I loved her. Better still, I liked her. There's a difference, you know.

Some years ago, someone (I) composed a couplet about that:

Like is always understanding,
Love is often too demanding.

You may have noticed, a lot of people fall out of love, but rarely do they fall out of like.

Our adversity began even before we were married. During the two-month period that was then known as "going together," Jane mentioned a diamond engagement ring. My take-home pay from the newspaper where I worked was $40 a week. You can readily see how those two components—$40 dollars a week and a diamond ring—might lead to a slight adversity. So what did I do? I said, "Of course, a diamond ring." And I went to a friend, a jeweler, and bought a ring, a small diamond ring, a minuscule diamond ring, that tried its hardest to sparkle when Jane showed it off to her girl friends. Jane reported they were underwhelmed. If that bothered her, she didn't show it. All she said was, "You forgot to have it engraved inside. Something like, 'I love Jane,' or 'To my one and only.'" So back to the jeweler I went and had him engrave it, but not with either of her two creative suggestions. I used a line of humor to hurdle the adversity. This would shake 'em up and get their minds off the size of this pitiful little diamond. The engraving read, "In case of fire, break glass."

It worked. Jane was often asked to show off her ring, and she invited one and all to read the engraving. It became a conversation piece, and, best of all, Jane was happy with it. Humor through adversity. It worked throughout our long marriage. It became an unspoken code between us. At a party, say, when things became dull, all either of us had to do was to look at the other and softly ask, "Break glass?" and we would leave. Humor through adversity.

As to the above-mentioned young woman on the prowl for a husband who will laugh off all early domestic problems, I believe she is indulging in an exercise in futility. I sadly foresee for her a long series of short engagements. Searching for a man with a matching sense of humor will keep her busy a long time, returning bridal shower gifts of matching salt and pepper shakers and monogrammed doorstops, to say nothing of returning engagements rings engraved "To whom it may concern."

—Goodman Ace

"If you really loved me you wouldn't have that man in your bathrobe."

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We're looking for people to write children's books

Writing for children is the perfect way to take up writing, says the author of 53 children's books. Your ideas come right out of your own experience. And while it's still a challenge, it's probably the straightest possible line between you and publication — if you're qualified to seek the success this rewarding field offers.

By Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty

If you want to write and get published, I can't think of a better way to do it than writing books and stories for children and teenagers. Ideas flow naturally right out of your own life. While it's still a challenge, the odds of getting that first unforgettable check from a juvenile publisher are better than they are from just about any other kind of publisher I know.

Later on, you may get other checks from other publishers. But right now, the object is to begin — to break into print — to learn the feeling of writing and selling your work and seeing your name in type. After that, you can decide if you want your writing to take another direction.

But after 30 years of editing, publishing, and teaching (and 53 books) I can tell you this: you'll go a long way before you find anything as rewarding as writing for young readers.

Your words will never sound as sweet as they do from the lips of a child reading your books and stories. And the joy of creating books and stories that young people 'really dig' is an experience you'll never have anywhere else. (In this age of boob tube illiteracy, convenient morality, and plastic values, *do you know of a more important audience?)*

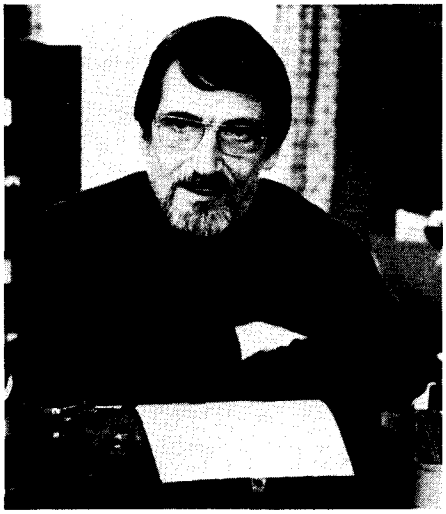
But, that's not all. The financial rewards go far beyond most people's expectations because there's a surprisingly big market out there for writers who are trained to crack it. More than 130 million young people's books are purchased each year. Between 2,000 and 2,500 new titles appear annually and new authors account for as many as half of them.

There are also 250 monthly magazines looking for material for young readers. You can imagine how much writing it takes just to keep them going!

Am I really qualified?'

Yet two big questions bedevil nearly every would-be writer: "Am I really qualified?" and "How can I get started?"

This is *our definition of a "qualified person"*: It's someone with an aptitude for writing who can take constructive criticism, learn from it, and turn it into a professional performance. That's the only kind of person we're looking for. The reasons are simple: our reputation is built on success, and if prospective students don't have the earmarks of success, we probably can't help them. And we tell them so. It's only fair to both of us.



Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parents' Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and a board member of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

To help us spot potential authors, we've developed a revealing test for writing aptitude. It's free, and we don't charge for our evaluation. But no one gets into The Institute without passing it. Those who pass and enroll receive our promise: You will complete at least one manuscript ready to submit to a publisher by the time you finish the Course.

When we teach, you learn

I've learned a lot about writing for children and I love it. Now I'm passing my knowledge on to my students so they can profit from it. When I'm not writing my own children's books I spend my time at The Institute of Children's Literature, a workshop for writers that does only one thing and does it better than any other educational institution I know of: It trains qualified people to write for the young reader.

This is the way I work with my students, and my fellow instructors — all of whom are experienced writers or editors — work more or less the same way.

When you're ready — at your own time and your own pace — you send your assignment to me and I read it and reread it to get everything out of it you've put into it. Then I edit your assignment with a red pencil just the way a publishing house editor would — if he had the time. I return it along with a detailed letter explaining my comments. I tell you what your strong points are, what your weaknesses are, and just what you can do to improve. It's a matter of push and pull. You push and I pull and between us both, you learn to write.

The proof of the pudding

This method really works. I wouldn't spend five minutes at it if it didn't. The proof of the pudding is that many of our students break into print even before they finish the Course.

Kathleen Huber, N.Y., N.Y., writes: "Regarding my sale to *Highlights for Children* for $125, it started out as an assignment for The Institute, and *Highlights* was only the second magazine I had sent it to. Certainly your Course made this sale possible. It may be the best investment I ever made."

A.M. Hummel, Danville, Pa., writes "When *Highlights for Children* accepted my short story — Assignment #8 in the Course, and sent me a $65 check, I could hardly believe it! Then, within a week, I got another check and a go-ahead assignment for a second piece."

'I won first prize of $400 for a Course assignment!'

"Before taking your Course (which I checked out with the National Better Business Bureau), the short stories I scribbled for my two tiny tots never caught an editor's fancy," writes Emily Burns of Salem, Oregon.

"My first sale, to *National Catholic Weekly*, was a Course assignment. Then I submitted another Course assignment in a writer's competition and won first prize of $400!"

Free Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find qualified men and women with an aptitude for writing, the Faculty and Consultants of The Institute have prepared a four-page Writing Aptitude Test. It is offered free and will be professionally evaluated at no cost to you by our staff.

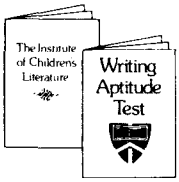
Just mail the coupon below to receive your free Test and 24-page illustrated brochure which describes The Institute, our Course, Faculty, and the current market for children's literature. If you demonstrate a true aptitude for writing, you will be eligible to enroll. But that's entirely up to you.

There is no obligation.

The Institute of Children's Literature
Redding Ridge, Connecticut 06876

Dear Mr. Tresselt: **E-83**

I am interested in your program to help new writers get started. Please send me your free Writing Aptitude Test and 24-page illustrated brochure. I understand I am under no obligation whatever and no salesman will visit.



Mr. Mrs. Ms. Miss

Please circle one and print name clearly

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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

The T-Shirt Makes the Man

I AM WRITING this at a cafe table in Monte Carlo, surrounded by young people who are all, according to the blazons on their shirts, alumni of most distinguished universities. There, for instance, is a curly-headed Algerian who went to Vassar, and here is a 14-year-old piece of Scandinavian jailbait who proclaims herself to have been taught at Amherst. An ice-cream-sucking seven-year-old evidently went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I put on an act, not for the first time.

I say to a swarthy Niçois from PRINCETON: "Ah, I myself was a visiting fellow of that reputable pile. When precisely were you there and what did you study?" He says that he does not understand English. "Why then," now becoming irascible, "do you pretend to have been taught in that language and at the highest academic level too?" Pretend? Nobody is pretending. We *have* to wear these things, everybody else is wearing them. We belong to a generation and a culture that wear T-shirts with the names of universities on them. A couple of skinheads from London appear: They are spending the summer working on a millionaire's boat (perhaps Harold Robbins's). One is from OXFORD and the other from CAMBRIDGE. I pay and go. I will write elsewhere.

There was a time, as Americans will know from ancient British films on television, when if you wore an Eton or Harrow tie beneath a Cockney twang or the super-patrician of a con-man you would be challenged to a duel by a genuine Old Etonian or Harrovian. Now, it seems, Hong Kong factories are turning out fake public school colors by the cartload.

All this falsity began, as I remember, in London during the swinging Sixties. Louts wearing military jackets swaggered up and down King's Road in Chelsea. The jackets dated as far back as the Crimean War, but one young fuzzy-wuzzy was dressed as a lieutenant-colonel of our own time, and among his unearned medal ribbons was that of the Victoria Cross, the highest possible award for bravery in the field.

There seemed to be the glimmerings of an unconscious social purpose behind the mockery of this display. The past was dead and, being dead, risible. Britain's former pretensions to export decency and courage to the heathen had become a joke. The Union Jack decorated shopping bags and the knickers of TWA hostesses; you could even buy toilet rolls with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew all ready to be bemerded.

The university T-shirt as worn by the clearly unqualified can be seen as an extension of this old mockery, which may also be interpreted as a highly democratic rejection of class distinctions. Why should some go to Harvard and others not? But it goes further than class: It casts doubt on the principle of intellectual elitism. What right, says the corner boy in the CORNELL sweater, does anyone have to regard himself as intellectually superior to me?

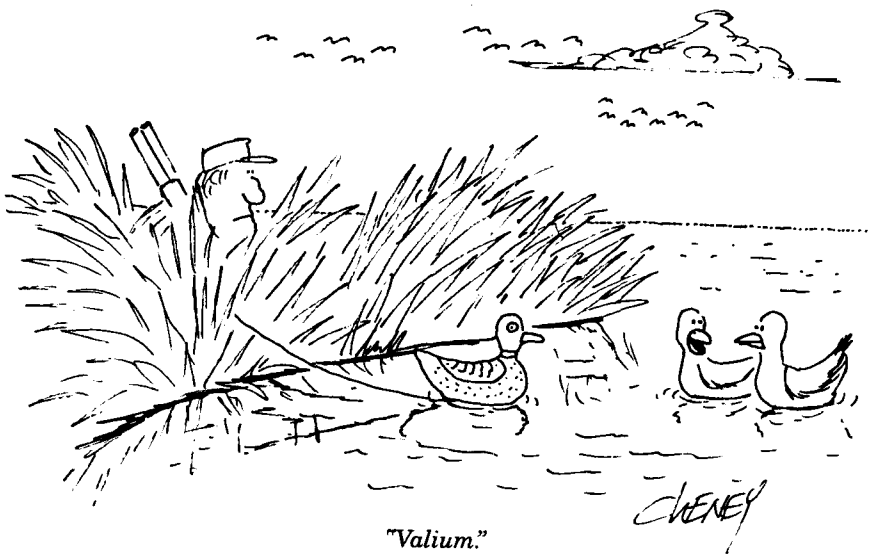
It goes even further than that: It denies differentiation of any kind whatsoever. There was a time when boys and girls dressed differently and had different hair styles, but not now. Quentin Crisp, the noted British homosexual, laments that everybody, from outward appearance, seems homosexual these days. In the time of his beleaguered young glory he had to signal to others of like persuasion with a ballet dancer's walk and a hennaed hairdo. Now there are no signals other than the blazon of the Abbey of Thelema: Do what you will.

Do is perhaps the operative word. If a man really went to Cambridge or Yale, it is up to him to *do* something to prove his scholastic attainments; it is not enough for him merely to wear the name of his alma mater on his chest. Until he actually does something we are all equally entitled to make that nominal assertion. This means that everybody is free to call himself Gore Vidal or Norman Mailer or your own humble columnist until typewriter and paper are peremptorily shoved under his nose. What is implied in the lying boast of the T-shirt is not just the denial of achievement but the denial of the identity of the achiever.

What, in fact, we all see encroaching upon us is a subtle denial of fundamental rights. The right—having been to a certain university—to say so sartorially is being denied all over the Côte d'Azur. It doesn't matter much, but it's a genuine pointer. It would be more charitable, and far more depressing, to suggest that the prevalence of lying T-shirts has something to do with the impending collapse of all kinds of verbal communication—which, as M. Roland Barthes has told us, has been a lie.

When we talk to people we always mean something quite different from what we say. When we write, the true meaning is contained in the substructure, which the reader has to ferret out for himself. The alphabet is perhaps dissolving into a set of characters whose import is less semantic than calligraphic. You wear YALE on your shirt and are quite satisfied with the configuration of strokes and serifs. You buy in a London store a pair of underpants with *There is no God but Allah* on them, in Arabic of course, and you merely enjoy the curves and curlicues. The latter abomination has already been threatened with a withdrawal of oil by the sons of the Prophet. But there are no avenging scimitars to stop that kid there, just ready for kindergarten, announcing that he took a degree at UCLA.

—Anthony Burgess



"Valium."

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Letters From My Son

Age 4
Dear Dad,
I not take slice out of new cake. Awful baby sitter did....
Billy

Age 5 *(Note on bed)*
Dear Dad,
I threw up on bus today.
Billy

Age 6
Dear Dad,
Camp is gross!
Love, Billy

Age 6
Dear Dad,
Camp stinks. Could you tell them to send me home?
Billy

Age 6
Dear Dad,
Won relay races, wish camp didn't end tomorrow!
Love, Billy

Age 7
Dear Dad,
Camp is creepy. They take girls here, now.
Love, Billy

Age 8
Dear Dad,
Camp is better with girls.
Love, Billy

Age 9
Dear Dad,
You said you wanted me to write you in California. Things are O.K.
Love, Bill

Age 10 *(Note on bed)*
Dear Dad,
I'm sorry I lied about hitting Chris first, but his father is a rat to have called you.
Bill

Age 11
Dear Dad,
I know you *said* why ... but it doesn't seem right, or fair, that you aren't here for my birthday. Do you have to travel so much to make money?
Love, Billy

Age 12 *(Note on bed)*
Dear Dad,
You didn't understand this morning. If you *don't* give me the $15, I won't be able to buy a new mitt and will keep dropping fly balls. The team is mad at me!
Love, Billy

Age 13
Dear Dad,
All of us are glad to be moving tho we said we wouldn't be. California sounds good. At least Chris's father won't live next door. Mom tried to get you all last night, and the night before, and was worried. Will we live near any movie stars?
Love, Billy

Age 13
Dear Dad,
Who is Jack Lemmon? Can't we live near Elvis Presley?
Love, Billy

Age 14
Dear Dad,
I don't really understand why you and Mom have to have a trial separation. Things aren't as much fun here.
Love, Billy

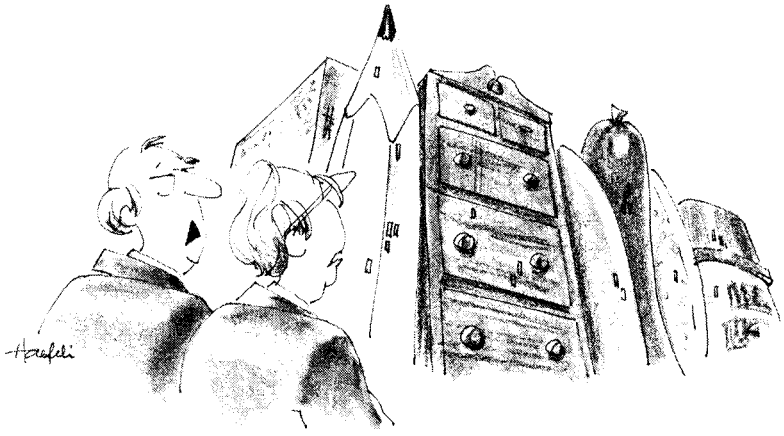
Age 15
Dear Dad,
Loomis is an O.K. school, but one of the boys committed suicide last night and Mr. Grubb gave us a real lecture on not taking our homework quite as serious. The whole place is sad. Mr. Grubb said it wasn't the school's fault. I don't think he understands that this place is a pressure cooker at times. It gives me a good feeling that you and Mom are back together, especially now, for some reason.
Love, Bill

Age 16
Dear Dad,
Your letter explained a lot of things that confused me when you were here last week, but it's *still* hard to think that you and Mom won't be at home together this Thanksgiving or Christmas or, I guess, ever. You said divorce is a grown-up subject, but kids have to understand it too. I always felt sorry for some of the guys here at Loomis who didn't have both parents here on Parents Day. Now I guess I'll be one of them. You said you and Mom would figure things out for us as far as the holidays go. I hope you'll let me know soon where I'm to go. I'm glad it's not because either of you loves someone else. Sorry this letter is so glum, but all you've both said takes some getting used to.
Best

Age 17
Dear Dad,
Say it isn't true. A guy just a few years younger than I, here at Loomis, says you are taking out his sister. How old is she? Sounds embarrassing for me. For you too. Have you seen *Last Tango in Paris*? I'd see it again, if you haven't.
Love, Bill

Age 18
Dear Dad,
I guess I'm glad that you are getting married again. I liked Sally although almost 15 years difference in age sounds like a lot. She is actually closer to *me* in age than you. Having a 27-year-old stepmother, and a 41-year-old father, is a slight gas. This seems so final, I mean I always somehow thought you and Mom would go back together.

I guess I've made up my mind on colleges. I think I should go to Northwestern. We've lived on both coasts, but I've never lived in the Midwest and I



"I'm getting tired of architects with a sense of humor."

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think their values might be good for me to identify with. There seems to be something solid and strong about the Midwest to me. I hope you aren't disappointed about Kenyon.* I would have liked to go to the same school you did, but after this place, I need a co-ed school.

Love, Bill

Note: Kenyon is now co-ed.

Age 18
Dear Dad,
I'm glad Sally likes Ireland. I know how much you wanted her to. I'm glad too that you have the cottage there. I thought you were crazy when you first talked about it, years ago, but with the world in such a stew, I'm glad you have a quiet corner somewhere.

I won't be coming over next week after all. Mr. Lawson was pretty nice giving me this summer job, and with the Fuller Company on a deadline to finish the hospital wing, I just don't feel right leaving the job when I feel I've learned enough to help them in this countdown period. Also, Barbara (I think I've told you about her) doesn't want me to go. Hope you understand.

Love, Bill

Age 19
Dear Dad,
I don't know why you are so agitated about the Honda cycle. I bought it with my own money. It's just as safe as driving in a car, and besides, I can't afford a car and don't want any help from you. This place is expensive enough. I've decided to become a Delt, so even though I didn't go to Kenyon, I am now your "brother" as well as your son. I work every day at the *Sun-Times* in the composing room. It's good experience and keeps me from having to write you for money. Have been dating a girl named Jane Pope. With Barbara back home I'm beginning to know what sailors feel like.

Ever

Age 19
Dear Dad,
It's not easy to hold a pen with just part of my fingers outside the cast. I'm sorry about the whole mess. I couldn't tell you that when you and Mom came here. Jane and I are lucky to be alive. I don't think I'll ever forget the headlights of the car coming right at us. The Honda *was* a bad idea, I guess. I hope to God my leg will function after the operation, and I hope Jane will have a full recovery too. I want you to know I appreciate the way you "took over" when the crash came.

Love

Age 20
Dear Dad,
I can't believe it's been almost a year in casts and rehabilitation, but it has. I'm not sure you are ready for this, but Barbara and I want to be married at Thanksgiving. She has been terrific throughout this ordeal at home. You and Mom married at the same age, and I'm entitled to the same chance. I hope you'll give us your moral support. I'll telephone you over the weekend.

Love

Age 21
Dear Dad,
My marks are holding up. So is the job, but marriage isn't easy, is it?

Love

Age 22
Dear Dad,
I can't believe I graduate in 30 days. I half feel like just taking off on a "zoom" somewhere, by myself, and the other half of me says I should go to work immediately. I guess I should tell you Barbara is pregnant, which means you'll be a grandfather at 45 (no revenge intended). I've interviewed with *Fortune* (too establishment) and *Esquire* (my cup of tea) and some other magazines. I think I'll go with *Esquire*, if they make a real offer. The Delt house went on a rampage last night about the Vietnam War—having worked nights at the *Sun-Times* for four years—I didn't take part. Maybe working outside teaches you something more about being an undergraduate. Also, Barbara having a kid and all takes me out of that undergraduate syndrome. Anyhow, it's all over but the piece of paper and a few speeches. See you here next week.

Love

P.S. I made the honor roll. You owe me half a car—Pop-Pop the other half.

Age 23
Dear Dad,
I've got to tell you, privately, what a relief it is to travel. I mean you were right about getting married too early. I'm proud of little Jonathan and respect Barbara, but I actually look forward to business trips for *Esquire*.

Age 24
Dear Dad,
I'll be in New York for about three days. Could we talk about some things—nothing that will upset you, I hope.

Love, Bill

Age 25
Dear Dad,
I did what you asked—I stuck it out for a year, but I *have* to let go of the marriage. I'm all mixed up about everything, except that I know I have to live alone for awhile. I feel guilty about Jonathan, but I am drowning and have to save myself. Try and understand. I'm going to take the offer at the *New Yorker*. Change is what I need.

Love, Bill

P.S. I now understand why "divorce" is an adult word. You once said that to me, remember?

Age 26
No letters

Age 27
Dear Dad,
Sorry I've been so noncommunicative. I go to a local shrink and talk so much I have nothing to say to anybody else. I am seeing Jonathan, in spite of what you may hear.

Love, Bill

Age 28
Dear Dad,
Remember how I hated Sunday School. Well, I've discovered religion—mostly because of Mom. Although she always says you have a deep spiritual streak. But, don't think I'm going off the deep end. I just bought a Jag. You always said I could buy anything I wanted as long as I could pay cash. Well, I did. I'll pick you up at O'Hare in my "bomb" if you let me know your flight next week.

Age 29
Dear Dad,
If you don't mind, I'd like to bring someone home with me next week when I come for the weekend. Her name is Kathy, and we plan to be married on New Year's Day.

Age 30
Dear Dad,
Well, I've had my "big one." I know you thought 50 was the big one and Pop-Pop 65, but I can't believe I'm 30. Jonathan is 7, and I've already had two honeymoons!

Dad, I've never said this to you, and I may only say it once, but I'm proud to be your son. Thanks for understanding.

Love, Bill

P.S. Kathy likes you a lot too.

—William M. Fine

Chairman of the Frances Denney Corporation, Mr. Fine was formerly publishing director of the Hearst Magazines.

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Statelessness on Trial

GARRY DAVIS, not to put too fine a point on it, is an international pain in the neck. As the founder and head of the World Service Authority (WSA), a nonprofit organization currently headquartered in Washington, D.C., Davis issues passports to the dispossessed of the world who, like himself, can claim citizenship in no country. It is an activity that has incurred the displeasure of a number of countries in which Davis, a native-born American, has set up shop and at whose gates possessors of the world passports have turned up expecting and sometimes gaining admission.

The French judiciary has convicted Davis three times for issuance of the passports. Early in 1979, the Swiss federal police raided and closed the WSA's office in Basel and confiscated blank passports and the film from which they were printed. By Davis's count, he has been locked, albeit briefly, in 27 jails in sundry lands. And in December 1979, U.S. District Judge Thomas Flannery affirmed the right of the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) to deport him from this country. On appeal, the case of Garry Davis is now working its way through the United States judicial system, forcing it to face up to an examination of a concept that is almost unknown to Americans: statelessness.

Davis acquired that status—if, indeed, he did—on May 25, 1948. On that day the World War II bomber pilot, and son of the eminently successful orchestra leader, Meyer Davis, surrendered his passport to a startled consul at the U.S. embassy in Paris, renounced his American citizenship, and declared himself a citizen of the world. He held no grudge against his native land. On the contrary, he felt that its devotion to freedom should have global application, and that Americans should not be "orphaned from their ideals by exclusive national citizenship." ("Where liberty is not," said Tom Paine, "there is *my* country.") Davis saw the division of people into nation-states and the ensuing rivalries as the cause of wars, the most recent of which had taken his brother's life and made of himself "a legalized murderer."

Since the drama at the embassy, which briefly made newspaper headlines, Davis (except for a hiatus of a few years during which he raised a family and operated a business in France) has devoted himself to the furtherance of the World Government of World Citizens, which he proclaimed in 1953. Earlier, he had become disillusioned with the notion that world government could be built on a substructure of sovereign nations. In the course of his work, he made several trips to the United States, no mean feat considering that he carried no passport other than the one he had printed on his own press.

But in May 1977, when Davis arrived with the intention of taking up permanent residence in the United States, he was met by an immigration official who refused to recognize his passport as a valid entry document. Davis was "paroled in" pending a decision on his status. That status, when finally defined by the courts, may cast some light on how the relationship between the individual and the state is perceived in late 20th-century American society.

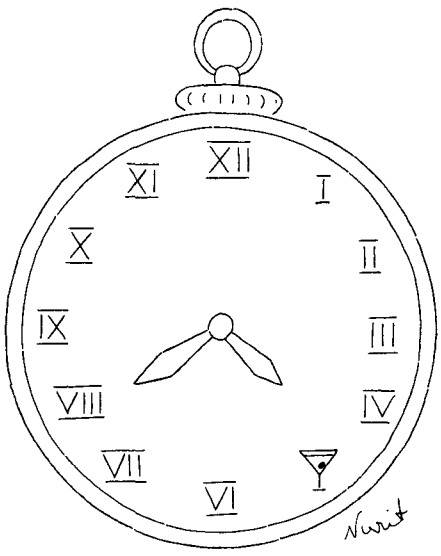
Statelessness was first recognized as a world problem in the 1920s, after World War I, but became more prevalent as a consequence of World War II. In Europe, the dislocations caused by the war and the Soviet conquest of Eastern Europe brought a flood of refugees into Western European countries, not all of which were prepared to extend citizenship to the arrivals. In Africa, the breakup of colonialism and the turmoil of conflicting forces in newly independent countries caused another wave of confused national identities.

Although statelessness did not arise as an issue in the United States until the Vietnam War, the 1940 (and, later, 1952) Nationality Act detailed a number of activities which, if voluntarily undertaken, could result in the loss of U.S. citizenship. Among them were such acts as taking an oath of allegiance to another country, serving in another nation's armed forces (a blanket exemption was subsequently made for those Americans who served with the RAF before the U.S. entry into World War II), or accepting high office in a foreign government. And to accommodate the interests of dual nationals who wanted to divest themselves of American citizenship, the act also outlined steps for voluntary expatriation; it consisted of signing an oath of renunciation in an American embassy abroad. It was that procedure which Garry Davis followed. He made it clear in an accompanying statement that he had no intention of transferring his allegiance to any other country.

Is Davis, then, a stateless person? Was it within the intent of the Nationality Act to create or even *accept* a condition of statelessness for native-born Americans? If so, is the statute, by any plausible interpretation, in conflict with the Constitution? Or, with international law, such as it may be? These are some of the questions the courts must decide.

In defense of Davis's right to enter and remain in the United States, his counsel asserts that Davis is *not* stateless. He contends that it has been an underlying assumption throughout American history that a voluntary relinquishment of United States citizenship is unacceptable unless there is another nation to which allegiance is transferred. The seed of this argument goes back to 1776 and the idea that "certain unalienable rights" are conferred on people, not by their government but by their Creator, and that the function of government is to guarantee those rights. To withhold from a person the protection of government is to deprive him of those rights. The ninth and tenth amendments to the Constitution, which limit the power of the federal government to deny or deprive people of various rights, are invoked in support of the argument.

The defense maintains, in short, that any interpretation of law that would make a native American stateless is unconstitutional. More than that, it suggests that government cannot permit a person to become stateless even if he wants to, because it would constitute a harshness outside the bounds of humane



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practice. The repugnance with which the Supreme Court has viewed the creation of statelessness was expressed in these words by Chief Justice Earl Warren in a 1958 decision: "He [the denationalized person] may be subject to banishment, a fate universally decried by civilized people. He is stateless, a condition deplored in the international community of democracies."

As a member of that community, the United States is party to a number of conventions and treaties that expressly or implicitly condemn laws which result in statelessness. Perhaps the clearest international expression on the subject emerged from a 1930 Hague convention on nationality laws: "Insofar as the laws of a state provide for the issue of an expatriation permit, such a permit shall not entail the loss of nationality of the state which issues it, unless the person to whom it is issued possesses another nationality or unless and until he acquires another nationality."

A 1955 *Yale Law Journal* article summarized the view of the world community in these words: "Since the 1920s ... every international conference on nationality has expressly condemned legislation which results in the creation of stateless persons. The recognized treaties are unanimous in their disapproval of statutes which denationalize individuals without regard to whether they possess two nationalities."

Although the international agreements to which the United States subscribes become, in effect, part of the domestic law, statelessness is sufficiently new in the American experience to be having an identity problem. It is a gray area of the law and, like a number of contemporary issues, subject to interpretations reflecting the temper of a given moment. In cases in which expatriation has been imposed as a punishment, the Supreme Court has been unambiguous. In 1958, the Court declared unconstitutional a section of the Nationality Act that called for expatriation as punishment for military deserters. Five years later, the Court struck down another provision, one that would have stripped a person of U.S. nationality for leaving the country to *avoid* military service.

But the case of Thomas Jolley, involving voluntary expatriation, had a different outcome. Jolley, one of the wave of American youths who went to Canada to avoid military service during the Vietnam War, formally renounced his U.S. citizenship but did not become a Canadian citizen. When he subsequently returned to the United States without valid entry papers, the INS ordered him deported as an alien, and the U.S. Circuit Court upheld the order. The Court accepted Jolley's expatriation as a fact and did not concern itself with his resultant statelessness. The Supreme Court chose not to review the case.

The Garry Davis saga is, to be sure, no Sacco-Vanzetti case. The INS has been more than civil, pointing out that Davis, on the basis of being a veteran and having relatives in this country, could easily obtain a visa for permanent residence in the United States. Meek compliance with prescribed regulations, however, is not the style of Davis, who regards the discomfort of the authorities with a certain detached insouciance. His attitude toward the decrees of the bureaucracy is well illustrated by an incident that occurred in the days when tourist travel to Eastern Europe was severely limited by the State Department. A friend noted unhappily to Davis that his American passport contained a stamped prohibition against travel in Bulgaria. Davis told him to come back in three days. Upon his friend's return, Davis stamped under the Bulgaria item another legend: "The Above Restriction Is Removed."

If the courts ultimately sustain the INS's view that Davis is "excludable" and subject to deportation, nothing more than an exercise will have been completed as far as Davis himself is concerned. The government hasn't the foggiest notion of where Davis—or any stateless person—can be deported *to*. He could be returned to Britain, from where he made his disputed entry, but the British, being under no legal obligation, would not have to accept Davis, with whom, incidentally, they've had their own problems. The highly implausible scenario that *could* ensue would have Davis being flown back and forth between England and the United States, unable to enter either country—an airborne version of Lieutenant Philip Nolan, in Edward Everett Hale's 1863 story, *The Man Without a Country*.

If Davis loses, he will become just one more number in the count—probably between 500 and 1,000—of deportable people who, in fact, cannot be deported because there is no place for them to go. (An illustrative—and possibly apocryphal—case that immigration lawyers like to relate has to do with a Pole who, after arriving in the United States at the age of two, grew up to a life of crime. He never became a citizen and the authorities, seizing upon this, declared him a deportable alien and sought to return him to Poland—only to have the Polish authorities say thanks, but no, thanks. The Polish ambassador is reported to have explained his country's position this way: "We sent you an innocent infant. You are trying to send us a 48-year-old hardened criminal. He is *your* criminal.") The truth is that the United States expends a good deal of effort going through the ritual of having its legal right to deport this fellow or that confirmed and then, after being reassured, dropping the matter.

From a group of rather dog-eared offices in the National Press Building, Davis will continue to operate his World Service Authority. The walls are bedecked with such slogans as: "You are not to blame if a man becomes a refugee. You are if he continues to be one." Open on one table is a large volume of computer printouts—a list of the some 100,000 citizens of the world, mostly from Africa, who hold WSA passports. After fleeing their own countries, many arrived without papers or identification in the neighboring countries that admitted them. There is a poignancy in the realization of the need that binds these people—the need to be more than nonidentities—and of the importance a piece of paper plays in relieving their nakedness. Theirs is the reality of statelessness.

And what is interesting about the Davis case is not the fate of Garry Davis, but rather that in the United States, still unscarred by that reality, statelessness itself is on trial. —**Leonard Reed**

Mr. Reed is a Washington-based freelance writer.

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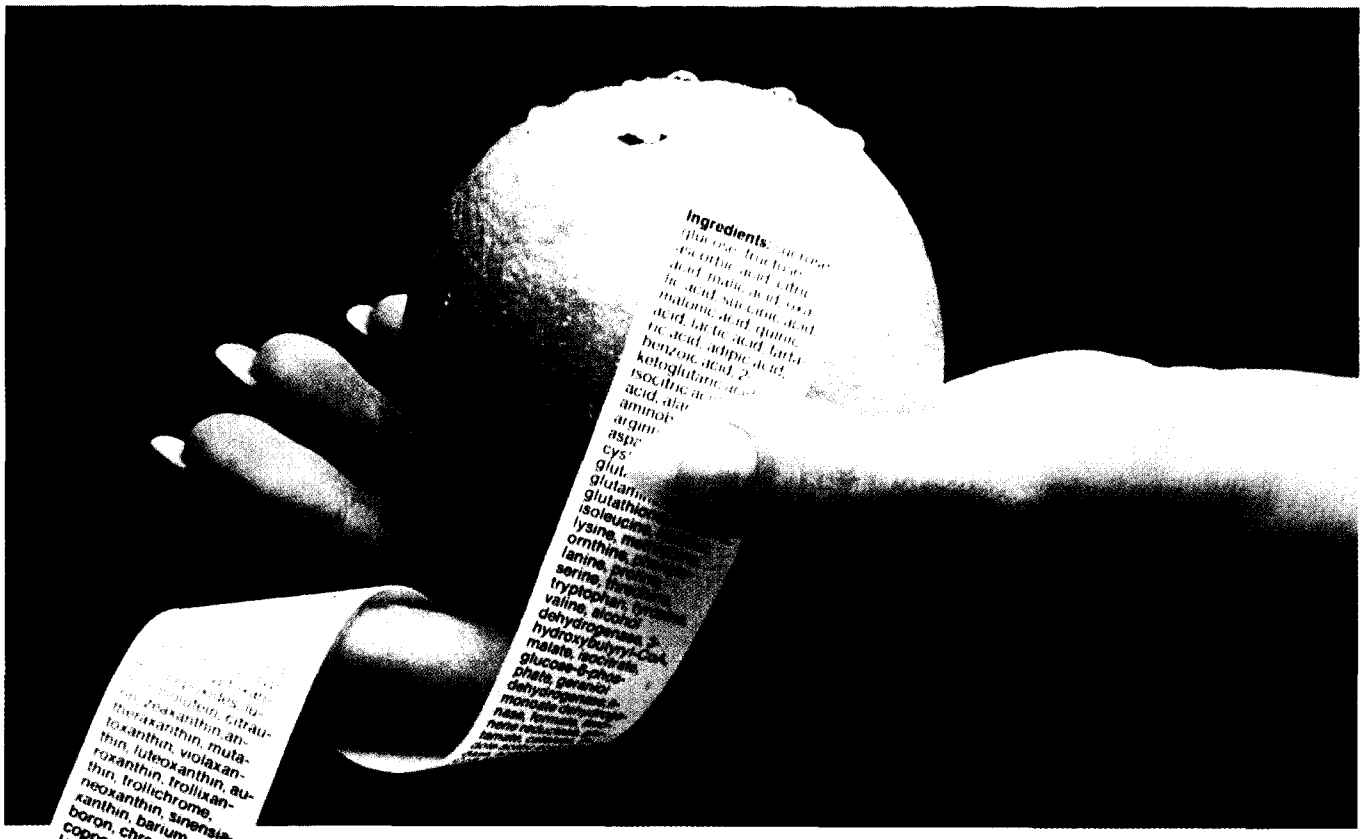

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IS JAMES LEVINE WRECKING THE MET?

by Irving Kolodin

Levine has failed to forge the company into a cohesive ensemble, has neglected, alienated, or misused some of today's ablest singers, and has allowed his ambitions to cloud his judgment.

SINCE 1975, when James Levine, the Metropolitan Opera's principal conductor, was tapped for the music director's job, he has become one of the best-known musicians on the American scene. This is much to achieve in the space of five years.

Being well-known, however, does not necessarily mean doing well. While Levine as music director and *de facto* artistic director has brought about some welcome variety in the Met's repertory, he has failed to forge the company into a cohesive ensemble, has neglected, alienated, or misused some of today's ablest singers, and has allowed his ambitions as a conductor to cloud his judgment. Consequently, the Met today has too few top resident artists, a handful of exceptional secondary singers, and an overabundance of guest performers. One of the glories of the world musical scene, the Met may be on the verge of becoming a second-rate opera house.

To understand the problem one must first understand the history of the management of the Met. From the early years of the century to the recent past, artistic decisions at the Met were made by artistic directors, who held the title of general manager (the most prominent among these were Giulio Gatti-Casazza, 1908–1935, and Rudolf Bing, 1950–1972). Bing's successor, Goeran Gentele from the Stockholm Opera, was killed in an automobile accident before his first season began. Until Levine, the Met has never had a music director per se: Each artistic director had a musical advisor to assist him. The last man to hold the title of general manager was Schuyler G. Chapin, whose contract was not renewed when it expired in July 1975. Anthony A. Bliss, the executive director and a longtime member of the Met's board, in effect replaced Chapin as head of the opera. Bliss, however, did not consider himself qualified to make artistic evaluations.

In fact, William Rockefeller, then president of the Met's board and now its chairman, explained the board's decision to abolish the position of general manager by saying, "We must never have an impresario again. We've outgrown the need." What Rockefeller failed to understand is that no operatic institution can produce its best work without a strong guiding hand. His failure in understanding left a void in the Met hierarchy—and Levine was right there, ready to fill it.

How did Levine do it? How did he become *the* artistic power at the Met? As Chapin recounts in his autobiography *Musical Chairs* (1977), shortly before Chapin's departure he offered Levine a contract that would have given Levine and stage director John Dexter expanded artistic authority, but the final responsibility would continue to reside with the general manager. For months Levine's agent, Ron Wilford, held on to the contract. When Chapin demanded that the Met's lawyers press Wilford, the general manager was informed that the negotiations were now in Bliss's hands.

The *dénouement* was not long in coming. Bliss accepted all of Levine's demands for greater authority. Shortly thereafter, the board of directors let Chapin go and endorsed Bliss as the successor. In opera, decisions have to be made not only every day but every hour, so there was only one man in a position to make them—Levine. This is especially true because Dexter

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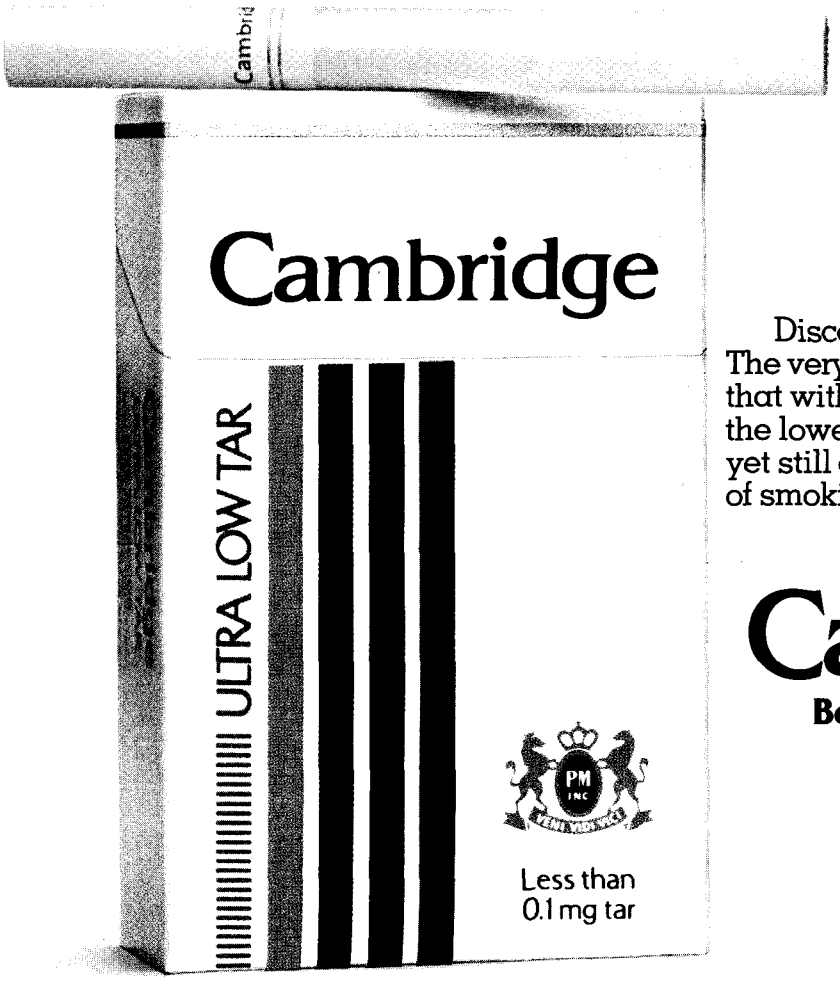

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has not been the counterbalance to Levine's influence that was originally intended. Dexter has his own flourishing career as a Broadway-play director to look after, and his good work at the Met has been limited to such productions as Francis Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, which is more theater than opera.

Was Levine, then 32, qualified to become *de facto* artistic director of the Met? Did he have the breadth of experience, background, or vision that has characterized the great operatic artistic directors of our age—men like Rolf Liebermann or Rudolf Bing, both of whom had years of experience before acceding to their posts at the Paris Opera and the Met, respectively?

Compare their backgrounds. Trained as a composer, Liebermann began work in opera in his native Zurich. As early as 1951, he had the foresight to request the rights to Alban Berg's *complete* opera *Lulu* when they should become available. (His presentiments explain how the Paris Opera became the first company to stage it in 1979.) In 1959, Liebermann began his remarkably resourceful direction of the Hamburg Opera, where he remained until he went to Paris in 1973.

Sir Rudolf Bing, the other man of international distinction in this scarcely overpopulated company, was not trained to be a professional musician, although he did study singing. But opera has been a part of his professional life since 1928 when, at age 26, he went to work at the Darmstadt (Germany) Theater. Two years later he moved to the Charlottenburg Opera in Berlin. Leaving Germany at the beginning of the Hitler regime, Bing soon became affiliated with the not-yet-famous Glyndebourne Opera, near London. In the postwar years he created the Edinburgh Festival, whose fine productions and high standards are by now renowned. By the time Bing arrived at the Met in 1949, he had already had a distinguished career as an artistic director.

Measured against such men, Levine has neither the experience, nor the judgment that comes with experience, to lead one of the world's premier opera houses. He has stepped into shoes several sizes too large for him. One could protest, of course, that he is not artistic director but music director. The fact is, however, that whatever Levine's title, he is essentially performing as the artistic director: He is responsible for choosing the repertory and for recommending artists, designers, directors, and choreographers, in addition to being responsible for the total musical experience—selecting singers, conductors, musicians, and chorus masters—which is the specific job of a music director.

Yet even when judged solely on the basis of his performance as music director, Levine has fallen short of what might have been expected. Having developed (1965–70) his talents as assistant to the late George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra, Levine has a sure command of a sizable symphonic repertory. At 37, he is a man of unquestionable musical intellect and unflagging vigor, as well as a fine pianist.

It takes more than that, though, to make a successful music director. Understanding and awareness of vocal nuances, niceties, resources, as well as the ability to use orchestra and performers to their best advantage, are essential. And here Levine's skills are less acute than they should be. In his first two seasons as music director, he requested a certain amount of critical indulgence on the grounds that some of the new works and performers had been scheduled by his predecessor.

In the three succeeding seasons, praise for the good work and blame for the bad must be assigned to Levine. And there is much to blame.

To begin with, Levine too often has used the Met podium for a trial run at conducting a given work. Every conductor must periodically expand his repertory by undertaking an opera he has not yet tried. But why use the Met as a testing ground, as he has done with *Parsifal, Elektra, The Flying Dutchman, Otello,* and *Eugene Onegin,* to name just a few?

(Curiously, Levine is perfectly willing to try out operas at the Met for big engagements elsewhere. For instance, he has been steadily conducting *Parsifal* at the Met so that he will be well prepared when he fulfills an engagement to direct the opera in Bayreuth, at the centennial performances that will be given there in 1982.)

A further cause for concern is that Levine is too often more committed to his own conducting career than to the best interests of the Metropolitan. The press has made much of Levine's dedication; after all, it is said, he is at the Met from September until May (with occasional guest appearances at the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and others). But he is required to tour with the company only in alternate years, which leaves him time for recording in May and June. He spends July as music director of the Chicago Symphony's Ravinia Festival, and in August he goes to Salzburg. His time would be better spent in New York, fine-tuning the membership of his company.

A serious problem with Levine's stewardship is his failure

An opera great—Sir Rudolf Bing had the experience Levine lacks.

to recruit many of the greatest operatic talents for the Met. Where are the major conductors—Leonard Bernstein, Zubin Mehta, Colin Davis, Lorin Maazel, Georg Solti—who were heard at the Met prior to Levine? Levine explains that it is difficult for many of them to make themselves available for the time required for a Met engagement. Nevertheless, during the month of April, for instance, Lorin Maazel found time to conduct a revival of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* at the Paris Opera, while Seiji Ozawa was doing Puccini's *Tosca* at La Scala in Milan. Undoubtedly it is not easy to lure great talents with their hectic schedules and astronomical price tags to the Metropolitan, but an artistic director must be judged in part by his success in recruiting the best to work with him.

Many of the best singers in the world have likewise been absent from the Met in recent Levine years. Where are, to mention but a few, Joan Sutherland, James McCracken, Justino Diaz, Shirley Verrett, Mirella Freni, Kiri Te Kanawa, Cesare Siepi, and Martina Arroyo—all of whom have contributed greatly to the Met's success in the past?

One singer particularly favored by Levine has been Renata Scotto, who sometimes seems to constitute Levine's total concept of a "company" where sopranos are concerned. Levine has many reasons to favor Scotto, not the least of which are their plans to continue to record operas together. But to cast Scotto as Manon Lescaut, a teenaged maiden? Politeness forbids reference to Scotto's age (she made her Italian debut in 1954), but not to the condition of a voice that is steadily declining under the pressures of singing a ceaseless succession of roles for which her voice is not suited. As an instance,

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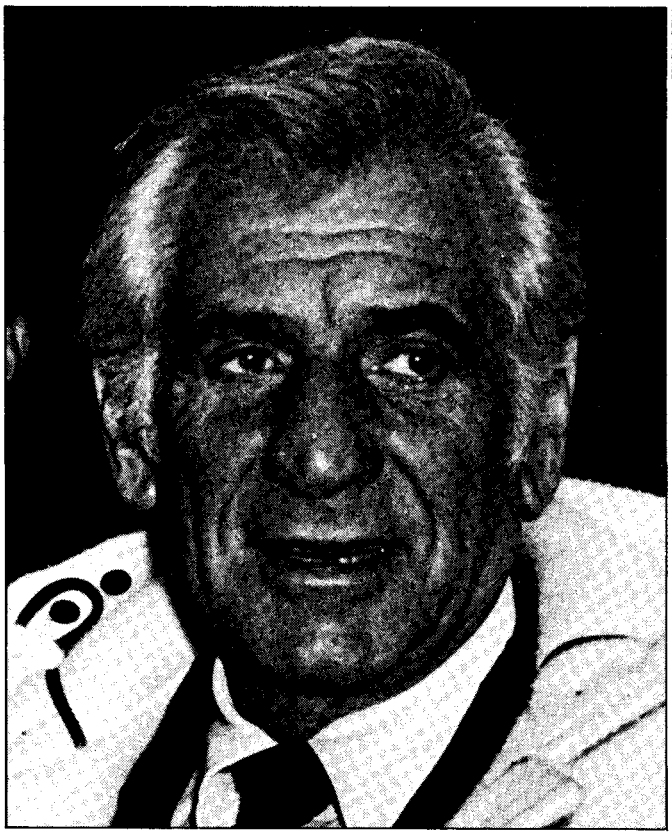
Tenor James McCracken —out of favor with Levine.



WIDE WORLD

Leonard Bernstein—one of the stars who no longer appear at the Met.

Scotto was chosen as a leading soprano in the revival of Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* last season. Has anyone ever heard of an operatic soprano equally adept at singing during the same season Ponchielli's "Suicidio" and Puccini's "In quelle trine morbide" in *Manon Lescaut*?

Another of Levine's questionable decisions is evident in the case of the admirable mezzo-soprano Tatiana Troyanos. The Juilliard-trained singer made her Met debut in the mid-Seventies. Her star has kept rising. In this past season, she has performed outstandingly well in Massenet's *Werther*

Executive Director Anthony Bliss—he gave Levine everything he asked for.

(Charlotte), Verdi's *Don Carlos* (Eboli), and Wagner's *Parsifal* (Kundry). But she has also been called upon to perform Hansel in Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, in which she stood out only in the sense that she towered over the smallish Gretel with whom she was cast. I doubt, in any case, that Liebermann would have urged the stately Troyanos to sing Hansel when she was a member of his company at Hamburg.

The relationship between the music director and the artists with whom he works is unquestionably a matter of public concern. When Richard Cassily, in the title role of this year's broadcast of Verdi's *Otello*, was unable to continue after Act I, an ill-equipped, inexperienced replacement was pressed into service. Had James McCracken been in favor with Levine, the incident might never have occurred.

While Levine the conductor has been reveling in the applause of audiences at the operas he conducts, Levine the music director should have had some sleepless nights about the results of some works (conducted by others) that the Metropolitan has long rated as specialties of the house. A new repertory of nonstandard works has taken their place, and what should be icing on the cake has now become the cake itself.

Certainly there is much to be said on behalf of a theater which, in addition to those productions conducted by Levine, can offer a brilliant fulfillment of Benjamin Britten's *Billy Budd*, under the suitable artistic conducting of Raymond Leppard; the generally well sung (if preposterously staged) *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Luciano Pavarotti glorifying Verdi's music; the midseason performances of Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, with Erich Leinsdorf as their masterful conductor; and, earlier in the season, Massenet's *Werther*, in which Troyanos achieved a new career high under Richard Bonynge's direction.

But where were the *Aïdas*, the *Rigolettos*, the *Carmens*, and the *Giocondas* of other years? Almost all are now being performed by singers lacking the voice, the personality, or the career background worthy of a theater with the Met's reputation—and ticket prices.

When the happenings of this past season are tabulated, I daresay that they will show a stream of new singers making a record number of debuts (more than 30). Some—perhaps a third—have proper credentials for such consideration, but the majority do not.

Perhaps Levine's most critical problem is his unawareness of the objectives toward which an artistic director must finally strive. An artistic director is responsible for providing his theater with an identity, a vision of what its ultimate artistic goal should be. Levine lacks such vision. Que-

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J. HEFFERNAN

Diva Renata Scotto—hardly the maiden in Manon Lescaut.

J. HEFFERNAN

Mezzo Tatiana Troyanos—miscast as Hansel in Hansel and Gretel.

ried about the trend toward multiple debuts, he replied: "New York has the right to have a place in which it can view what is in the international forefront—though what is in the international forefront is not always to my personal or artistic taste.... If I were to try to do in an international theater what is to my personal and artistic taste, I wouldn't be able to do 24 operas a year...."

But an artistic director *should* do what is to his "personal and artistic taste." That's what he is there for. "The international forefront" is not a standard by which to judge singers or conductors. A strong artistic director has his own vision and shapes his theater to conform to that vision.

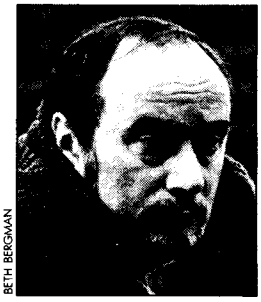
We have not addressed in this piece whether Levine the conductor is sufficiently talented to hold the podium at the Met, much less the music director's office. Indisputably, he is. Levine, in the words of Schuyler Chapin, is "one of the few conductors whom every singer wants to work with. He has a towering talent. He gives a singer a feeling of support and security."

Nonetheless, at this point in his career, Levine still has much to learn as a conductor of opera. He has a tendency to confuse physical energy with creative vitality. Louder does not mean greater penetration into a composer's intent. A *fortissimo* in an Italian opera like Giuseppe Verdi's *Don Carlos* (which he otherwise conducts well) cannot be equated with a *fortissimo* in a German opera like Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman* (with which Levine was artistically ill at ease, and which he conducted for the first time at the Met).

On March 29 of this year, a new production of Giacomo Puccini's *Manon Lescaut* was broadcast. I listened to it at home, with an accumulating impression of tonal inconsistency. What was wrong? The orchestral execution was precise, every note in place. A glance at the score provided the answer: Rather than rising and falling in the dynamic patterns carefully prescribed by the composer, the music came through in a ceaseless *mezzaforte*, save when it became *fortissimo*.

But whatever Levine's strengths and weaknesses as an operatic conductor, as a music director and *de facto* artistic director of the Met he has been decidedly miscast.

In its present state of void and vacuum in the artistic decision-making function, the Met is more than ever in need of a trained, professional, authoritative opera expert. He should be a man (or woman) able to give a detached, clear-headed evaluation of everything that happens on the stage and in the pit in every performance. And, moreover, he should have the power to demand an accounting for shortcomings.



BETH BERGMAN

Stage Director John Dexter—no counterbalance to Levine's influence.

This is a plea not on behalf of any person, but on behalf of the principle that central authority is indispensable to the success of a major operatic venture. When William Rockefeller said that the Met had "outgrown the need" for a general manager, he betrayed a woeful ignorance of what makes an operatic institution function to the best of its human resources.

The Met will celebrate the beginning of its second century on October 22, 1983. Audiences can only hope that by that time, the Met will once again have the kind of artistic leadership under which the company—note: the *company*—had its greatest years.□

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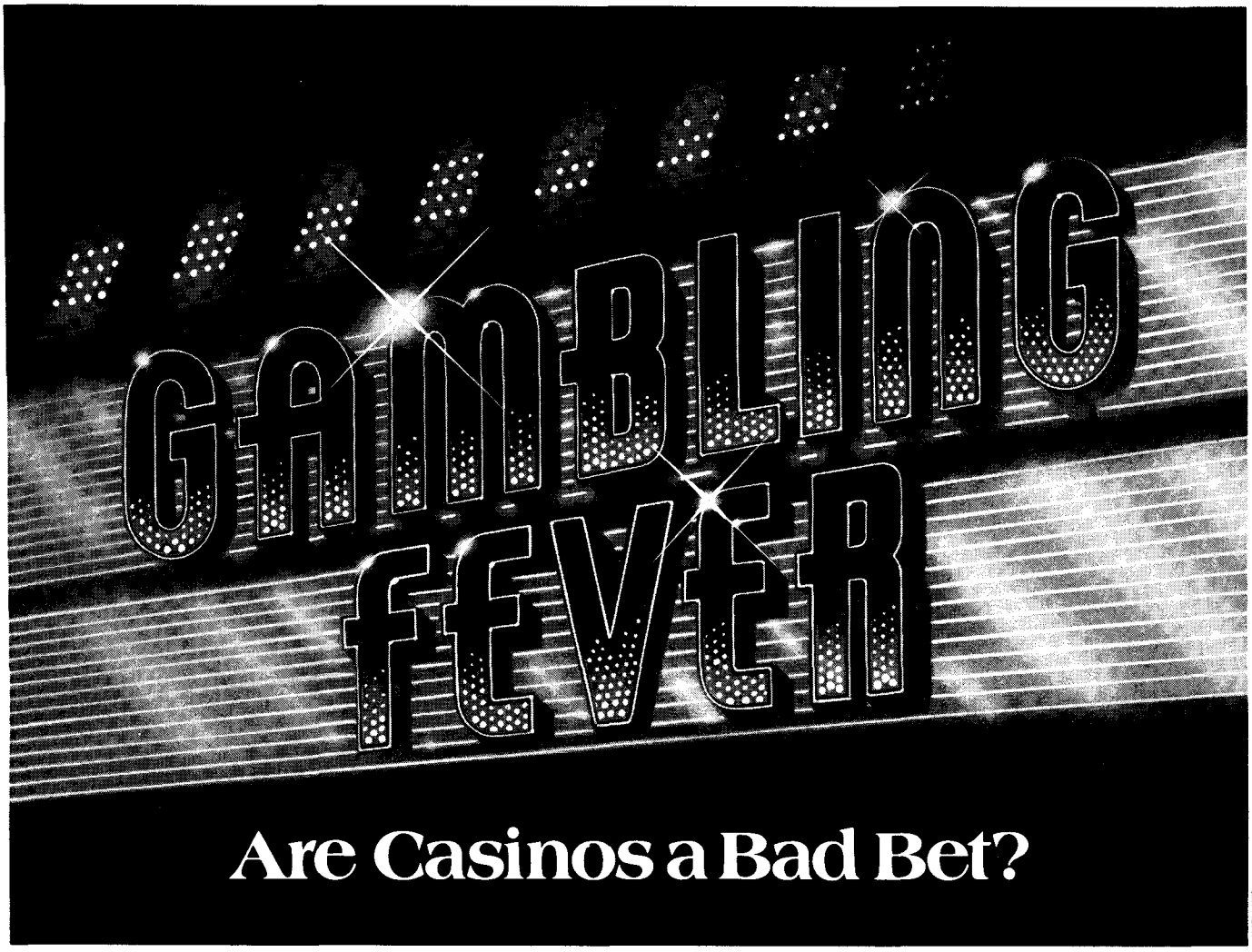

JIM HUNT

by Robert Sam Anson

Give people what they want, they'll come.—Louis B. Mayer

POOR LOUIS MAYER. If he were alive today, he'd have a heart attack, seeing what they've done to his MGM. Gable, Cooper, Wayne, Garfield, Bogart—they're all gone; the sets, those great, fabulous, larger than life confections—sold off; the company...my God, the company. Hasn't made a movie in years. So what is it doing, the house that Mayer and Thalberg built? Making money, tons of money—but not from movies. Oh, no. From c-a-s-i-n-o-s. Poor Louie. Better off he's dead.

Not that the other guys are doing any better, understand. Look at Holiday Inn. Nice places Holiday Inns. Not the Beverly Hills, maybe, but nice. A family, *Christian* sort of hostelry. Gideon Bibles in the room, a minister on call 24 hours a day, the local church directory right there at the front desk. All the touches you'd expect from the born-again gentlemen from Tennessee who built it. And what's happened? You guessed it, Louie: c-a-s-i-n-o-s. Slots by the hundreds. Blackjack. Craps. Roulette. Baccarat. How are you supposed to reflect on Jeremiah 6:10 when *that's* downstairs? The chairman of the board couldn't. Quit is what he did. Said he couldn't reconcile the Lord with the temples these money changers are building. Thought Jesus wouldn't have approved.

Jesus doesn't have much choice these days. Like Satan himself, gambling is everywhere, its pomps and wonders to behold. According to the Nixon-appointed United States Commission on the Review of the National Policy Toward Gambling—whose 1976 report, "Gambling in America," helped lay the groundwork for the current boom—80 percent of all Americans approve of some form of legalized gambling, and 68 percent indulge in it themselves. Only 11 percent of that total were breaking the law. The rest were losing their money in perfectly above-board games of chance, from bingo to numbers to lotteries to dogs to horses to jai alai and to casinos. Gambling, in sum, has become the national passion. In one form or another, 29 states now legalize it, and the revenues are explosive.

In 1960, Americans wagered approximately $5 billion legally. Less than 15 years later—after the introduction (by New Hampshire, which prides itself on taxing neither income nor sales, but only, in the words of William Loeb, publisher of the *Manchester Union Leader*, "sin") of the first state-run lottery (12 more were destined to soon follow) and (by New York, which prides itself in sinning generally) the first parimutuel off-track betting system and (by New Jersey, sin itself) the first legalized numbers game—that figure has risen to $17 billion, an increase of 340 percent. Nor is the end in sight. As the report put it: "Today, the growth of legalized gambling shows no signs of abating and may even be accelerating, as additional states compete in the gambling arena with an expanding array of 'bigger and better' games...."

Two years later, after the author of those words, Commission Executive Director James Ritchie, a former Organized

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Gambling has become the national passion. In one form or another, 29 states now legalize it, and the revenues are explosive. Looking on Atlantic City, officials in beleaguered states talk wistfully of setting up their own games.

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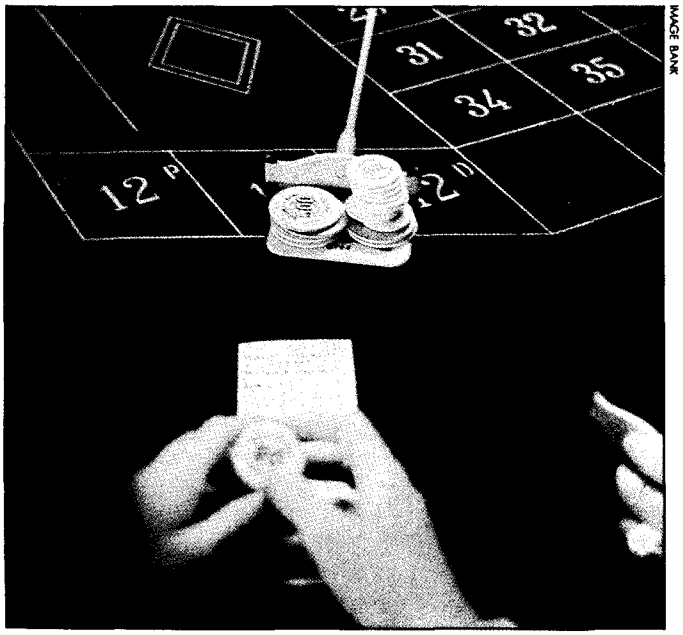

IMAGE BANK

In 1960, Americans wagered $5 billion legally. That figure has risen to more than $17 billion.

Crime Strike Force chief for the Department of Justice, had become the chief Washington lobbyist of the Nevada Resorts Association, the prediction was fulfilled. New Jersey, which had rejected a proposal for statewide casino gambling in 1975, approved a referendum limiting gambling to Atlantic City. What had changed minds—and continues to lure other states today—was a promise of massive redevelopment and the creation of tens of thousands of new jobs. The results were as predictable as they were overwhelming. The boom was on.

Today, the three largest casinos in the world stand along Atlantic City's fabled Boardwalk. Resorts International, the first and still the biggest of them, currently grosses more than $600,000 *per day*, and on 23 days in 1979 topped the $1 million mark. When it opened, on Memorial Day 1978, the line outside Resorts stretched half a mile. Bettors waited for three hours and more for the opportunity to ante up at the blackjack tables.

Resorts originally predicted a total "handle" of $100 million for its first year of operation but grossed $220 million, besting the previously held record (by Las Vegas's MGM Grand) by nearly a factor of three. As a result, Resorts, which operates casinos in the Bahamas, reported a quarterly profit of 1,600 percent that year, and thus became, along with the other gambling operators (Bally, Caesar's World, Penthouse, Playboy, Holiday Inns, Hilton, Del E. Webb), one of the hottest "growth stocks" on the American Exchange.

It was only the beginning. The addition of two competitors (one of which, Caesar's Boardwalk Regency, thoughtfully installed 23 Braille-encoded slot machines for the blind) produced what Resorts chairman James Crosby calls "the Las Vegas effect," a serendipity of American capitalism whereby more competition brings in more money. With three casinos on the scene, Atlantic City has been doing business at a half-a-billion-dollars-a-year clip. That figure, in turn, will pale when four new casinos come on line by the end of the year, the third installment in a projected total of 46 by the end of 1985.

The investment statistics are staggering. Resorts originally laid out $90 million to build its casino and revamp the old Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel and is now busily pumping $36 million more in shops, restaurants, and a 3,500-seat sports arena—to be built atop the casino. Bally's Park Place, one of Resort's two existing competitors, had planned to spend $45 million on its casino-hotel, but by the time the joint was up, expectations had mushroomed, and so had costs, a total, in the end, of more than $300 million.

These figures have not gone unnoticed. A number of other states, New York, Massachusetts, Oregon, and Pennsylvania among them, have begun to look covetously on the Garden State's seeming pot of gold, and all of them are moving to duplicate the New Jersey experience. In Chicago, the very birthplace of the Mob, a beleaguered Jane Byrne has begun to talk wistfully of a city-run casino that would generate additional tax revenues. Even Las Vegas is reporting record-breaking revenues, up 26 percent in the last year alone. "We have come to the end of the rainbow," enthuses one Jersey politician, "and, by God, there is a bonanza there."

To what end America has gone "to the end of the rainbow," and with what results, is, however, a matter of perspective.

THE JOURNEY BEGAN IN 1931 when the state of Nevada, then in the pit of the Depression, overrode the objections of church, reform, and religious groups to pass the first "wide-open" gambling legislation in the country. Gambling really didn't catch on, though, until 1937, when Raymond I. Smith opened Harold's Club in Reno. Smith offered such innovations as bright lights, lowered stakes (the better to attract the low-rollers, who now crowd both Las Vegas and Atlantic City), and transportation home for players who went broke.

In return for its tolerance, Nevada now collects 5 percent of the gross from each of the 1,300-plus casinos within its borders. In 1974 the state's general fund amounted to $148.5 million, nearly half of which came from various gaming and license fees. Impressive as that total was (it accounted for nearly a third of the state's total income), Nevada ranked only sixth among the states in total gambling revenues. New York, for example, took in nearly three times as much from on-track, off-track, and lottery earnings in 1975, and horse racing brought in more to New York and California than did all of Nevada's casinos and sports-betting shops combined.

Nonetheless, the notion that in legalized gambling, and particularly in casino gambling, lay economic salvation proved to be a powerful inducement. When combined with a second argument, namely, that legalization removed the odium of crime, it was small wonder that as the Sixties dawned, and social taboos fell, the drive for many Nevadas became well-nigh irresistible.

The first steps were small and tentative. Following New Hampshire's lead, 13 states from Maine to Illinois to Maryland were operating state-run lotteries by the mid-Seventies. While the ticket outlets were great (some 70,000 locations in all) the total proceeds ($992 million in 1975) were relatively modest, and state income even more so, since customarily nearly half of the "handle" went back to ticket buyers in the form of winnings. Moreover, despite claims, especially from New Jersey, which was the first state to offer its own version of the daily numbers game known to ghetto-dwellers for generations, that lotteries would cripple organized crime, the Mob, which offered better odds and dispensed with the bother of IRS reporting, continued to thrive. Concluded one federal study: "There is no evidence that available legal games reduce illegal gambling.... Legal games may even increase illegal gambling by enticing additional bettors."

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MIKE BLIZZARD

BLACK STAR

Since the casino referendum, land values have soared. Unfortunately, people live in the places that are being traded like Monopoly deeds.

But the myth persisted. It was furthered with the institution of Off-Track Betting in the early Seventies. OTB was supposed to accomplish all the things that lotteries did, only more so. Instead, it was an even larger flop.

Which left casinos.

Thanks to Howard Hughes, and the other above-board operators who crowded into Nevada during the Sixties, casino gambling had lost much of its bad odor. Las Vegas was now being touted as "a year-round family resort," where the American Medical Association could convene without questions of propriety. States like New Jersey and New York, meanwhile, had taxed their resources to the limits. Desperate for new infusions of cash, and the prospect of redevelopment, they looked West and in Las Vegas found the answer.

The first calls for legalized casino gambling went out in New Jersey in 1968. They got a receptive hearing at the Nixon White House. Heavily indebted to the Teamsters for his elections in 1968 and 1972, Nixon in 1973 gave his approval for a presidential commission to study gambling. His agent in the enterprise was Charles Colson, whose old law firm, Colson and Morin, listed the International Brotherhood of Teamsters as its principal client. Colson's partner, Charles H. Morin, was named to head the commission, and the commission itself was composed of members either favorably disposed or, at worst, neutral to the idea of legalized gambling. The bias was evident in the first sentence of its report: "Gambling is inevitable." The words were as welcome as the jingle of cash registers in Trenton and Atlantic City. Within a year of the commission's report, a referendum endorsing casino gambling for Atlantic City was on the ballot.

In the campaign that followed, virtually all of the state's major officeholders and interest groups lined up on the side of the casinos. Brendan Byrne, who had been elected governor principally on his reputation as "the judge who couldn't be bought," coupled his backing with a pledge that the state-supervised casino system would be "the cleanest in the nation," its enforcement powers "the toughest." With that sort of assurance, the bandwagon was soon rolling, greased by a slick, million-dollar-plus sales campaign bankrolled by Resorts International. The pitch was twofold. First was a promise that all revenues raised by the state (whose original 8 percent share of the take had been increased to 12 percent) would be set aside to aid the handicapped and the aged. Second, and far more appealing from Atlantic City's standpoint, was the prospect of massive redevelopment of the once fashionable now seedy oceanside resort.

The town fathers' enthusiasm, not to say lust, was understandable. Bert Parks and Miss America notwithstanding, the former retreat for the Philadelphia rich had become a hell hole. Block after block of the city's core stood gutted and vacant. Fully half of the city's 44,000 population (which itself had declined by nearly a third in 20 years) were poor blacks and Hispanics, another quarter elderly whites living off Social Security. The unemployment rate was hovering at 20 percent, and the percentage of public-assistance housing was second only to Newark. Even the fabled Boardwalk, with its carny barkers, saltwater-taffy shops, phrenologists, and "218-pound, 21-foot reticulated pythons," as the faded sign on one dilapidated parlor proclaimed, was teetering on oblivion.

All that would change, the casino lobbyists pledged. Construction would provide jobs for one and all, and once the casinos were up, it would be like the old days, only bigger, better, richer. With the promises dancing in their eyes like so many slot-machine cherries, the whole town turned to. The *Atlantic City Press*, the city's only daily newspaper, plumped enthusiastically for the idea, not only on its editorial page, but in its news columns as well.

Against all this, the anticasino partisans put up a brave but woefully underfinanced fight. The results on election day were as overwhelming as they were predictable: Atlantic City's black and Hispanic communities alone went for casinos by more than 80 percent. Six months later, after a dispensation from the usual licensing requirements by Governor Byrne, Resorts opened its doors for business.

THE ATLANTIC CITY experience bears some scrutiny, if only because New Jersey's casino system is the model to which other states, neighboring New York and Pennsylvania in particular, are looking. And even a cursory examination raises a host of troubling questions.

On the positive side of the ledger there has indeed been a construction boom, the multi-billion-dollar likes of which the state has never seen. So feverish is the rush to capitalize on casino gold that projects like Playboy's $90-million, 500-room beachfront complex are abuilding 24 hours a day, seven days a week under the eerie, nighttime glare of Klieg lights. But while it has brought in thousands of jobs to the depressed construction industry, many of those jobs are for skilled workers like carpenters and electricians. As a result, many of the men employed on the new towers are from out of state. The hard-core poor, with few skills to offer, have been locked out almost entirely. Those with skills have encountered the addi-

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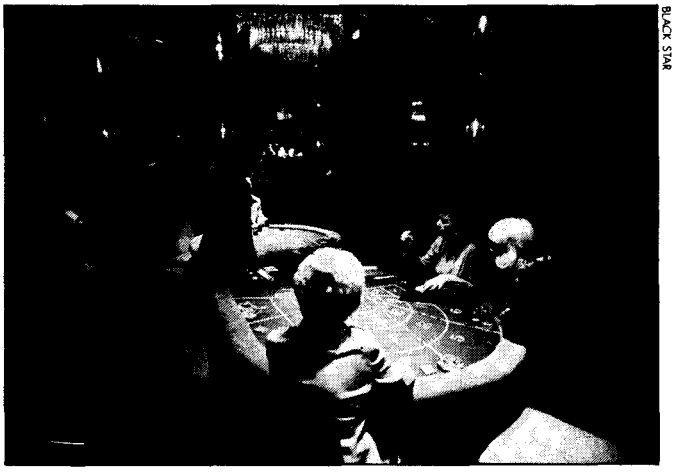
tional barrier of union discrimination, which persists despite repeated threats of lawsuits. "They went for it because they thought they were voting themselves a career," says Deborah Hartwell, director of the ACLU's Casino Civil Liberties Project. "What they got were the scraps."

The situation is somewhat better in the casinos and hotels themselves, where state-imposed hiring quotas set aside a specific number of jobs for minorities. But the quotas are measured against a casino's *total* hiring, rather than position by position. Casinos can stay —and have stayed— within the letter of the law by fulfilling their quotas at the service and maintenance level, while the higher-paying positions of pit boss and casino managers remain the almost exclusive province of middle-class whites. Even when the casinos do comply, there can be some bitter ironies. Recently, for instance, one of the casinos hired 15 Puerto Rican dealers—all of whom were imported from Puerto Rico. "They explained that they wanted people with experience," says Xavier Mercado, deputy director of the Latin Organization of Atlantic City. "Well, for a Puerto Rican, the only place to get it is in Puerto Rico, which has casinos. What it boils down to is that you can't get a good job unless you have experience, and you can't get experience unless you have a job. It's what you people call Catch-22."



BLACK STAR

When Resorts opened, bettors waited for three hours to ante up at the tables.

Things will get better, the casino people insist, once the Boardwalk Strip is completed and all the casinos (several others are planned or being built a few miles away at an Atlantic City marina) are in full operation. The Atlantic City Convention and Visitors Bureau is already counting on it. The dramatic pick-up in convention business, and the permanent jobs it will create (an estimated 35,000 in all), is the casinos' most solid achievement to date. Before 1976 and the approval of the casino referendum, Atlantic City's convention business, like everything else in town, was dying. Now, with casinos as a prime attraction, a 500,000-foot addition to the old convention hall in progress, and the promise of 17,000 new hotel rooms in the city by 1982, the bureau has booked a total of $1.25 billion in convention business between 1981 and 1988, and expects the total to hit $2 billion by the close of the decade. To put those figures in better perspective, Atlantic City did the same business in the two decades before casino gambling that it will now do in the first eight years after. The money will go further as well since, with the lure of casinos, the bureau expects new visitors to stay longer and spend more; 3.2 days on the average, with a typical mark-up of $82 per day—*not* including money lost at the gaming tables.

THE COST IN HUMAN and moral terms is harder to gauge. But some facts are readily apparent, and none more glaring than the wholesale dislocation of the city's poor and old. Since the casino referendum, land values in the city have increased, on the average, more than threefold. In prime locations, notably along or near the Boardwalk, the area designated by the city's master plan for casino development, the inflation has been stratospheric. In one typical deal, a group of investors, including a local municipal judge and the proprietor of a strip-tease palace, bought the bankrupt Ambassador Hotel for $900,000. A year later, they sold it to a developer for $7 million. Within months, the developer, in turn, sold the property to Ramada Inns for $20 million. It is all well and good for the real estate speculators. Unfortunately, people live in the places that are being traded like so many Monopoly deeds.

In the two years since the casino referendum, Atlantic City's Hispanic population has declined by nearly one half, and blacks have suffered large losses as well. In a joint statement released in 1978, representatives of both the state and federal civil rights commissions charged that there was "systematic exclusion and eviction of minorities and elderly from the city." Since then, a belated start has been made to replace at least some of the homes destroyed, but it will be years, if then, before the city's projected need of 130,000 new housing units comes even close to being fulfilled.

For all the promises of jobs, unemployment in Atlantic City has actually increased by a fraction in the last year. "And it's going to get worse," says the ACLU's Hartwell. "The poor who were able to, have gotten out. The people who could possibly get jobs have already gotten them. What you have left are the people who can't move and can't work. You watch what happens. The glitter is going to come off." Much of it already has for the disabled and elderly who were expecting the casinos to produce windfall assistance. The state's gambling revenues—$22.6 million during the casinos' first 15 months—have given token property tax relief to both categories, but many of the aged and disabled are renters and, hence, fail to benefit. A casino-generated $100 tax credit against utility bills for the disabled and elderly was more welcome, but even this relief was quickly gobbled up by OPEC price increases.

There has been appreciable opportunity for street criminals. Always a wide-open town, Atlantic City today is more wide-open than ever, with prostitutes of both sexes doing land-office business. At the same time, rapes and robberies have climbed 33 percent, reversing a drop in the crime rate before casino gambling.

From the start, there were warnings from law enforcement officials that legalized casinos would mean trouble. "Gambling fosters crime, breeds crime, and finances crime," cautioned Jonathan Goldstein, the rackets-busting U.S. Attorney of New Jersey. His advice was ignored. New Jersey would succeed where Nevada and everyone else had failed, Byrne boasted, by passing more laws and hiring more investigators, a solution that one black leader in Atlantic City likened to "putting perfume on a pig." Byrne was true to his word. New Jersey now has reams of gambling regulations and hundreds of investigators to police them. The pig, nonetheless, remains no more fragrant.

The first whiff of what was destined to be a pervasive stench began filling the air last fall when Resorts Interna-

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tional, its six-month temporary licensure exhausted, came up for permanent licensing. The background investigation of the Gaming Enforcement Division of the state's Department of Justice was exhaustive, and it uncovered a number of choice tidbits. Among the juiciest were that a former Resorts officer had procured prostitutes for public officials, that Resorts had bribed Bahamian officials (a charge the company readily admitted), and that a former Resorts public relations man had paid a total of $2 million in hush money to speak no public ill of his old employer. Both the state attorney general and the Division of Gaming Enforcement recommended against granting Resorts a license. The Casino Control Commission (one of whose members, Kenneth MacDonald, was allegedly present when a bribe was paid in return for a pledge to help secure another casino license) weighed the charges, commended Resorts for its "honesty" and "integrity," then voted, five to zero, to give the company a license with not so much as a slap on the wrist.

Even weightier charges are currently pending against Bally and Caesar's World, both of whom come up for permanent licensing in the spring. (Their hearings have been delayed since, in the wake of abscam, Byrne has abolished the Casino Control Commission and plans to replace it with new, full-time, and hopefully sturdier members.)

IT IS, IN SHORT, business as usual in New Jersey. The flap over abscam is dismissed by William Downey, executive director of the Atlantic City Casino Hotel Association, as "overreacting to what, at this time, are merely newspaper accounts." "Character assassination," Ben Cohen, the chief counsel of the Casino Control Commission calls it. Picking up the theme, Wall Street insiders are quoted as counseling against making too much of corruption lest "development" be hindered. Their stance is understandable. There is, after all, still a lot of money to be made.

Fifty-three million people live within 300 miles of Atlantic City, and 37.1 million of them are old enough to gamble. If the statistics of the National Gambling Commission are to be believed, that means an eventual potential market of 23,000,000 blackjack, craps, and roulette players for this improbable little town alone. "It's like having the Alaskan gold rush a hundred miles from New York," says Atlantic City real estate lawyer Marty Blatt.

How much longer New Jersey's sister states will be content to let all those millions flow to the great bog south of the Hudson is a matter of opinion. Until the abscam revelations, New York had been planning to put a casino referendum on the ballot in 1981. The plan, which had the wary backing of Governor Hugh Carey (not surprisingly, Byrne was counseling him against it) would have limited casinos to Niagara Falls, the Rockaways, a dilapidated beach resort at the eastern edge of New York City, and New York's Times Square area. In expectation of passage, financial wizard Felix Rohatyn was proclaiming the city "a mixture of Athens and Las Vegas," and Hyatt had already set aside space in its projected hotel at Grand Central for a mammoth casino. But, for the moment at least, abscam has put those plans, as well as similar schemes in other states, on hold. "If New Jersey wanted to make sure New York didn't get casinos," the head of a panel that recommended gambling for the state told the *New York Times*, "it is going about it in the right way. New Jersey is nailing the coffin on casinos in New York." Even the normally bubbly Ritchie has grown cautious. "Some states," he allows, "just aren't cut out for this sort of thing."

One that turned out not to be, and shocked the industry in the process, was Florida, where a referendum legalizing casinos for Miami Beach was defeated by the voters in 1978 by nearly a two-to-one margin. The campaign for passage was, if anything, even more aggressive than the one in New Jersey and involved many of the same elements, including the strategy of Sanford Weiner, the California-based political public relations consultant credited with putting the Atlantic City referendum across. It failed, in part, because of north and central Florida's Bible Belt traditions (a heritage driven home by the state's popular, born-again governor, Ruben Askew, who stumped the state against it) and because, unlike New Jersey, the business and press establishments in Florida took the time to examine the gamblers' claims and found them wanting. Spearheading the attack was the *Miami Herald*, which published in one month 23 front-page articles

BLACK STAR

Track receipts brought in more to New York and California than all of Nevada's casinos.

on various aspects of gambling. One of the paper's findings was that Weiner's economic claims, accepted at face value in New Jersey, were not supported even by the research firm that compiled the data.

"In many ways, the clincher was the release of FBI wiretap transcripts detailing the conversations of mobsters in Kansas City. They were boasting," says *Herald* reporter, Jim Savage, "about their friend, the head of the Gaming Commission in Nevada. You hear that, and you know it: In this business, the power of money dominates everything. It just corrupts the whole state."

That has been the experience everywhere legalized gambling has gained a foothold. No place is immune, no activity too insignificant to be overlooked. In recent years there have been jai alai scandals in Florida and Connecticut, horse racing shenanigans in New York and Maryland, charges of casino corruption in Nevada and New Jersey, and now, of course, abscam, the ugliest stain of them all.

Yet, the drive to legalize remains powerful. "Give it a few months, at most a year or two," says a veteran organized crime investigator. "Abscam will blow over. And when it does, they'll come out of the woodwork again, the same crowd of guys, with the same smooth talk about how they are only interested in helping little old ladies and cripples. And people will believe them. They always do. As long as there is action, people will want a part of it."

You were right Louie. Give the people what they want, they'll come. You can bet on it.

Robert Sam Anson, a New York freelance writer, is a former correspondent for Time.

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ERIC POLLITZER

The Charles Engelhard Court—A sculpture garden, glass roof, reflecting pool, and view of Central Park make a dazzling combination.

American, the Beautiful

Building more stately mansions has always been a favorite activity of museums, and the new American Wing at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, which opened on June 11, is as stately as they come. Constructed at a cost of $18 million, it offers a permanent showcase for the Met's entire American collection, much of which has been buried treasure for years, glimpsed only by curators and night watchmen. Thousands of paintings, period furnishings, and works of sculpture have been put on display. Among the stunning architectural components of the wing are the Charles Engelhard Court, a sculpture garden with a glass roof, a reflecting pool, and a dazzling view of Central Park; and the Joan Whitney Payson Painting Galleries, an elegant set of nine chambers occupying two floors and begemmed with masterpieces of American painting and sculpture of the 18th and 19th centuries.

Treble in Paradise

Visitors to the beautiful Pacific Northwest this summer will find that some of the most striking scenery is indoors and some of the sweetest-sounding birds are orchestral creations. Real forests, even soaring redwoods, never murmured like the ones in the Seattle Opera's *Ring Cycle* (July 20 to August 2), currently celebrating its fifth anniversary. Known officially as the Pacific Northwest Festival, this *Ring* is the only Wagner spectacle to offer the complete four-opera cycle in both English and German. Festival director Glynn Ross cannot often afford the helden talent that richer companies can, but his singers are commanding nonetheless, and he has delighted unreconstructed Wagnerians everywhere by rejecting the stingy, sterile abstractions of the neo-Bayreuth style—which has always looked as if Nibelungs designed it—and restoring the sublimely literal-minded romanticism that Wagner demanded. Glynn Ross's productions never stint on their Rhinemaidens and rainbow roads, their flaming rings and fiery Valhallas.

Simultaneously, a less heroic but more tranquil cultural offering will be available 175 miles south at Portland's Reed College, the tenth annual Chamber Music Northwest (June 30 to August 2). The program glides panoramically over several epochs in musical history (*baroque, classical,* romantic, impressionistic, and modern), one per week, and matches each with an illustrative genius (Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Debussy, and Bartok), whose works are lovingly emphasized. Food will be provided by a group called the Eat Your Heart Out Caterers.

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Dancin' Durham

In its 46 years of devoted, often heroic, service to modern dance, the annual American Dance Festival has championed such demigods as Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, and José Limon, both before and after they were accepted into the pantheon. At this year's celebration to be held at the ADF's home in Durham, North Carolina (June 16 to July 26), dance enthusiasts can view some of the companies of the newer candidates for immortality: Paul Taylor, Alwin Nikolais, Chuck Davis, and Twyla Tharp, among others. Always a crucible for new art, the ADF has commissioned and will also present the world premieres of works by Taylor, Erick Hawkins, and Kei Takei. And, lest you think the festival is incapable of simply puttin' on the ritz, it will lead off with "A Salute to Vaudeville," to be followed a few days later with jazz great Dizzy Gillespie accompanying dancers Honi Coles and Scoby Stroman.

Hellman as Huntress

"In the three memoir books I wrote, I tried very hard for the truth," writes Lillian Hellman in her *Maybe: A Story* (Little, Brown), which appeared last month. Here she forsakes the sturdily naturalistic, well-planed surfaces of *Scoundrel Time*, *Pentimento*, and *An Unfinished Woman* for a cluster of luminous, tantalizingly incomplete fragments about Sarah Cameron, an elusive socialite whose life intersected Hellman's at unanticipated intervals for 40 years. Frequently relying on fantasy and surrealism as her literary instruments, Hellman follows the dissipated Sarah through the decades as the enigmatic beauty sheds identities like old skins and glides through an assortment of debaucheries. The author's pursuit of her quarry is fascinating and is enlivened by casual encounters with such public eminences as William Wyler, Frank Costello, and, inevitably, Dashiel Hammett.

Self-Portrait (1916), Chagall—Incorrigibly, triumphantly himself.

By Himself

Violating one of the quintessential canons of modern art, Marc Chagall has always remained unregenerately literary, and in his new volume, *Chagall by Chagall* (Abrams), he compounds his sins by embroidering 79 years of paintings with pertinent quotations from his poetry, his 1922 autobiography *Ma Vie*, and other prose writings. Those who know only Chagall the painter will be astounded at the exactness with which his pen follows his brush. His cherished subjects—such as Jewish life in Vitebsk, young lovers, biblical motifs—glow with plainspoken imagery, somnambular fantasies, and childlike simplicity and directness of feeling. Whether in words or pictures, Chagall is incorrigibly himself, making his words dance as sportively as his figures, triumphantly sending carts and animals and fiddlers into flight.

Agriculture secretary Henry Wallace using 1930s gasohol.

And Now, Back to You, America ...

Television has often been accused of having an imperial philosophy of programming, smugly creating works in its Rome and then exporting them to every provincial village and farm like edicts. Beginning July 11, Public Television will let the "provinces" speak for themselves, in *U.S. Chronicle*, a landmark series of 13 half-hour documentaries, each produced by a member station of the public television commonwealth. Among the most intriguing of these exercises in grass-roots journalism are "Gasohol: Going With the Grain," a sober investigation of gasoline's poor relation, from WETA in Washington, D.C., and "A Love Canal Family," one family's grim post-mortem on the infamous tragedy, from WMHT in Schenectady and WNED in Buffalo.

The shows will be hosted by Jim Lehrer, of the much acclaimed *MacNeil/Lehrer Report*, who summed up the nobly egalitarian enterprise as a project that "will truly reflect the diversity of this country, a diversity that will be represented in its stories and its journalistic style as much as in its geography."

—Robert F. Moss

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BLUE HEAVEN
The Pacific as Paradise

Michener: Man of the Pacific Man of Asia

by Horace Sutton

IT IS A popular assumption, not altogether without foundation, that James Michener is a man of the Pacific, in the fashion of Stevenson who lies buried on a hillock in Samoa, of Maugham who immortalized Pago Pago, and of Melville, from whose Pacific adventures blossomed *Typee* and *Omoo*. The circumstances that put Michener in the Pacific in the first place, and the success of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Tales of the South Pacific* that came out of that wartime experience—followed in course, by the musical made from it, which won its own Pulitzer, as well as the movie—established all that. It also sent him back there in pursuit of the magazine pieces that appeared mostly in the old and handsome *Holiday* and in a book, *Return to Paradise*. Then followed the opus, *Hawaii*, a saga so grand it took 189 minutes on the screen plus a film sequel to tell the full story.

Despite his Pacific identifications, Michener holds the conviction that he is much more a man of Asia. His affiliation with this vast continent began with his love story of postwar Japan, *Sayonara*, and *The Bridges at Toko-ri*, an adventure novel of the flyers who worked from carriers during the Korean War.

In *Sayonara* Michener plays a chord over and over, sounding the beauty of Japanese women and the sensitive love they express toward their men. That quality compares harshly with the scrubbed, sleek handsomeness of American women and their insensitivities, at that time, toward their sisters of the conquered nation. In the story the American major, engaged to the beautiful daughter of the general, falls in love with a star of the Japanese theater. The book ends with the major saying "*Sayonara*"—goodbye—to his Japanese love and returning to America. To get Marlon Brando to play the part it was necessary to change the ending. Brando, as Major Gruver, doesn't say sayonara. He stays with his Japanese love. "It was beautiful," says Michener, a Quaker of unknown parentage who is married to Mari Yoriko Sabusawa, a second generation Japanese-American.

But *Sayonara*, like most of his Asian books, is not without its vibrant, expressive landscapes:

> Our entrance to Kyoto was memorable, for we saw in the distance the soaring towers of great Buddhist temples, their tiers built with the corners upswept in the Chinese style. And along one street we caught a glimpse of the famed Heian Shinto shrine, a glorious vermillion thing with enormous blood-red torii guarding it.

In *Toko-ri* there is time, amid the terror of war, to view the Korean landscape with a poetry of its own:

> To the north sprawling reservoirs glistened like great brooches, holding the hills together. To the south snow hung upon the ridge lines and made the valleys shimmering wonderlands of beauty, while beyond the upcoming range of mountains lay the vast blue sea....

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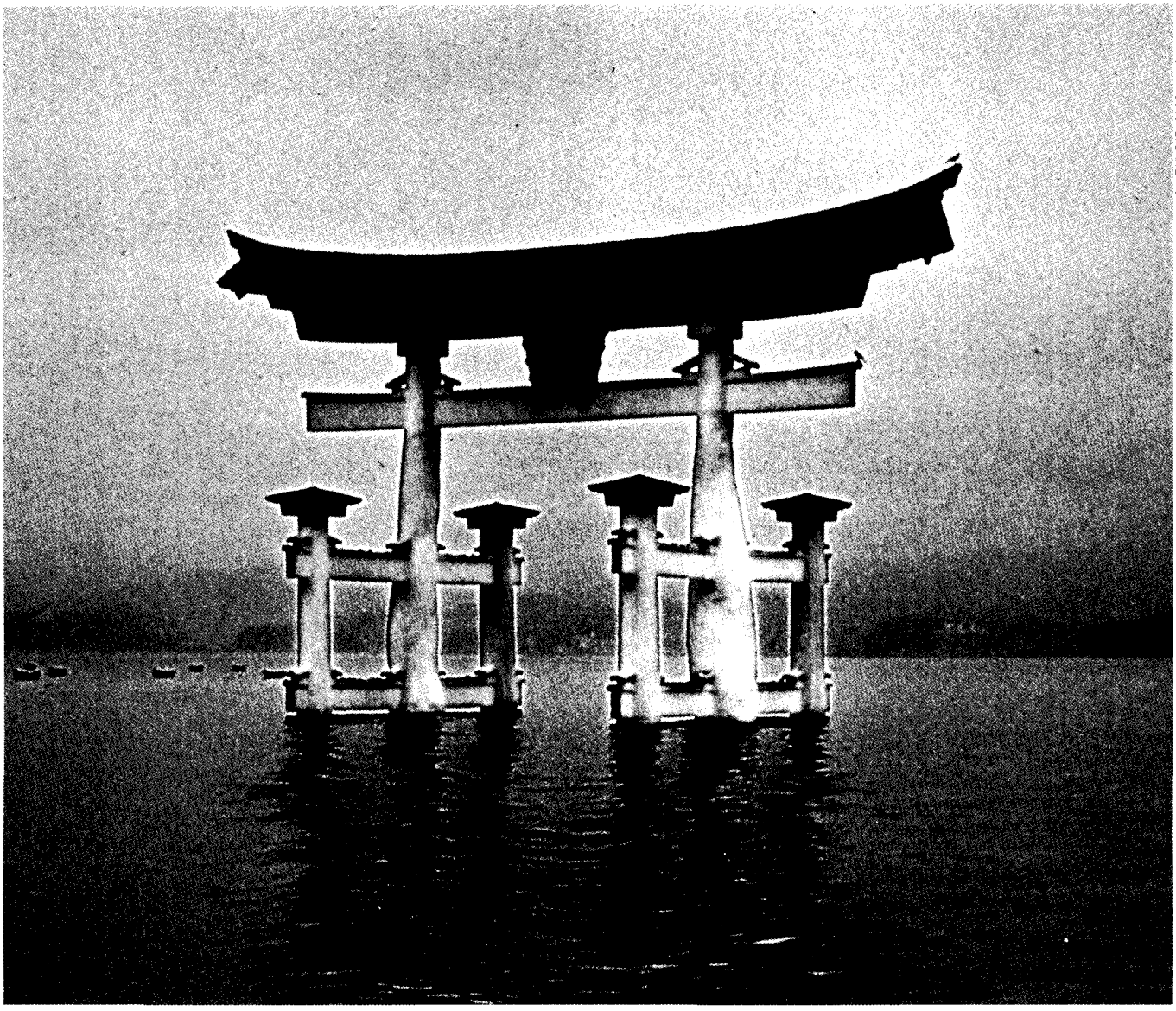

JAPAN NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION

Nearly 30 years ago, armed with assignments from *Life* and the New York *Herald Tribune*, he journeyed through a dozen Far Eastern countries from Japan to India talking to the citizenry, a journey that became a book, *The Voice of Asia*. Taking quarters at the old Raffles in Singapore, he spent his evenings talking with visitors, later writing:

I have now forgotten the names of these casual visitors, but the glow of those lovely evenings, with the Raffles waiters bringing excellent food, the string orchestra playing in the distance, the hot night all about you, and the urgent talk is with me yet and colors any thoughts I may have about Asia.

"Guys like me," he says now, "used to keep a complete wardrobe and a typewriter in each place. I would travel to Asia two and three times a year. I guess I have flown into Singapore 50 times, been to Burma 20 times. Once I spent three weeks traveling with the foreign minister of Pakistan."

Caravans, which came out in 1963, was a consequence of those travels. Although it is about Afghanistan, Michener, reflecting on it today, says, "I could have done it on any of those Asian countries I was visiting, particularly Indonesia or Pakistan."

"The story cannot be said to dominate this novel," *Newsweek* wrote of it at the time. "What dominates it—indeed, frequently shoulders the action right off stage—is information, facts, explanation." In the light of today's events, it is almost prescient. After a chilling description of an execution of a woman by stoning incited by *mullahs*, Michener has an Afghan character say:

Public executions supervised by mullahs were common in places like Samarkand. But the Communists from Moscow and Kiev said they had to stop. The chaderi was outlawed. Women were freed.... We have ten years to halt these terrible things. If we don't... Russia's going to come down and stop them for us.

Besides the books that come flowing in a seemingly endless stream, Michener, with Mari, has formed two major art collections. "We have collected on a high level and have some good art," he says. Their American paintings are going to the University of Texas. Additionally, they own 6,000 Oriental prints—many Hokusai works included—one of the world's great collections. No dilettante acquisitor, he has published five books on Japanese art in Japan that were translated into German, French, and Japanese. The Japanese collection is being given to Honolulu's handsome Academy of Art where it will provide an immense addition to that museum's artistic assemblage of Pacific and Asian works. With 26 books on the shelves; a public television series on lands that include Hawaii and the South Pacific; with the great art of Asia that he collected with Mari hanging on public view in Hawaii, his onetime homeland, it will be a long time—if ever—before the world can say sayonara to James Michener.

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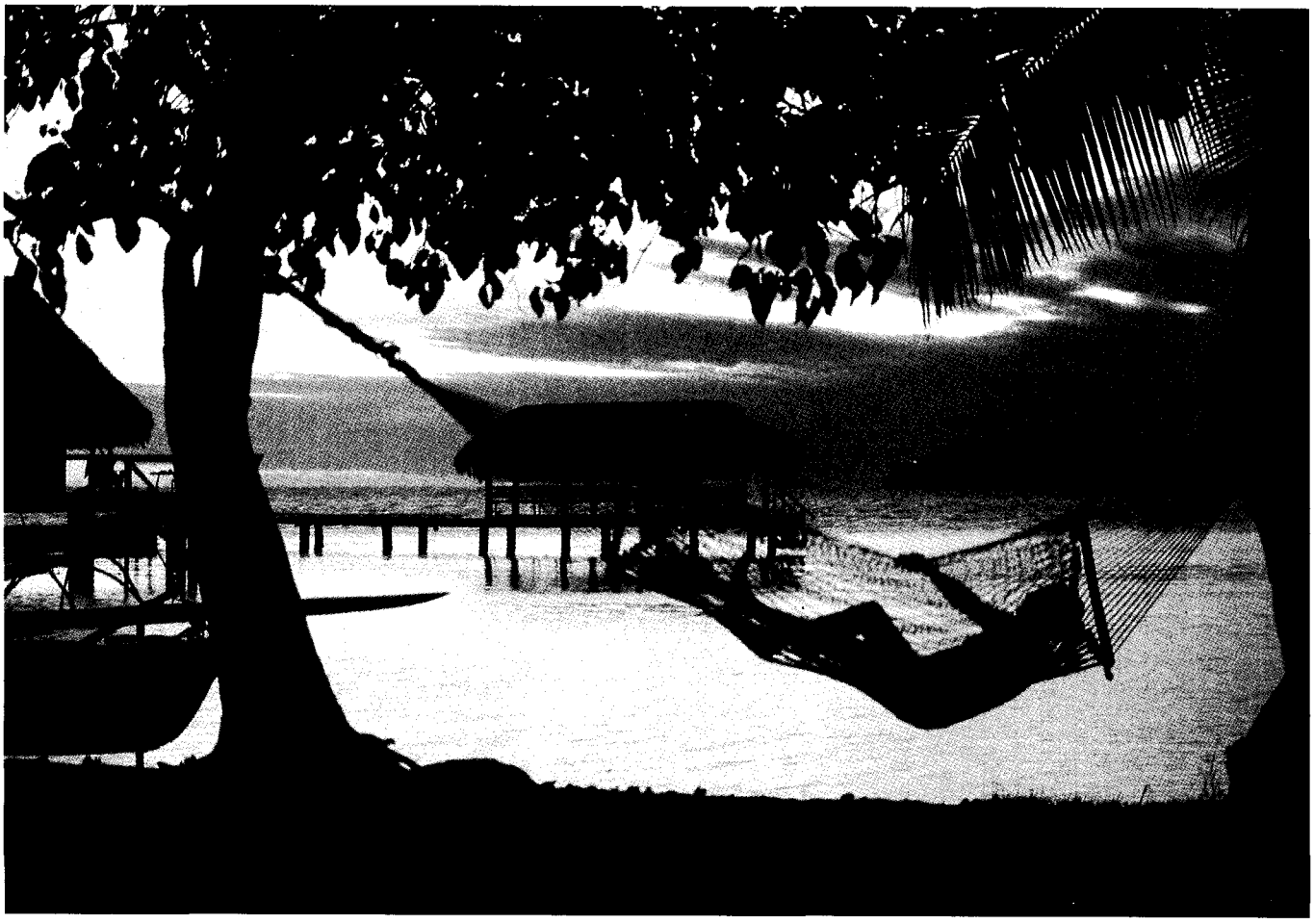

IMAGE BANK

The sun beds down on Bora-Bora— "This is the greatest coral island against which all others must be judged."

Memoirs of a Pacific Traveler

by James A. Michener

ONE OF THE finest things that can happen to any young man is to find himself in the South Pacific on some tropical island where the values of life are radically different from his own, and where nature is so omnipresent he simply must pay attention to it.

My good friend Lew Hirshorn of Long Island stopped off in Tahiti one day in the 1920s intending to stay six days. He stayed the rest of his life. Another friend, Nick Rutgers, scion of the family after whom the university is named and heir to a pharmaceutical fortune, drifted into Tahiti one day in the 1950s, met the beautiful daughter of James Norman Hall, and so far hasn't been able to drag himself away. I know of some 40 others with similar records, and all say that coming to the islands was the best thing they ever did.

During World War II I had the good luck to serve on 49 of these islands, all the way from Iwo Jima in the northwest to Pitcairn Island in the southeast, and how I had the will power to break away from lands that I positively cherished I will never be able to explain. On the islands I met scores of interesting people. I heard endless great stories. And I came to know certain islands so beautiful that I gasp when I recall them. For the benefit of travelers who might want to try their luck in the remaining years of this century, I'd like to list a few high spots.

The most beautiful island. Incomparably, it must be Bora-Bora. I said this almost 40 years ago and have often been challenged, but in seven revisits I have found the island even better than I remembered. In shape, location, design, and impact this is the great coral island against which all others must be judged, and one of the perfect sights in the world. Moorea has better mountains, Tahiti more interesting people, Raiatea a more profound sense of history, but Bora-Bora is the nonpareil.

The most beautiful road. From the old military airport in British Samoa, now legally Western Samoa, to Apia the road runs along the northern shore of Upolu Island, and as one rides he sees the lagoon, the bending palms, the wonderfully constructed grass huts, the tall and beautiful people of Samoa. At one spell of my life I rode this route twice a day and never tired of its charm. It seems to me now the finest road I have ever traveled, and whenever tied down in cities and driven to think of the best traveling I've done, I summon up remembrance of that Apia road.

The most stirring sight. Not many voyagers reach Milford Sound, on the southwest coast of New Zealand's South Island, but the difficult trip there is worth all the effort, for this is one of the world's fine fjords, made more acceptable by the fact that it is so relatively accessible from the tropics. There is a hiking trip into the head of the fjord and exciting vistas as the waterway opens up to the Pacific. I find this combination of peak-and-ocean so enchanting that I've

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told other inveterate travelers about it. On my recommendation, Neil and Judith Morgan of San Diego went some years ago and were captivated. They rented Post Office Box Number 10, Milford Sound, and now receive correspondence there from all their friends. As Neil says, "It takes a little longer, but who else has his mail delivered at the foot of a glacier, on the edge of a fjord, in the South Pacific?"

The most interesting people. Now we come into trouble, serious trouble. Because the first indigenous people I lived with were the cannibals in the most pestilential of the Melanesian group—Guadalcanal, Malaita, Bougainville, Malekula—I naturally have a sense of loyalty to them. When I speak of the South Pacific, I think of those fearful, strange, and wonderful people, but I cannot convince even myself that they were congenial or culturally advanced. My friend Bill Vitarelli, who has lived in the Guam area for three decades, assures me that the people of Palau are superior, and other experts argue in favor of other attractive islands. By general consent, the handsome, lithe, light-skinned people of Polynesia, and especially Tahiti, Samoa, and Hawaii, are the finest, and I would not argue against this judgment, for these were adventurers with a great culture and a winning manner.

The most handsome people as a group I have seen anywhere in the world are the Polynesian-Chinese mix in the islands; for some curious reason this blend produces women of exquisite beauty and men of regal bearing. But last year my wife and I traveled far up the Sepik River in New Guinea to a remote village whose occupants had been headhunters only two years previously, and to live with these Stone-Age people, to share their apprehensions and their bewilderment at civilization was a rare privilege. For one television shot the director wanted a naked boy of eight to stand in his canoe, leave shore, paddle out toward a passing boat, turn, salute, and return to shore. It was obvious to me that no child could remember this, let alone perform it, but this boy did it perfectly the first time, and repeated it six times for retakes, even though he understood not a word of our language and operated only on sign language. Of all the people I have met in the South Pacific, I would like to see those villagers again.

The most interesting person. I have had the good luck to know in some detail two remarkable persons in the South Pacific. The first was Matt Wells on the island of Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides. He was an Englishman of American citizenship, I think, who had stumbled into this remote and forbid-

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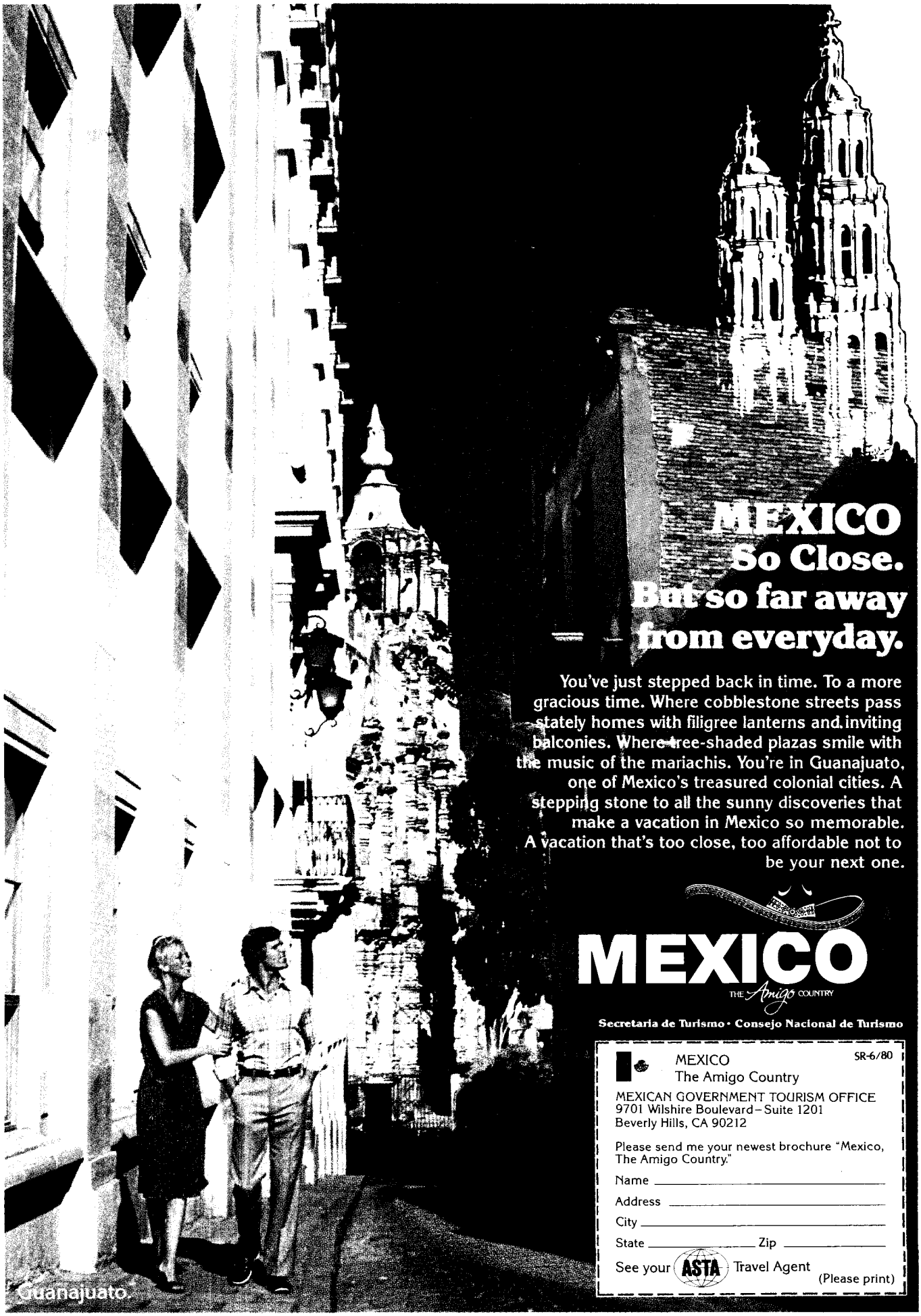

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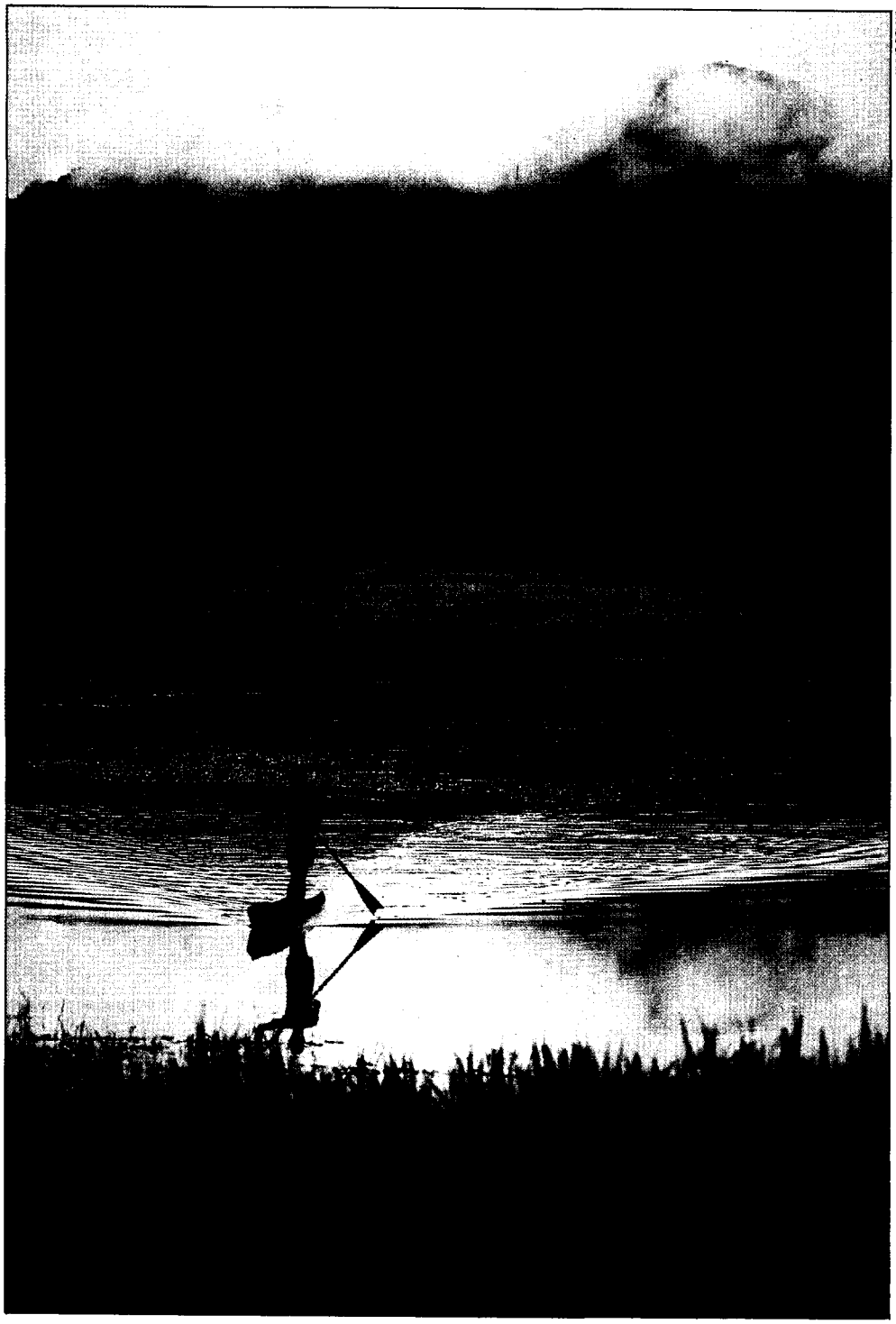

My wife and I traveled far up the Sepik River in New Guinea to a remote village whose occupants had been headhunters two years before. To live with them and share their bewilderment at civilization was a rare privilege.

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New Guinea— "Stone Age People."

Easter Island— "Guardians of past secrets."

ding area some years prior to World War II. He'd married a series of black women, by whom he had some fine children, and when we landed on his doorstep with airplanes and earth-movers, he was exploded into the middle of the 20th century with all its confusion. I spent many days with Matt, reviewing his experiences, and came to understand the problems of the beachcomber, but I was not prepared for the brilliant adjustment Matt made to his new world.

Some time after the war I went back to visit with him. He'd bought a surplus Quonset hut from the navy and in it had installed a motion picture system, some benches, and a popcorn machine. Each month he received from Australia four motion pictures that he showed throughout the month, one-two-three-four, endlessly repeated. And each night his hut was filled with people who paid to see films that they'd seen three or four times before. Matt's genius was that in each movie he introduced three intermissions of 40 minutes each during which he sold cold drinks and popcorn. "I'm becoming the richest man in the islands," he told me, "thanks to World War II and popcorn." He could, he confessed, afford to let the natives into the show for nothing, so gratifying were the popcorn sales. He also found that after a native family had seen *Flying Down to Rio* six times, they felt so at ease with the show that they enjoyed it the seventh time that Matt's schedule provided.

The preeminent woman, in the judgment of all travelers in this period, was Aggie Gray, the innkeeper of Apia, Samoa. A tall, dark-haired, handsome woman, she dominated the scene during World War II, running an establishment at which the most beautiful girls of Samoa congregated to meet the most dashing American aviators and naval officers. While the rest of the Pacific lamented the shortage of food, Aggie had

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a mysterious supply of steaks, eggs, bacon, and fresh fish, which she dispensed with music and charm. She faced a special problem with alcohol but solved it through her friendship with admirals on nearby American Samoa, and my introduction to her came when I ferried a cargo of booze over to her in a Grumman fighter-bomber.

I knew Aggie well and loved her for the wild joy she found in life; I was younger than she and often sat in the corner of her bar watching as she danced the *siva-siva* with some visiting dignitary or sang *Tofà, my felangi* (Farewell, my friend) at the sunrise conclusion of some memorable brawl. In later years people who knew us both launched the rumor that I had founded my character Bloody Mary of *South Pacific* on Aggie Gray. Alas, I had written and submitted the manuscript before I met her, but in the editing and rewriting, whenever I needed the image of a real South Seas buccaneer, female division, I thought of Aggie. She is in her eighties now, still going strong, still tall and handsome, and worth a long detour to Samoa.

The most permanent visual image. The great stone heads of Easter Island are without compare. Mysterious, majestic, overpowering, they stand as guardians of past secrets. Invariably they look inland and not out to sea, as if the major threats came from people and their societies, but what is surprising is the vast number of the heads. Before I visited the island during the war I had supposed that the unforgettable heads I'd seen in photographs represented the lot... say, 20 or 30 massive figures. Not at all. There are several hundred of these impeccable works of art and, what is especially rewarding, they exist in every possible state of completion, from a quarry in which some ancient artist merely sketched how he would cut out his head through every intervening stage of composition and execution.

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Tahiti, looking toward Moorea—"The unequaled scenery with the peaks as a backdrop."

At one stunning spot on the side of a hill, five or six recumbent heads lie one above the other in five or six stages of carving. There need be no argument as to how they were created, but as to their significance, or the uses to which they were put, no one has any solid information. Shrewd guesses have been made, none better than those of Jacques Cousteau who has been fascinated by Easter Island, but I judge that the silent heads retain their secrets. I visited them for the second time last year and found them more imposing than when I first saw them. They are the premier attraction in the South Pacific.

The most glorious spot. Much as I like nature, and much as I have dedicated my life to expounding its lessons, I must confess that the one scene in the South Pacific that lasts longest in my memory—and most joyously—is the waterfront in Tahiti, especially the main drag in Papeete, the island capital. It has three minor attributes to commend it: the beautiful girls who parade there in the afternoon, the lively trade that goes on, and the unequaled scenery with the peaks of Moorea as a backdrop. But what makes it immortal, in the minds of a hundred writers who have wasted long hours contemplating it, is the waterfront itself, for to this extended quay come yachts from all over the world. They tie up stern-to, throw out their ropes to shore, and lay down their wooden gangways so that all day and all night, friends and strangers wander in and out of the boats, carousing and telling sea yarns and wasting golden hours.

There is no spot like this anywhere else in the world, for although towns like Marseille and Sydney and Hong Kong have glorious waterfronts, they don't have Polynesians inhabiting them. I once spent a month on this quay hanging out with Eddie Lund, the piano player at Quinn's notorious bar, and I learned the lesson of Tahiti. When a yacht came in with seven crew, six beau-

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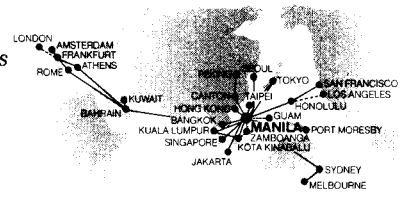

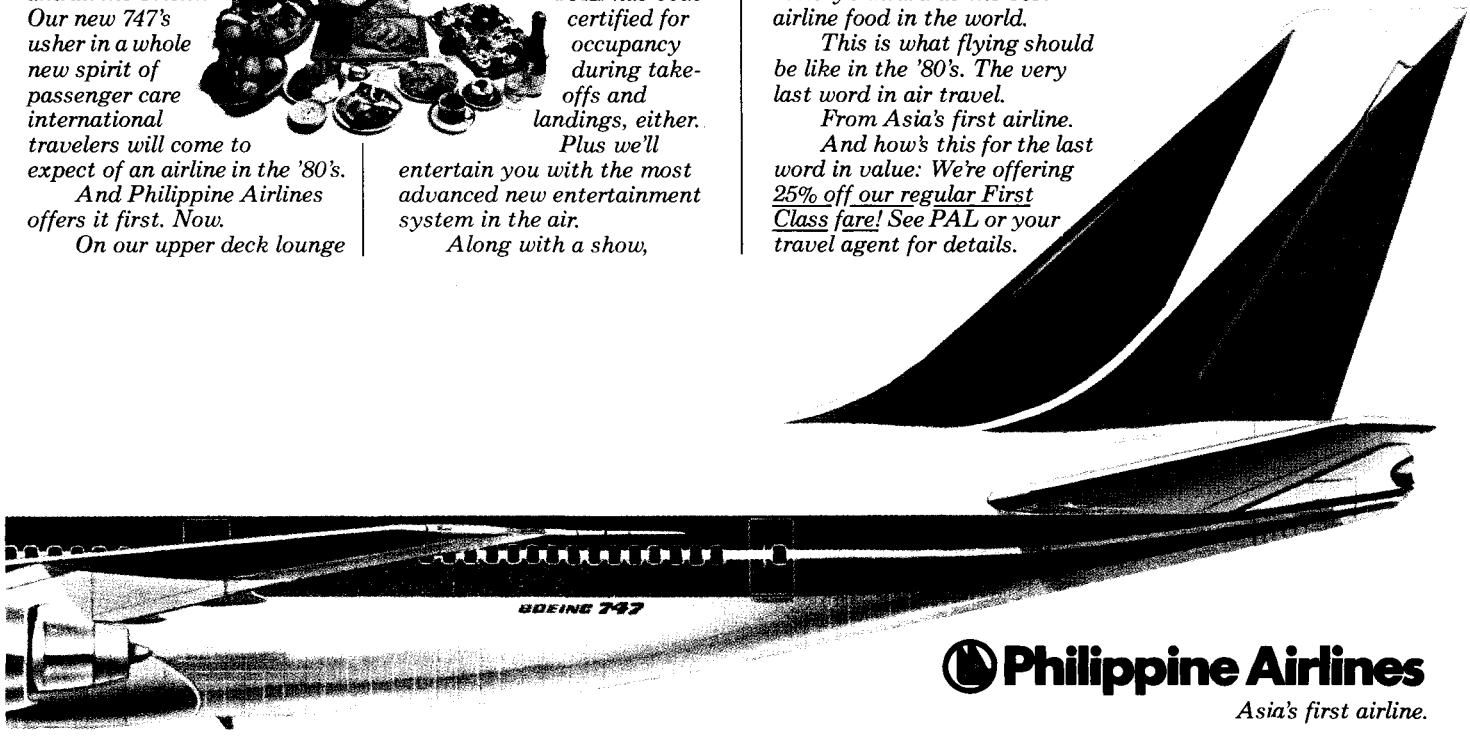

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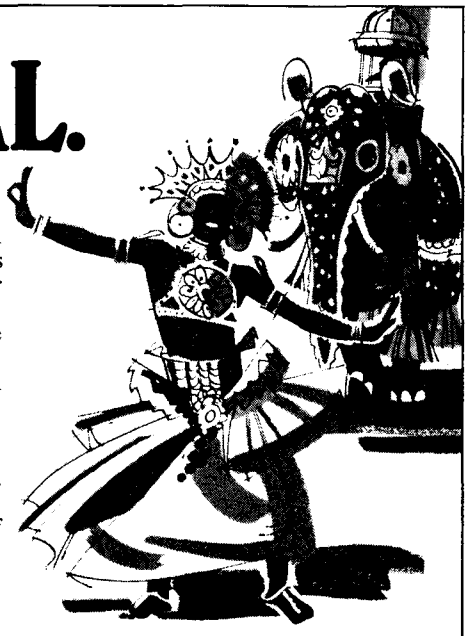

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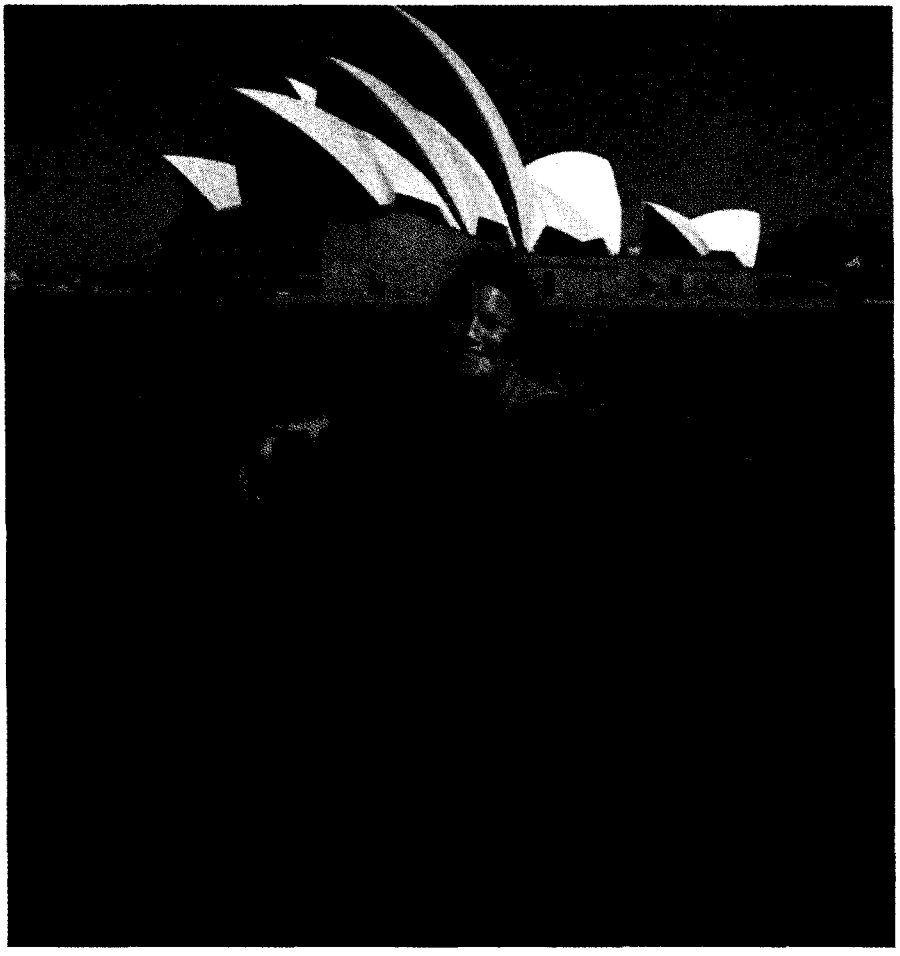

tiful girls suddenly became available. When a French destroyer hove-to with 490 men, 483 girls were on hand. And when a cruise ship came in with 2,456 passengers, 2,438 *vahines* appeared. The idea of always having a few short was ingenious: it led to waterfront brawls, and this led to general excitement. There must be men all across the world who long to tie their small boats to the quayside at Papeete.

The island I cannot forget. Externally, Penrhyn has little to offer. It's a flat, storm-tossed chain of little islands subtending a lagoon, and I got there in the later stages of World War II by accident. When I landed I had no interest in the place and my major concern was how to get out as quickly as possible. This wasn't going to be easy, because Penrhyn is a lonely spot at the far northern extremity of the Cook Islands.

So I dug in, and on the first afternoon discovered that an amazing American beachcomber had settled there with his native wife and three exquisite daughters, ages four, six, and nine. He was Robert Dean Frisbie, in the opinion of many the most gifted American writer ever to have hit the islands and certainly the most poetic. He was a doomed man when I met him, racked with disease and aware that he had not long to live. We spent many hours talking of the problems that beset a man when he seeks his paradise, and always we returned to the imponderable: "Michener, what will happen to my daughters when I die?"

It seemed an insoluble problem, because American law, if we understood it correctly, said that such girls, born of an American father and a woman who because of her race was forbidden to emigrate to the United States, could claim American citizenship, but only if they attended school in America and spent a certain amount of time there prior to age 20. "Michener, how will those girls ever qualify?"

He told me that the true name of the island was Tongareva (Tonga-in-the-Heavens) but that it had been far from a heaven to him. His arm showed ugly punctures. He was alone without money. He was dying. I never much cared for beachcombing after I talked with Frisbie, but by cable I did get permission to bring him to Samoa with me, where an American hospital agreed to take him in. I shall never forget loading him onto the plane while his three daughters watched solemnly as he left.

Some years later I received an urgent cable from Rarotonga, capital of the Cooks, advising me that the Frisbie girls, now orphans, had eight weeks to get back to the United States before their eligibility for citizenship expired. I helped put together a fund, and on the very last day the three little girls ar-

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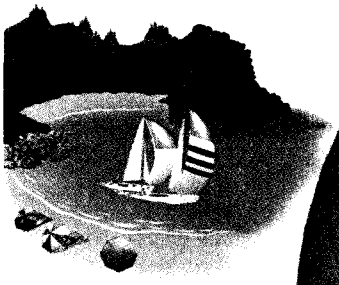

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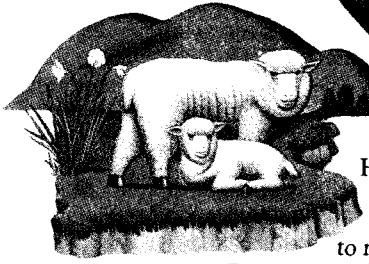

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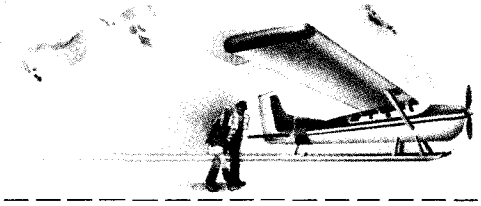

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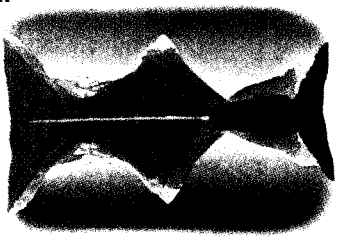

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Philippines

There are perhaps a dozen incredible places you must see in the Orient. One of them is a hotel.

rived in Hawaii. Their stay there was spectacular. Each married a fine American boy—television announcer, millionaire developer, Hollywood actor who starred in *Batman*—and each made a major contribution to our society. When I meet them now, we talk of Tongareva, which I cannot forget.

The craziest nonsense. I've visited most spots on earth to which people are attracted, but the accomplishment I treasure most is a nutty one. During the war I spent Easter on Christmas Island. (We were surveying the possibility of a major air strip.) Two years ago I spent Christmas on Easter Island. This adds up to nothing, but there ain't many in the world that can make an equal claim.

More crazy nonsense. I cannot recall any human activity I've watched that made less sense, or that imparted a more profound impression of human complexity, than sky diving on a remote island in the New Hebrides. Here men climb to the top of a very tall tree standing at the edge of a cliff. After tying to their ankles a twisted liana of carefully calculated length, they throw themselves into space, fall perilously toward the ground, and are saved at the last fraction of an inch by the tightening of the lianas. This makes sky diving or the cliff diving at Acapulco seem rational, and when I talked to several of the divers, men in their early twenties, they could explain it no more than I. It had something to do with religion.

A perplexing question. The New Hebrides were unique because they were owned and governed by two major powers, France and Great Britain. Money, laws, postage stamps, and local fiats are all issued in two languages; two administrators govern; two radically different approaches to everything operate; and it works reasonably well. Whenever I dined with Frenchmen they complained about the English, and vice versa, but the island group knew peace, reasonable prosperity, and a lot of practical enjoyment, so that I often wondered: If two major powers can share the government of these islands, why can't several major powers share the government of larger areas, and why can't all the powers, major and minor, share the government of the world? A recent letter from the islands informed me: "Things have gotten so sticky that we may have to terminate this crazy condominium."

There are three points I would like to make about this part of the world that has played such an enchanting role in my life. First, even I, who should know better, fall into the historical error of writing about the islands as if they were paradises for men. My experience has been that European and American

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A Very Special Island

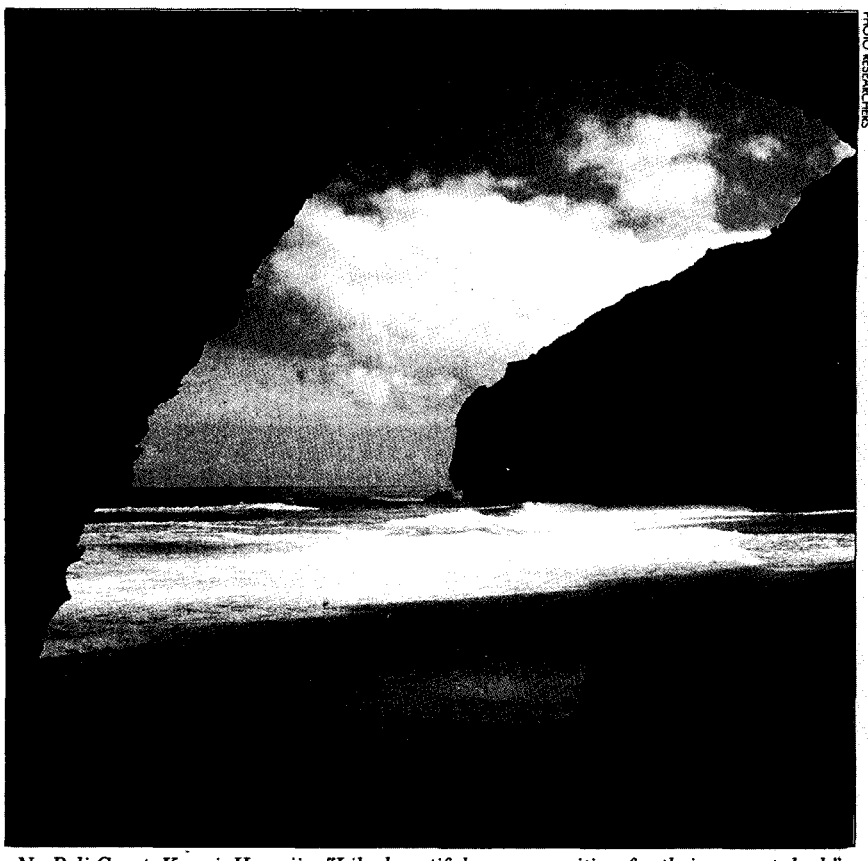
THESE BEAUTIFUL ISLANDS, waiting in the sun and storm, how much they seemed like beautiful women waiting for their men to come home at dusk, waiting with open arms and warm bodies and consolation. All that would be accomplished in these islands, as in these women, would be generated solely by the will and puissance of some man....

Therefore, men of Polynesia and Boston and China and Mount Fuji and the barrios of the Philippines, do not come to these islands empty-handed, or craven in spirit, or afraid to starve. There is no food here. In these islands there is no certainty. Bring your own food, your own gods, your own flowers and fruits and concepts....

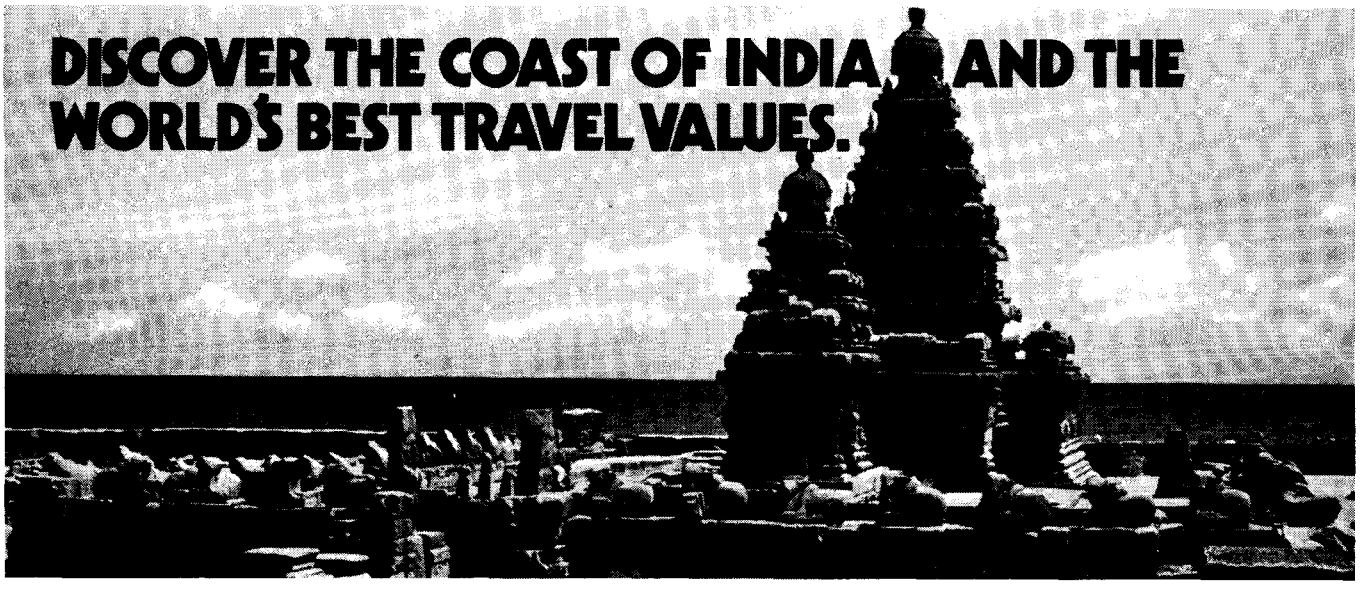
But if you come with growing things, and good food and better ideas, if you come with gods that will sustain you, and if you are willing to work until the swimming head and aching arms can stand no more, then you can gain entrance to this miraculous crucible where the units of nature are free to develop according to their own capabilities....

On these harsh terms the islands waited.

from Hawaii *by James A. Michener, © Random House, 1959*



Na Pali Coast, Kauai, Hawaii— "Like beautiful women waiting for their men at dusk."



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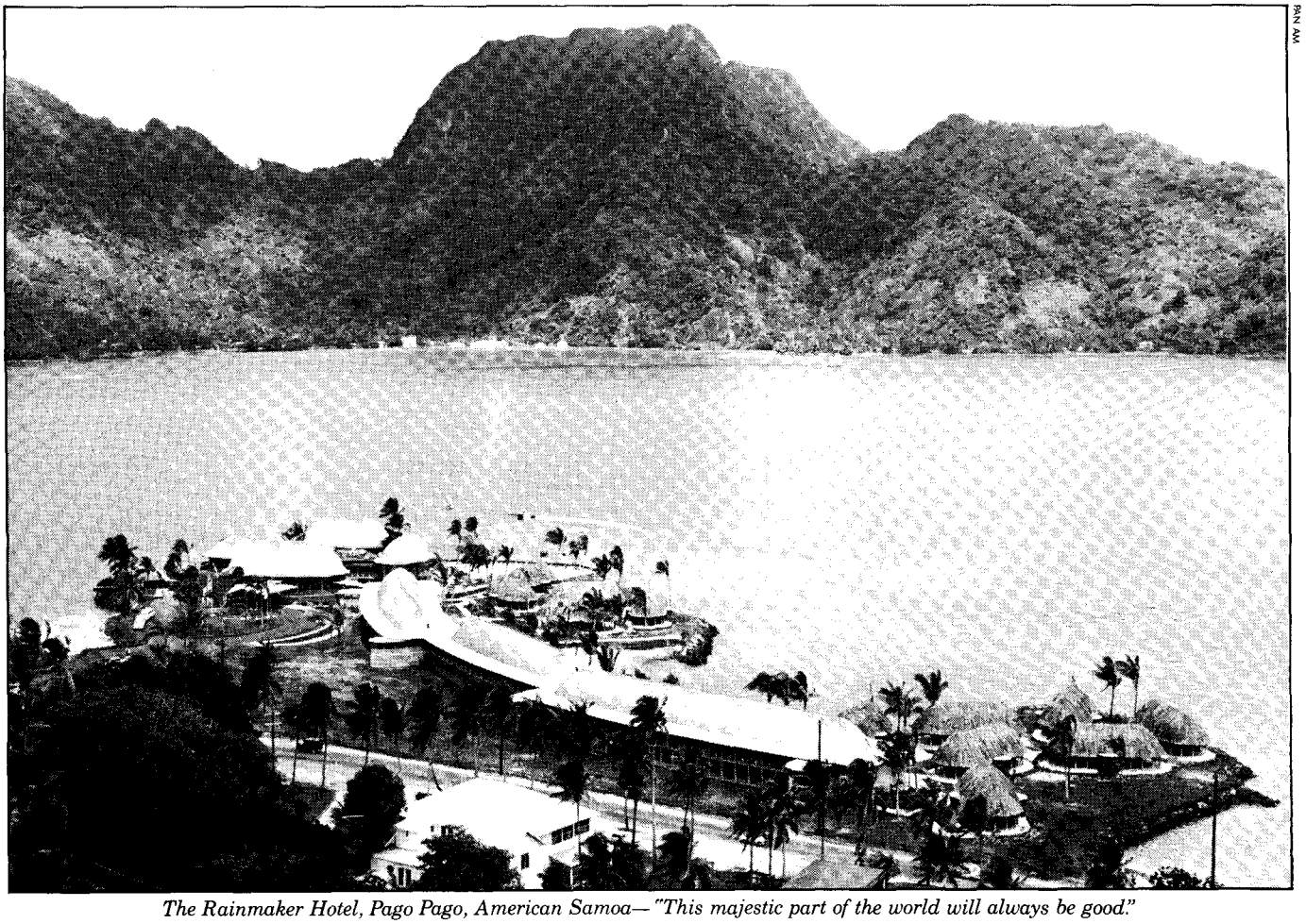
HORACE SUTTON

European arches line a canal in Suva, Fiji—"Easier to travel the real Pacific in 1890."

women tend to appreciate the South Pacific even more than their men, and the islands have always been filled with white women who did not want to leave, especially now that there are good hospitals, the best books from all over the world, and long-playing records.

Second, it was much easier to travel among the remote islands, the real South Pacific, in 1890 when many inter-island ships were operating than it is today, when the big jets will carry you from Noumea to Papeete or from Fiji to Rarotonga in a hurry but cannot take you farther. In few places can one study better the pluses and minuses of advances in civilization, but whenever I contemplate this tricky problem I take consolation in one overriding fact: No matter where you go today in the South Pacific you will find penicillin. In the old days men died from a scratch that became infected; today they don't.

Third, if you feel inclined to see this wonderful part of the world, there's a good way to do it, providing you have time and money. Fly to New Guinea and see at least part of the Sepik River with its Stone Age people. (Wewak is a good starting point.) Be sure to stop off in Guadalcanal, which now has one of the best hotels I've stayed in during the past decade. (It's always occupied by American and Japanese veterans who bring



PAN AM

The Rainmaker Hotel, Pago Pago, American Samoa—"This majestic part of the world will always be good."

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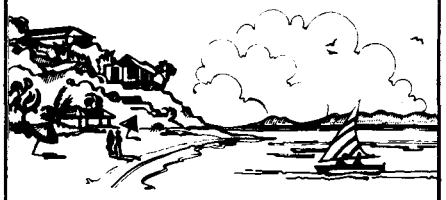

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PHOTO RESEARCHERS

Tahitian girl— "Women of exquisite beauty and men of regal bearing."

their families there to see the great battle sites of the war. Says the manager, "We do our best to schedule the two groups separately, but when they do come together, they often visit the battle sites as one party.")

A stay at Fiji is highly recommended, especially in Suva, where you can see the meeting of tall Fijians and wiry Indians as they compete for control of the islands. I like Tonga very much, but many travelers bypass it in favor of a direct hop to Samoa, with Western Samoa being some ten times more rewarding than American. It is also possible to bypass the Cook Islands, although they are favorites of mine, well governed, different, attractive, with lonely Penrhyn a must for me. But from Samoa it's an easy hop to Tahiti, and if you don't make the side trip to Bora-Bora your passport should be lifted.

Now you face a major decision. From Tahiti you can go north to Hawaii, which is a notable place to visit if you missed it on the way out, or you can take the lonely trip by Chilean Airlines to Easter Island, which is an adventure you will never forget. (The island is so denuded of everything that when a hotel was required, it was built in Miami, its timbers numbered and reassembled on Easter.)

If you do get to Easter Island, the sensible thing to do is to continue on to Chile, where Santiago nestles among the peaks of the Andes, because the flight north alongside the great mountains is a treat.

Many people ask me if the South Pacific is still unspoiled. Well, they now have traffic lights and overpasses in Papeete. Huge jets fly to most of the capitals. And obviously it isn't what it was when I discovered it in 1942. But when I sat beside the yachts in Papeete in those years the locals assured me that I had missed the really fine years of 1920. And I've already said that they weren't as good as the 1890s.

The fact is, this majestic part of the world will always be good, on different levels of appreciation. Last time I was there a French battleship steamed into Tahiti, bringing some 4,000 men. They were met by 3,922 girls and the brawling was immense. ■

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A New Kind of Western

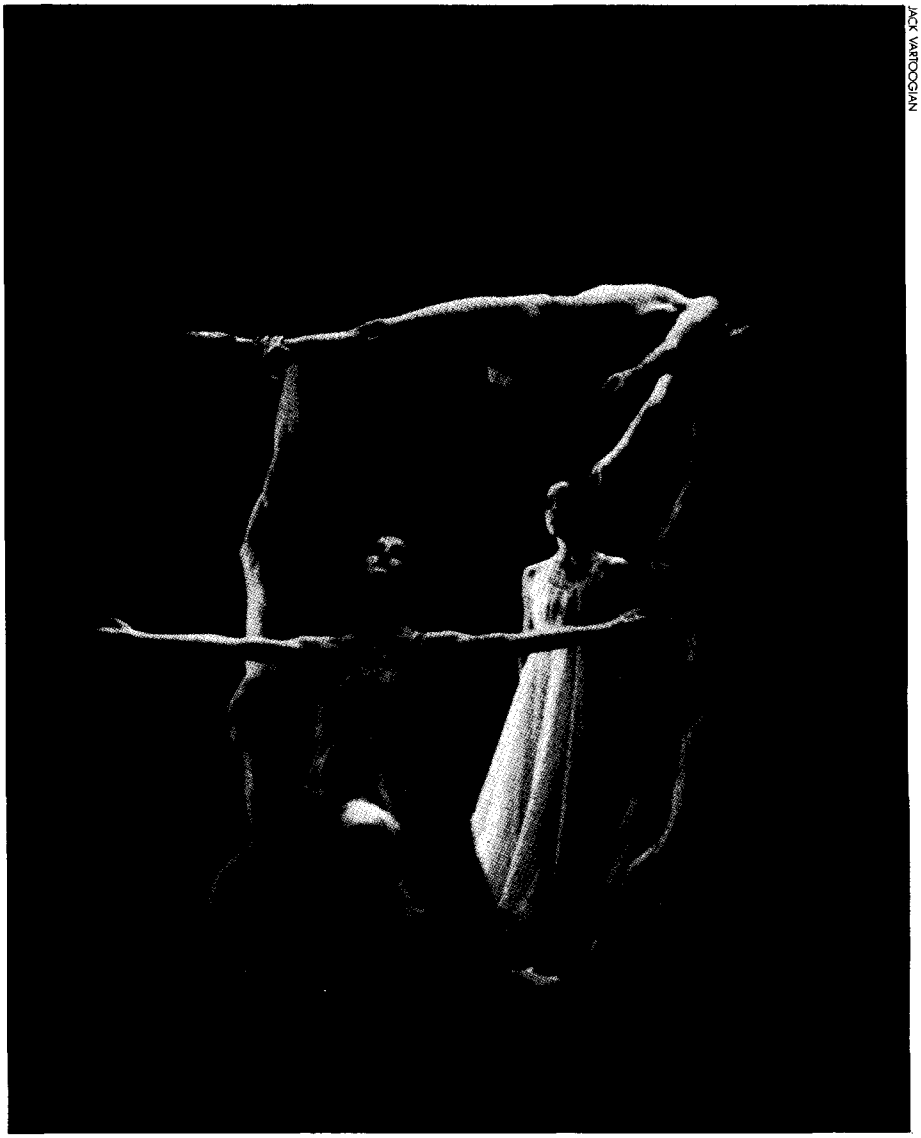
BALLET WEST, in its New York debut this spring at the City Center, was the most exhilarating ballet company to hit Broadway since Jiri Kylian's Netherlands Dance Theater visited us a year ago. Bruce Marks, artistic director and frequent choreographer of the Utah-based company, is not yet in Kylian's class as a creator of major work, but he is plumbing the primal depths of dance.

Ballet West brought to New York from Salt Lake City an approach to classical dancing that could only be called lusty. Part of this is certainly due to the fact that the company hails from the Rocky Mountains and that about 30 percent of its dancers are graduates of the University of Utah. But a greater part is due to Marks's own remarkable background.

Bruce Marks was trained in both ballet and modern dance at New York City's High School of Performing Arts, which numbers among its former students such luminaries as Arthur Mitchell, Edward Villella, Ben Vereen, Liza Minnelli, Louis Falco, and Eliot Feld. While still a child he danced—brilliantly—with Pearl Lang's modern dance company, and after graduating in 1953 he became Lang's partner. He danced with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet from 1956–1958; he went to the American Ballet Theatre in 1961 as a principal dancer, excelling in both modern ballets and in such classics as *Swan Lake*; and, in 1971, he joined the Royal Danish Ballet (a signal honor for a foreigner), where he mastered the 19th-century ballets of August Bournonville.

The Utah troupe has long been a pioneering force in American ballet. It was founded in 1963 as the Utah Civic Ballet by Mrs. John M. Wallace and Willam Christensen. Christensen also founded America's first college ballet department (hundreds of colleges did have modern dance programs by then) at the University of Utah in 1975, and helped his brothers, Harold and Lew, build the San Francisco Ballet into a company of national stature. (Harold recently retired; Lew remains as co-director with Michael Smuin.)

Marks inherited Willam Christensen's post of artistic director two years ago. His stamp is already upon the company. The new works are characterized by eclecticism both with respect to repertory—which includes Bournonville and Balanchine ballets, 19th-century classics, dance Americana (ballets with American themes), and modern dance—and with respect to the varied ingredients Marks pours into his own works.



JACK VARTOOGIAN

African Sanctus—*Admittedly harsh and choreographically crude, but powerful.*

Sanctus, choreographed to David Fanshawe's *African Sanctus*, with set designs by David Barber and costumes by Carlie Shurtliff and lighting by Greg Geilmann, is Marks's most important choreographic statement yet to be seen in New York. The men dancers bring a proud masculinity to the stage that is reminiscent of Ted Shawn and his Company of Male Dancers of the 1930s. The women are utterly feminine but have the strength of American pioneers.

All the dancers are expertly trained in both classical ballet and modern dance and provide an air of robust health that is wonderfully refreshing. Ballet and modern dance mix with African tribal, Moslem, and Christian ritual forms.

Using a structure similar to a Catholic mass, the ballet looks at and synthesizes various faiths and expressions of faith. In the mix of religions, Marks attempts to convey our need—more apparent in ancient religions than in contemporary religions—"to dance out" the magic of legend, the hope of myth, the passion of belief that characterize fervent religious expression.

For *Sanctus* the stage floor is raked so that audiences may see projections of great cabalistic symbols decorating the

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JACK VARTOOGHAN

Vivien Cockburn and Mohomed Bahiri in an elegant Pas de Dix*; Stacey Swaner and Mark Lanham, reveling in the challenges of* Le Corsaire.

ground, circular patterns that change from scene to scene. In the parts of the ballet that used groups of dancers I noticed Delsartian movement principles—first adapted to dance by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn and, to a degree, by Isadora Duncan—that have filtered down into the movement vocabulary of modern dance. Thus, "oppositions" in the confrontation of limbs and bodies suggested strength and conflict; "parallelisms" suggested unity; and "successions," movement in waves through a body or group of bodies, suggested continuity and eternity.

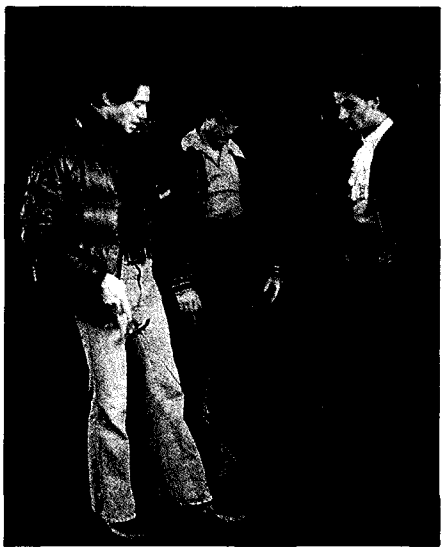
Admittedly, *Sanctus* is harsh, choreographically somewhat crude. But Marks's work possesses the strength that has been sapped from many other forms of American ballet in their search for elegance of mien and purity of step.

Young Stacey Swaner and Mark Lanham danced the incredibly demanding *Le Corsaire* pas de deux brilliantly. Although one noticed a gaucherie here and there—they did not display the polish of, say, Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev at the peak of their partnership—Lanham and Swaner projected the virtuosity of this bravura piece, reveling in its challenges.

Ballet West's production of George Balanchine's *Pas de Dix* has rarely been performed with such élan in recent years. Bournonville's *Flower Festival at Genzano* pas de deux, staged by Toni Lander, Marks's wife and a great Danish ballerina, shamed almost every other American presentation of this Danish delight that I have seen. On the opposite side of the ledger, I found Marks's *Don Quixote* ponderous and awkward, as were some other "misses," but the credit side was rich and strong.

Paris, Leningrad, and New York may have something to teach Salt Lake City about ballet, but the Utah-based company has plenty to show New York about the zest of the West in classical dance.

Of course spirit and creativity among non-New York based companies are not exclusive to Marks's troupe. Many other ballet enterprises flourish far from Broadway and its unceasing pressures for ever bigger, and not necessarily better ballets.



PAUL KOLNIK

Marks, Joseph Clark, Mohomed Bahiri talking.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music will try to prove this point in the coming 1980–1981 season, with *Ballet America: A National Celebration.* For this special series, the large and lovely opera house will host the San Francisco Ballet, the nation's oldest professional ballet company (October 14 to 19); Los Angeles Ballet (November 13 to 16); Cleveland Ballet (January 20 to 25, 1981); Ohio Ballet (March 12 to 15, 1981); Houston Ballet (April 7 to 12, 1981); and a regular visitor to BAM, the Pennsylvania Ballet (May 5 to 10, 1981).

As in the case of Ballet West, each of these organizations possesses highly individual characteristics. True, they include in their repertories such classical ballets as *Giselle* or *Swan Lake* or *Nutcracker*, but every production bears the imprint of its director, its teachers, and its —as well as the imprint of its home. For just as climate, geography, and environment played a large role in the evolution of ancient ethnic dance forms, the place in which a troupe is based is instrumental in the making of its character.

Michael Smuin, the young co-director, with the veteran Lew Christensen, of the San Francisco Ballet, puts it this way: "It doesn't hurt to be 3,000 miles from New York. We can't copy what's going on there because we never see it, so we have to be inventive. We have to create new choreography, new music, new designs. Sometimes it's tough going, but it sure is healthy!"

—Walter Terry

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BAM Begins

ANY REVIEW of a new repertory production ought to be an interim report. In a true rep company, a new production ought to be seen only as the first performance in a series that recurs and ripens through more than a single season and as only one example of a permanent ensemble's varied work. In neither way does it resemble the usual go-for-broke, one-shot production that makes it or not first crack out of the box.

This report is doubly interim, then, because of the above and because in this case the company itself is new. The BAM Theater Company—its name acronymically derived from its home, the Brooklyn Academy of Music—has taken a deep breath and dug in for the long haul, against the odds for rep success in the metropolitan area. Clearly its aim is to be what is possible only to repertory: a "living museum," fixed yet progressive, of plays worthy of remembrance. The artistic chief is David Jones, an associate director of the Royal Shakespeare Company in England, whom I've admired since his RSC production of Gorky's *Enemies* in 1971. At BAM Jones means to work with a stable group of actors, directors, designers, and others. His first season will include five productions, and two are now in repertory.

BAM opened with Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, directed by Jones. Some first bite. This late play is so steeped in artifices of romance that it calls for an audience almost as skilled in its conventions as the audience for Kabuki theater in Japan. The story can live only by mile-high suspensions of disbelief. Leontes, king of Sicilia, apparently happily married to Hermione, becomes murderously jealous of her amiability to their guest, Polixenes, king of Bohemia—so much so that Leontes puts his pregnant wife in prison and tries to have Polixenes killed. In prison Hermione gives birth to a daughter, and Leontes, suspecting the child's paternity, orders her abandoned to the elements. Hermione is reported dead. The daughter is secretly brought up in Bohemia as a shepherd's child, meets and loves Polixenes's son, is returned to her father. Her mother, who has really been hidden, is "restored" to life, and Leontes recovers reason and love.

With a considerable stretch, the symmetries and coincidences of the plot, like the notorious bear that kills off an old courtier conveniently, might be taken as part of the pastoral atmosphere, the way that comparable matters are accepted—even treasured—in the vastly superior *As You Like It*. But Leontes's ragings in the first two acts are so real and vile that they prepare *against* the light, fanciful matters that follow. Coleridge, contrasting Leontes with Othello, spoke of the Moor's "solemn agony" but of Leontes's "wretched fishing jealousies." Those jealousies are so fishy that they would be a shaky start for a tragedy, which indeed is what Victor Hugo called the play, shakier still for a romance.

KEN HOWARD

Murray, Maraden in The Winter's Tale; *Dempsey, Jon Polito, Hart, Bayer in* Johnny on a Spot.

What this comes down to in actual theater practice—never mind the literary value of Shakespeare's verse for the moment—is that, within a very few minutes, Leontes has to become scorchingly jealous without one wisp of convincing evidence, has to do it credibly if the play is not to collapse, yet has to stay within the bounds of our sympathy so that, when he recovers at the end, we can accept him back.

This opening comes off splendidly under Jones's hand. I should say, his ear: He is one of the rare Shakespeare directors today who believe that the theatrical life of the play lies in plumbing its language, not in imposing directorial concepts to make up for Shakespeare's deficiencies or to keep him up-to-date. That belief faces a particularly hard test in *The Winter's Tale*, and on that score Jones comes off well. In the ridiculously short time he has had to blend an ensemble as such, he has worked to center his company on principles of language-as-theater, and none has responded better than Brian Murray, the Leontes.

I can't say that Murray's performance makes the evening: The show falters when it gets to Bohemia because of some weak actors and because of some of William's least funny writing for clowns. But before Bohemia, Murray, principally, makes the evening possible. He carves stature out of the air with voice and presence. A veteran of the RSC, Murray has been acting (and directing) in New York for several years, sometimes well and sometimes pallidly. Touched by Jones, he is a new, big actor, who gives us a lot to hope for.

Marti Maraden has lovely dignity as the wronged Hermione, and Sheila Allen (Mrs. Jones), as the queen's loyal friend, puts fine force into that loyalty. David Gropman's raked stage, on which Jones moves his actors with sharp economy, is pleasantly simple in Sicilia, but an abstract awning from a SoHo gallery somehow slips into Bohemia. Bruce Coughlin's music misses at the moment when Hermione's "statue" comes to life—a few feeble guitar plinks where some woodwind chords would have made wonder.

With the second play, John Lee Beatty's setting, visible at once because there is no curtain, announces a change of acting styles as well as place. It's a huge, wood-paneled anteroom of a Southern governor's office, with three sets of doors and an elevator. Whenever you see plentiful doors, especially swinging doors, prepare for bustle.

Johnny on a Spot is a farce by Charles MacArthur, co-author of *The Front Page*

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and *Twentieth Century*. It was first done on Broadway in 1942, but not for long—four performances. I didn't know the play, but I was glad when I heard that Jones had chosen it, glad that he showed a healthy appetite for vulgarity, a recognition that some of Broadway's chromium-plated slam-bangers are among the best plays that America has produced (like it or not), and a refusal to take past failure as final judgment.

In proof MacArthur's play is torpid. It has a good farce idea: A governor, who is running for the Senate and is a shoo-in, dies on election eve; his body is hidden for 24 hours so that he can seem to have died of joy at the election results and the new governor can appoint a successor. But ideas are not plays. The structure of *Johnny* uses an OK formula, but the dialogue badly needs the florid, snarling humor of MacArthur's former collaborator, Ben Hecht. The basic dramaturgic principle here is money; the play reflects an era when actors came cheap. If your script sagged, you threw in more subplots with more actors, even cameo bits. You didn't strengthen the essence, you swelled the cast. This worked for George S. Kaufman more than once, but it doesn't help here. It just makes for more dialogue lying there, waiting for a joke man to come in and jazz it up.

The size of the cast makes revivals of this genre nearly impossible for any but a large resident company like BAM. Roxanne Hart and Gary Bayer, who have bits in the Shakespeare, play the leads here, the governor's aides, and they jog in and out a lot, trying to pump energy into the show. Hart in fact is more vocally vital than she was in the recent *Loose Ends*. (Incidentally, Bayer's role was done 38 years ago by Keenan Wynn.) Most of the others, except Jerome Dempsey as a likable old fuddler, do what actors do in plays with hordes of reporters and pols. Edward Cornell, an American, directed, and when MacArthur lets him, which is to say after the sluggish first act, Cornell gets the right surreal mania boiling on the stage.

So, interim report. Two differently dubious first choices, one of which will surely improve in performance, with the other presumably being phased out. Generally firm, stylistically apt direction for each. A company that has some promise of excellence, much promise of competence, and a few hopeless cases. With a little weeding and strengthening and, above all, with time in Jones's care, a possible *company*. Thus some reasonable reason to hope that the city which is the cultural center of the Western world may at last be getting a repertory theater of substance.

BAM's next plays: Gorky's *Barbarians* and Rachel Crothers's *He and She*. More later. **—Stanley Kauffmann**

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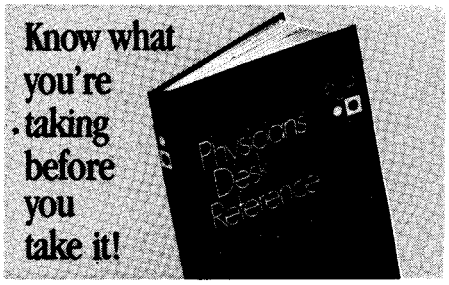

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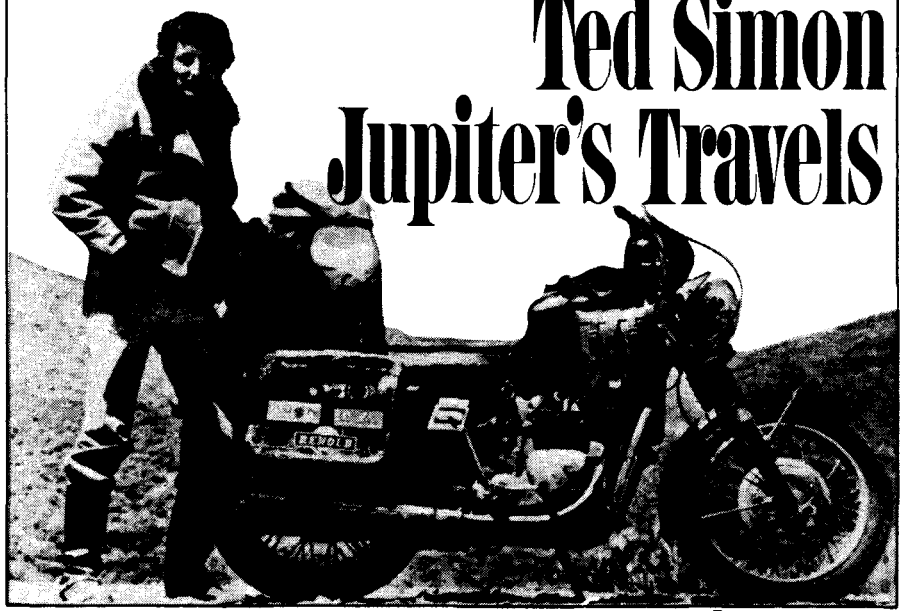

1. San Diego Union. 2. Boston Globe. 3. Cleveland Plain Dealer. 4. Library Journal. 5. John Knowles, author of *A Separate Peace*.

DOUBLEDAY

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The Fame Game

ALTHOUGH IT'S ABOUT 40 years too late to start complaining, I wish writers and directors would stop shoving Rorschach tests in front of musical comedy's blithe little head. For real shallowness, you can hardly top a musical that attempts to stop the show with psychological epiphanies instead of ballads and production numbers. Yet whenever someone decides that it's time for the musical to come of age, this impulse returns. Only the form changes, to suit the emotional fashion of the era. The Forties, thanks to *Oklahoma!*, were littered with dream sequences mating Freud with Terpsichore; *A Chorus Line*, in the Seventies, gave America the audition as group therapy.

Such shows were initially arresting, but those ego-id adagios ought to have started and ended with *Oklahoma!*, and there's only so much mileage in performers begging Tony-Award-shaped Purple Hearts for psychic travail suffered in the line of professional duty. The fiction that entertainers are by nature more sensitive, more in touch with themselves than the rest of us, is getting to be a trial. Besides, it's not their bruised souls that we came to applaud.

Michael Bennett's *A Chorus Line* won't reach the screen for a couple of years, but in the meantime we have *Fame* (MGM), directed by Alan Parker, of *Midnight Express* notoriety. *Fame* has a fresh premise and more polish and brio than any other movie musical in recent memory, but it eventually succumbs to a near-fatal case of *Chorus Line*-itis. A paean to the aspiring artists of New York's High School for the Performing Arts, *Fame* is at its best a kind of updated, inner-city *Babes in Arms*, reveling in the energy and ambitions of its youthful troupe.

The opening section, on the school's entrance auditions to sift out the deluded from the gifted, generates enormous good will. Unfortunately the vitality dissipates as the movie unreels. These early scenes, deftly segueing between all these would-be Makarovas, Perlmans, and Brandos, make the intelligent observation that the line separating embryonic talent from full-blown chutzpa can be almost imperceptible to the naked eye. One example of this is provided by a nonchalant lass of Frigidaire proportions, who reenacts that unforgettable scene of O.J. Simpson waiting for an elevator in *The Towering Inferno*.

Irene Cara and Lee Currerri, turning the cafeteria into a chaotic dance hall.

Moving on to the freshman year, *Fame* starts spotlighting the tyros whose careers it will follow up to graduation. These include Ralph (Barry Miller), a cocky cutup whose martyred role model is the late Freddie Prinze; Coco (Irene Cara, the film's real comer), a brassy yet vulnerable singer; Montgomery (Paul McCrane), who thinks gay is a synonym for melancholic; Doris (Maureen Teefy), a shy, mama-dominated innocent from Flatbush; and Leroy (Gene Ray), a ghetto youth whose dancing is as explosive as his temper. Yet in Parker's hands, the edgy, claustrophobic excitement of the streets becomes the most vibrant character of all—bolstered by Michael Seresin's crisp camera work. As in the movie version of *Hair*, prismatic images and cutting-room hijinks almost upstage the flesh-and-blood performers, especially during the movie's big song-and-dance set pieces, a chaotic lunchroom chorale and a traffic-stopping boogie down West 46th Street. Still, you enjoy these montages only as long as they serve the cause of high spirits.

Unfortunately, Parker isn't content to let his tinsel fable alone—he wants to stun us with gritty pathology as well. In the second half of the film, Christopher Gore's increasingly maudlin script and Parker's taste for razzmatazz artifice make for a forced and synthetic combination. Each of the kids gets to deliver his own monologue of adolescent anguish, and the message is that life and art are indistinguishable. While telling his class that he is homosexual Montgomery unburdens himself of such howlers as "gay used to be such a happy word."

Throughout, Montgomery is the homosexual equivalent of the characters Sidney Poitier played in those queasily liberal movies on race relations 15 years ago—a sexless saint who just wants to be understood. But then, so does the whiny Ralph, Montgomery's adversary turned chum and the barrio's own Pagliaccio. The director shamelessly wrings him for every last dollop of pathos. We're even treated to a Freddie Prinze riff, a pride-goeth-before gratuitous scene in which the camera follows Ralph's little sister as she toddles out of her tenement to meet up with God knows what horror at the hands of some pervert lurking beneath the stairs.

Meanwhile, the rapport between Leroy and a no-nonsense English teacher played by Anne Meara turns into *To Sir With Love* with the sexes and races reversed. You're supposed to swallow the notion that a rigorous institution like Performing Arts would persevere with a student who is not only subliterate, but also given to vandalizing the place whenever it threatens his cool. All of which is a model of plausibility compared to what *Fame* has in store for Coco. Although she's meant to be the savviest kid in the class, Coco gets lured into a phony screen test by a slimy type whose line wouldn't even have snowed Ralph's baby sister. When the camera gloms in for a closeup of Coco, stripped and sobbing, on the porno-maker's video machine, it's clear that this creep isn't the only one victimizing her. Coco's discomfort is also being exploited by *Fame*.

Still, you've got to have that big, rousing finale, and when you next see Coco, at graduation, she's beaming and unscathed, along with that girl who an hour before contemplated suicide because she'd been expelled from the dance department. (She's now been magically reinstated with a singing solo of her very own.) Of course, second-act heartbreak that dissolves into an upbeat finale is a musical comedy staple, but *Fame* is generally distasteful because it insists that this trumpery is the genuine article of human truth—that a reservoir of angst is needed to make a performer great. When it's being effervescent, *Fame* achieves something close to art, but the movie's flirtation with depth is just another show-biz gimmick

—Stephen Harvey

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Peddling Prime Time

Three's Company, Fantasy Island—*TV made to sell a high-volume, low-ticket product.*

SONNY FOX, a former NBC vice-president and currently an independent TV producer, dropped the first shoe. "The salient fact," he announced at a lecture series sponsored by the Annenberg School at USC, "is that commercial television is primarily a marketing medium and secondarily an entertainment medium."

If you wonder how so many dreary programs eventually find their way to the tube, it is important to remember that comment. The people who run the networks do not perceive of television as primarily a conduit for information, enlightenment, or amusement. To them it is first a marketing medium.

Watching the pathetic performers in *Three's Company*, *Vegas*, *Love Boat*, and *Fantasy Island* slog by like members of an overdressed chain gang, one can easily fall into the trap of thinking that programming executives at ABC are somehow stupid. But they know precisely what they are doing.

The second shoe was dropped on the parquet of a New York office by an advertising executive who has spent the better part of the last 20 years selling detergent. "Anyone who tells you television is anything but an efficient cost-per-thousand advertising vehicle is kidding," he said. "I get tired of hearing about quality programming for upscale audiences. If I want to brush up a corporate image, I'll buy time on PBS; and don't think PBS isn't under the gun to produce numbers, too. But my business is selling a high-volume, low-ticket item, and I tell you television was made to sell that kind of product."

A situation under the control of people who are interested only in numbers and who do not consider themselves to be in the entertainment business anyway, is not about to make any giant strides toward superior programming. It is, however, a controller's idea of heaven on earth because every rating point taken away from the competition is worth an estimated $2.8 million in profit for every single hour that point holds up.

Money like that has a way of making programmers cautious. Paul Klein refined this theory at the USC conference when he dropped the third shoe (this being a column about television, everything is greater than life). Klein, a former program chief at NBC, is an impassioned believer in the "least objectionable program" theory of scheduling. The LOP theory holds that most viewers just want their eyeballs massaged for a while and will watch whatever bothers them the least.

Klein maintains that programming must be built on a solid defense. Assuming each network starts out with approximately 32 percent of the viewing audience, the programmer's first responsibility is to make sure that his shows do not lose any of those $2.8 million-an-hour points. The emphasis is less on building an audience than on not having one fade away because of any provocative element that might cause a viewer to tune out.

"Thought is a tune out," Klein said. "So is education. Melodrama's good. A little tear here and there, a little morality tale. That's good." Then, warming to his theme, Klein described his basic programming criterion. "One of the qualities I look for is fake realism, the illusion you're getting something meaningful. Then you overlay that with what I call trash....It's the ideal content to fit the nature of 'waste time,' which is what people use the media for."

Klein's tenure as NBC's programming chief was a ratings disaster, leading Johnny Carson to quip the network's letters stood for "Nine Bombs Canceled." Klein lost his job in the wreckage of *Supertrain*, but his basic philosophy is still a fundamental of programming.

Now we're getting there. The majority of network programming is vapid not because the people in the business don't know how to develop interesting shows, but because the industry deploys squads of well-paid, highly skilled craftsmen whose specific task it is to keep the programs dull. Interest, except for the kind generated by automobile accidents and naked women, is usually the result of some kind of thought process requiring the active participation of the audience members. But activity is contrary to the requirements of a medium as narcomatous as network television. An active viewer is likely to switch to another channel. It is much better to keep him heavily sedated between the inevitable commercial breaks.

The fourth and final shoe was NBC president Fred Silverman's heavy brogan. He actually dropped it five years ago, when he was at ABC, but its clattering has been echoing through the industry ever since, and today it is the overriding theme of prime-time network television programming. Simply put, Silverman's idea is that virtually all television is children's television. Perhaps Silverman came to this understanding during his early training recutting old *Jungle Boy* movies for a local Chicago station, or perhaps it was

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when he sensed that the national television set was now being ruled by kids whose parents were willing to watch anything that kept the children quiet. Led by *Charlie's Angels*, which its own staff freely admitted was aimed at the mentality of a 12-year-old audience, ABC (under Silverman) quickly flounced from last to first place in the network standings.

Now the broad outline is taking shape. Most reasonably intelligent adults can find so little in the way of entertainment on network television because the networks don't care whether they watch or not. By pandering to a youth market, the networks can generate both numbers and a young, unsophisticated market, the one most prized by TV's principal advertisers.

The basic approach of this marketing strategy is easy enough to figure out, but the detailed execution of programming is more difficult to discern. Few adults know with any certainty what adolescents like. To get an idea of what I mean, go out tomorrow and comandeer a 13-year-old to whom you are not already bound by ties of blood or affection. The child can be selected at random, although to get a sense of the depth of the problem, the little nipper should be of a particularly phlegmatic stripe. Now sit down and have a long, detailed discussion with the child for six straight hours, which is about the average daily viewing time for heavy viewers. At the end of the session you will either have truly come to know the meaning of the word boring or have displayed the makings of a network programmer.

Now up the ante. Imagine that if you can entertain the tyke for seven days a week, you will become a millionaire many times over. But if his attention span begins to wander for any reason whatsoever, you will become unemployed. Perhaps you can now understand what a challenging job the programmer has. Of course most middle-aged programmers have no more idea of what goes on in the mind of a teenager than they can comprehend the intellectual processes of a Canadian snow goose caught in an electrical storm. But they manage. Preview House, the most powerful show-testing facility in the television industry, compared an audience's reaction to a pilot to its appreciation of an old Mr. Magoo cartoon. That's right, an old Mr. Magoo cartoon.

Some glorious entertainment does, of course, slip through the net. But such programming is not really the business of television. Or at least it is not the business as perceived by the people who run the networks. Which is why the adult pleasures of watching television often seem so furtive, like sneaking a drink in the kitchen during a children's birthday party. —**Peter Andrews**

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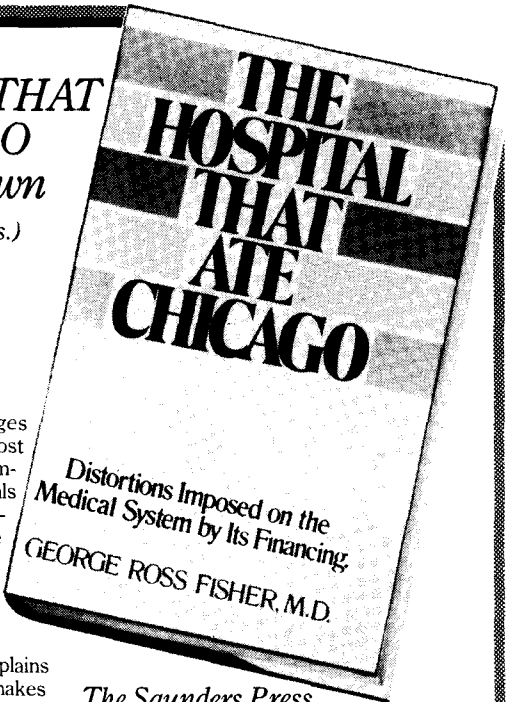

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Dog Bites Psyche

ONCE IN A great while news goes out over the wire-service tickers of a circus "lion tamer" set upon by his cats and chewed up a bit. My unverifiable suspicion is that in everyone who hears of the attack there takes place a slight, deep stirring of primitive satisfaction. Seeing some blond, muscular performer in satin and sequins use whip and pistol loaded with blanks to confuse and intimidate tigers and lions is intended, of course, to tell audiences that man can control the forces of nature. When things go wrong, however—when the cats refuse to play along—we are oddly reassured, because instinctively we know that we can't truly bend nature. And despite our ancient fear of wild animals, it is their wildness we admire, not the tricks used to subjugate it.

A strong undercurrent of this admiration runs through the work of Antonio Mendoza. Mendoza, a young Cuban photographer working in New York City, is preoccupied with dogs, specifically with a black, more-or-less Labrador retriever named Leela. Mendoza transforms an ordinary house pet into another animal altogether—a creature that confronts the viewer in a kind of primordial twilight zone, not outright frightening (the Cayman Gallery in lower Manhattan, where Mendoza's work was recently shown, being a relatively civilized place) but unsettling, to say the least.

Since they made a treaty of mutual cooperation with mankind at some extraordinary moment in prehistory, dogs have been in an odd fix. Dependent on their masters for food and shelter, artificially bred for tasks that can pass from fashion and leave them with useless peculiarities—the bulldog's squashed-in snout or the whippet's birdlike frailty—bound on pain of corporal punishment to be obedient and affectionate, they are still animals driven by urges and instincts that can cause them at any given instant to fight and kill. (If this sounds distressingly like humanity's tendencies, I can only remind the reader that photography is my subject.) Most of us who own dogs want their unquestioning adoration, and the childishness they don't grow out of. But just as important is the admiration and inevitable envy we feel for them *as* animals. We therefore demand that dogs serve as our connection to the wild kingdom *and* as our slavishly loyal children, according to our mood at the moment. Thus caught in a perplexing rift of shifting desires, dogs tend toward hypocrisy, wish-fulfillment dreams, mange, and neurosis.

Untitled—Eyes blaze furiously, mouths gape, teeth shine as if with their own fierce light.

Mendoza gives dogs their due without patronizing them or his human audience. Leela, star of the striking photoseries, is always recognizable as the silly, lovable pooch whose bed and board are earned by affable tail wagging and an occasional fetched stick. Or perhaps, since the behavior of pets is firmly a part of the known world, we merely assume that Leela fits the Disneyesque image. But Mendoza takes us further, both physically and metaphorically, to a place where ordinary things take on unexpected form. In many of the pictures we see Leela at eye level; Mendoza moves in, then uses garish strobe lighting, so that Leela and a German shepherd friend seem to loom at us out of the darkness of an artificial midnight.

The effect is extraordinary, almost mesmerizing. Eyes blaze furiously, mouths gape, teeth shine as if with their own fierce light; suddenly we are seeing the last horrific vision of the doomed deer, and confronting the nightmare of the primeval, wary creatures who still dwell in the forests and caves of our unconscious memory.

Sights that normally amuse us are phenomenally transmogrified. The playful games of pets become awful and absolute struggles; a minor skirmish over a stick is a contest of deadly consequence; the familiar fun and games of friendly Leela take on a hellish reality that has nothing to do with backyards and Alpo. Even the incongruous sights of dog license disks and flea collars cannot calm the terror of seeing dogs as beasts rather than adorable boobs.

Mendoza's vision of dogs is not unique. Artists like Goya and, more recently, Marvin Israel and Stevan Jennis, have dwelled on dogs as symbols of dark and intractable powers ... the hounds of hell. But photographers have tended to celebrate the free-spirited joy of dogs (Jacques-Henri Lartigue), or the comical aspects of their plight (Elliott Erwitt). Mendoza's way of seeing them is starker, and not easily shaken from the mind.

As good as the "Leela" series is, it is flawed by a problem which may be inherent in all photography that distorts everyday perceptions to create an ethos: Its power depends on the suspension of belief. Since photography is always and inevitably rooted—somewhere—in reality, the audience never totally goes along with illusions. Just as we know the model on *Vogue*'s cover is not in fact a flawless beauty, we know that the terrifying creatures in these pictures are just pets, trained to the leash and ready to wag their tails at the most cursory pat. What Antonio Mendoza does, and does memorably well, is to remind us that things are not quite as simple as that.

—Owen Edwards

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BOOKS

Playing Politics

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

In a book about the superpowers, Nixon is at it again: trumping his domestic enemies.

RICHARD ANDERSON

The Real War
by Richard Nixon
Warner Books, 341 pp., $12.50

ACCORDING TO Richard Nixon, we are already in World War III—have been, in fact, since before the end of World War II. One might think that it devalues a serious word like *war* to apply it to a condition of armed truce. What would we then call a shooting war between the Soviet Union and the United States? No matter: Nixon has never been renowned for precision in language. We are, he continues, losing World War III. But "we can win—if we decide to." It is all a matter, he incessantly tells us, of "will."

While Nixon pretends to be a cold-eyed geopolitician, his theory of the conflict turns out to be theological; and his is the old-time religion, as revealed 30 years ago to John Foster Dulles, who is cited throughout. Nixon writes:

> It may seem melodramatic to treat the twin poles of human experience represented by the United States and the Soviet Union as the equivalent of Good and Evil, Light and Darkness, God and the Devil; yet if we allow ourselves to think of them that way, even hypothetically, it can help clarify our perspective.

He even tries to enlist Lincoln in this view, writing that we must have the "unflagging faith, as Lincoln would put it, that we are on God's side." Lincoln, of course, regarded the claim of mortal men to know God's will as arrogant presumption. "The Almighty," he pointed out in his Second Inaugural, "has His own purposes." No matter: Nixon has never been renowned for the precision of his historical allusions.

The Russians are unquestionably brutal and unscrupulous fellows. This is not, however, a discovery of Nixon's, though his breathless prose gives the impression that he thinks he is imparting hitherto unsuspected facts. He offers one discovery, though: that there is, as he rather oddly puts it, "an international fraternity of terrorists, with the Soviet Union as the chairman of the rush committee." The Russians, he asserts, without supplying evidence, "secretly subsidized the Baader-Meinhof gang" in West Germany and were behind the kidnapping and murder of Aldo Moro in Italy. It seems strange that Moscow should direct the Red Brigades to shoot down Italian Communists as well, that the Italian Communist party condemns the Red Brigades, and that both the Brigades and the Baader-Meinhof gang allege contempt for the Soviet Union. But, if you begin with the assumption of a satanic conspiracy, you can end believing almost anything.

Nixon's more serious claim is that the Soviet Union is marching irresistibly across a bemused and flabby world. Its "professional revolutionaries move like hot knives through butter in societies that have come untracked ... marching silently in lockstep." (Next time let him get his friend William Safire to unscramble his metaphors.) "Unopposed in their whirlwind move across Africa, [the Russians are] trying to sweep in close for the kill, in an attempt to cut the West's oil jugular." In Africa, the Middle East, Asia, Western Europe, "the West is

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in retreat and the Soviet Union is advancing." And, "so far, no country that has come completely under Communist control has escaped from that control."

The last sentence is vintage Nixonese. Obviously any country that escapes could not by definition have been "completely under Communist control." Still, the sentence enables Nixon to sustain the thesis of Soviet Invincibility that he and Brezhnev vie in promoting. In other passages where he is making other points, Nixon refutes his own thesis. Between 1949 and 1974, he notes, only two countries turned Communist.

> Soviet advisers were thrown out of Egypt in 1972 and Somalia in 1977. Pro-Soviet governments were ousted in Chile in 1973, in Peru [!] in 1976, and in Ghana in 1966. Nor do they always manage to establish a foothold when they try. Communist or Communist-backed rebellions have been put down in many countries....

This hardly makes communism sound like an irresistible force. But such concessions to reality do not affect Nixon's broad picture. I will leave it to the psychobiographers to speculate why so many right-wing Americans take such masochistic relish in exaggerating both Soviet power and Western impotence.

In fact, the Russians reached the height of their international influence in the 1950s, when they dominated 14 percent of the world's nations. Now they are down to 12 percent, and their influence is primarily among the poorest and weakest countries. Nixon writes luridly about the great Soviet pincer movement around the Persian Gulf. This movement turns out to rest on those three powerful states Afghanistan, South Yemen, and Ethiopia—Afghanistan, where the Red army is in deep trouble; South Yemen, where a new regime is moving away from Moscow; and Ethiopia, where Soviet hopes are invested in that wayward and egotistical nationalist Colonel Mengistu. Even Nixon admits that Iraq, which he would undoubtedly have consigned irrevocably to the Soviet bloc a few years ago, has now turned against the Soviet Union. Angola, which he still sees as a Soviet satellite, is in fact living comfortably with Gulf Oil and Boeing. "Marxist Tide Ebbs in Southern Africa" was the headline of a recent story in the *Christian Science Monitor.*

Not only, according to the Nixon creed, does the Soviet Union pose a mortal threat to the United States by acquiring all this influence in Afghanistan, South Yemen, and Ethiopia, but at the same time it has raced ahead of the United States in nuclear weaponry. This is a disputed field; much depends on quantitative vs. qualitative assessments and much else on constructions of Soviet military spending; and I cannot enter into the disputes here. But one thing, as our hero used to say, is perfectly clear: that the American military posture in 1980 is incontrovertibly the result, given the lead time on modern weapons, of decisions taken eight to 10 years ago. Carter is plainly a more incompetent President than Nixon; but Nixon cannot blame Carter for the decisions that determine our present military strength—decisions taken in the period 1969–1974. One must admire the brass of the old fellow, who writes about "the spectre of strategic inferiority staring us in the face," the decline of the defense budget "from 9 percent of GNP in 1968 to 5 percent in 1978," the failure "since the mid-1960s" to be "seriously competitive with the Soviets in the development of strategic forces," as if someone else, no doubt a liberal Democrat, was President in the crucial years.

Nixon's trouble is that, for all the anxiety with which he casts himself as a master of realpolitik, he remains a theologian at heart. An old Manichean, he sees only two powers in the world: the United States and the Soviet Union. "Unless a great power acts like one," he writes, "it will leave a power vacuum that another great power will fill.... The Soviet Union has rushed to fill the vacuum created by our inaction." He quite overlooks the fact that the most potent political emotion in the world today is not communism but nationalism. It is nationalism that rushes to fill those vacuums of power—and it is nationalism that has steadily and effectively reduced the influence of both superpowers over the last generation.

Nationalism too has ended the threat of "monolithic" communism that preoccupied Nixon so much in the past. He has come to understand that Russia and China don't like each other much any more; but he has not really liberated himself from the old-time religion. "Angola, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, South Yemen, Mozambique, Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam [a real Murderers' Row, that line-up] all have been brought under Communist domination since 1974," he writes, as if this represented some infernal massing of Communist power. Does he not even now see the significance of the fact that the most serious war in recent years has been when Communist China invaded Communist Vietnam which had invaded Communist Cambodia? The Communist monolith is a dead duck.

But Nixon could not care less about

"... and forgive us our alleged trespasses ...."

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the internal politics of other countries. His only measuring stick is their supposed external attachments, to Moscow or to Washington. He assumes that some colonel somewhere who finds it convenient to claim to be a Marxist in order to collect Soviet arms and rubles must have sworn eternal fealty to the Soviet Union. He assumes equally that leaders like the Shah of Iran who exploit the United States for their own power and profit are "friends" to whom we thereafter owe permanent loyalty and protection. When he writes about the Shah, Somoza, South Africa, Chile, he gets all choked up with emotion. In fact, most Third World leaders are practiced con men adept at playing off one superpower against the other and at shaking both sides down. If Nixon were a consistent realpolitiker and not a right-wing theologian, he would long since have grasped Palmerston's old point—that it is our interests, and not our friendships, that are perpetual.

One wonders how someone with Nixon's supposedly avid devotion to geopolitics can get things so wrong, but finally the purpose of his book becomes manifest. The old fellow is at it again: striking at his domestic enemies. I must at once declare an interest. I was on Nixon's Enemies List—though I think he has recently carried harassment a little far by buying a house over my back fence. Still, even a less-interested reader must agree that the book comes to life when it gets to what is for him the "real war" —the war against what the ex-President variously calls "the leader ship class" or "America's cultural and intellectual elite."

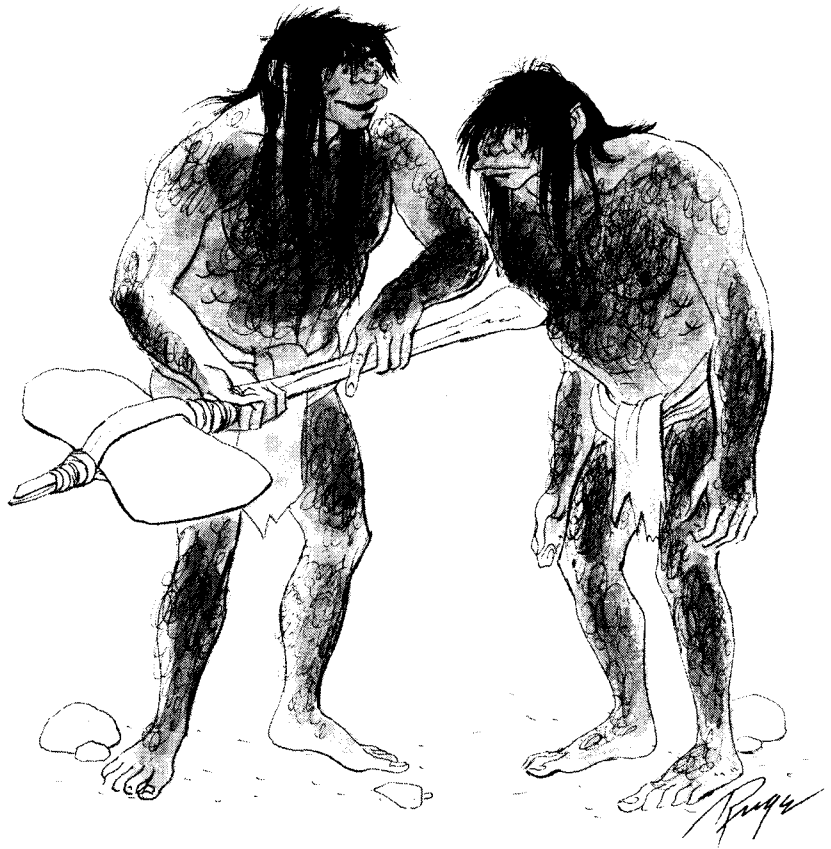
American intellectuals, who mostly see themselves as an impotent lot, will be thrilled to know of the awe in which Nixon holds them. "Today, whether the West lives or dies is in the hands of its new power elite." Why did we lose the Vietnam War? "We had won the war militarily and politically in Vietnam," Nixon assures us. But we lost because the intellectual elite revealed itself as "trendy, gullible, smug, and blind in one eye"; and because Lyndon Johnson committed the country simultaneously to Vietnam and the war on poverty. "The double maximum commitment overloaded our systems, and we short-circuited." In the same cunning way the *New York Times* put Castro in power, American liberals destroyed the Shah and Somoza, and so on—all demonstrating again Nixon's incorrigible obliviousness to the fact that political change comes about from the internal dynamics of a country, not because some distant American writes one thing or another.

I don't know whom Nixon is talking about when he inveighs against all those American liberals who are "paralyzed by a misplaced sense of guilt," who believe that the Soviet Union is on the right side, who adored Pol Pot's Kampuchea, who are afraid of power and who lack "will" (for Nixon, as for G. Gordon Liddy, his predestined henchman, this is the magic word). Nixon seems to see liberals in the image of a hysteric like Noam Chomsky, but even Chomsky, to do him the justice he never does to anyone else, has little use for the Soviet Union. As a guilt-free, power-loving, realpolitik liberal of the FDR-HST-JFK school, I am bound to say that Nixon, as usual, is refashioning the world to soothe his own agitated emotions and, as a result, himself exemplifies the feat he projects on the intellectual elite—he "swims merrily in a sea of fantasy."

Against all these "guilt-ridden" knaves, Nixon incredibly offers himself as the guardian of the old moral values. He is unrepentant about Watergate in this work, and even has the impudence to call a section of his book "The Big Enchilada"—the term one of his mob used in Watergate days when he was preparing to turn in a co-conspirator. Americans are used to anything from Nixon; he has no shame. But surely it is a little much when the only President of the United States who had to resign to escape impeachment and prison lectures the American people for accepting the idea that "life is meant to be easy. Coddled, pampered, truckled to, a generation of Americans has been bred to believe that they should coast through life," and so on. Looking over the back fence and seeing our pampered ex-President surrounded by Secret Servicemen and living in luxury at the taxpayers' expense, even I am astonished at his insolence. As William Cullen Bryant wrote of Nicholas Biddle, he is spending "the last of his days in elegant retirement, which, if justice had taken place, would have been spent in the penitentiary."

Beyond the triumph of the will, Nixon wants to unleash the CIA, raise the defense budget by $30 billion annually, stop being "gun-shy about using force," develop "the ability to intervene unilaterally" in the Persian Gulf, give all-out backing to reliable nations like South Korea, and remember always that "in World War III there *is* no substitute for victory." Unlike Barry Goldwater, whose *Why Not Victory* (1962) this book resembles, Nixon does not define what he means by "victory" over communism. But Goldwater is an honest man.

The Real War is a casebook in geopolitical as well as theological cliché—Nixon even gives us Korea as "a dagger pointed at the heart of Japan"—varied by mixed metaphors of noble proportions. I have already mentioned the hot knives marching in lockstep through societies of untracked butter. Here is another typical effort: "Iran has been plunged into bloody chaos and turned overnight from a bastion of Western



"Of course, we'll never actually use it against a potential enemy, but it will allow us to negotiate from a position of strength."

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strength to a cauldron of virulent anti-Westernism, its oil treasures lying provocatively exposed to lustful Russian eyes." Then there are the world-statesman touches:

> The King of Afghanistan recalled for me .... Alexei Kosygin confided to me .... Charles de Gaulle told me .... Ayub Khan of Pakistan told me .... Herbert Hoover and Douglas MacArthur referred to the Chinese that way in conversations with me. So too, for that matter, did Leonid Brezhnev .... Harold Macmillan, then the British Prime Minister, astutely commented to me .... I vividly recall a conversation I had with Whittaker Chambers ....

Nixon remains, above all, the master of the sententious generalization. "There is a sort of Gresham's Law that applies to public discussion: bad ideas drive out good, and attention given to empty posturing shuts the door on serious debate." The empty posturing of *The Real War* will put Nixon's Law to test. I am sure that the old trickster, as usual, underrates the intelligence of the American people.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is currently working on the fourth volume of The Age of Roosevelt.

The Famished Future

The Lean Years: Politics in the Age of Scarcity
by Richard J. Barnet
Simon & Schuster, 317 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Axel Madsen

A SENSE OF transition pervades the body politic. Recession, diminishing national power and influence, and shrinking resources in a standing-room-only world make us feel, very intensely sometimes, that the political system is drawing to a close, that something *should* happen. The era that began in the ashes of World War II 35 years ago now seems to be coming to an end and already begins to look like an extraordinary, if brief, epoch of optimism, expansion, and affluence. The new mood is a loss of faith, sometimes rooted in a sense of betrayal. We worked hard; we believed in the future; we followed all the rules of success.

What is happening? We are relentlessly questioning our civilization, both fearful of tomorrow and hopeful. As André Malraux said toward the end of his life, "Nobody *announced* the end of Rome. Saint Augustine talked very seriously about it but when he did Rome had already fallen. We, on the other hand, are engaged in wholesale challenge and are aware of a civilizational crisis." Enemy truths square off. Contemporary Cassandras are turning doomsaying into a sizable cottage industry while latter-day Panglosses, incurable and often misleading optimists, think human ingenuity, in the form of leading-edge technology, will save us.

The Lean Years: Politics in the Age of Scarcity announces the end of our Rome. Richard J. Barnet's hindsight is 20/20, but the powerful political vision he wishes were the possession of our leaders (in the largest sense) eludes him too. Inevitably perhaps, since a spiritual revolution—which, in the end, is what he demands of us—is hard to program. Change of this kind is, by definition, subterranean and the major facts of our times are not events but shifts in concepts. *The Lean Years* is nevertheless a forceful summing up of where we are.

Pulling all his strings together, Barnet comes to the disturbing conclusion that scarcity is threatening the basic building block of the current world order—the nation-state. Too small to plan global distribution of resources, yet too large to respond to local and individual needs, the nation-state is caught in a political tug-of-war. As shortages appear and the struggle for food, water, and natural resources intensifies, regional and ethnic loyalties surface. Antipathy toward central authority is on the rise everywhere and separatism is a worldwide phenomenon. The Great Russians who run the Soviet Union are about to become an ethnic minority. Scotland, Quebec, Catalonia, Brittany, and Kurdestan seek "devolution" from London, Ottawa, Madrid, Paris, and Teheran respectively while parts of India, the Middle East, and Africa are torn by language strife and resistance to dominant national cultures. In the United States, geographic, economic, and ethnic splintering is beginning to overwhelm the melting pot as Sunbelt and Frostbelt fight for much more than federal allocations. "The promise of governments to create an affluent society that embraces the whole national territory is losing credibility everywhere," Barnet says. Between nations and within nations the perception of scarcity leads to naked class war and the costs of maintaining islands of affluence are escalating:

> To support the military and police, there is a steady drain of money, oil, copper, manganese, cobalt, and other resources. The defense of privilege now requires a style of life that robs it of its pleasures. Double locks, armed guards, and healthy fear of kidnaping and assassination are the rewards of achievement almost everywhere.

What can we do? If we discard both the Malthusian idea of a world order regulated by famine and the attitude of mindless technological assault on nature through indiscriminate industrialization, rapid evolution is the only answer. With the six billionth human being about to be born, Barnet says we must accept the notion of truly universal, yet limited rights for each individual because only "human beings with a sense of their own value and a minimum sense of security can make responsible deci-

"I'm afraid, gentlemen, that this is a valid Get Out of Jail Free card."

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sions about how many children to have. The second survival principle is the protection of communities." This would require an economic devolution, a shift away from the "balance" of both global and national economies to a kind of revived Middle Ages where communities achieve internal balance and sever their life-and-death dependence on distant economies beyond their control. Barnet admits that the superpowers are far from accepting this even in principle, and interdependence of one sort or another is unavoidable, but he wants us to increase the self-reliance of local economies both within nations and worldwide. To emphasize his point, he says that national security has little meaning if the local economy cannot provide jobs, if food, shelter, energy, health care, and transportation are not available at prices people can afford, "and if people are afraid to walk the streets."

Five years ago, Barnet, a distinguished economic and political analyst, wrote, together with Ronald Müller, *Global Reach* and gained a measure of notoriety with this frontal (and, at the time of the Gulf Oil, Lockheed, and ITT scandals, predictable) attack on global enterprise. Barnet and Müller wrote that the internationalization of business—indeed the increasing integration of the world economy—was the root of much postwar evil in both the industrialized West and the Third World. Since then Barnet's vision has darkened and if multinational corporations are still wicked, he sees little hope in federal governments as economic leaders. For most of his 317 pages, Barnet looks back and explains too much (after Anthony Sampson's *Seven Sisters* we don't need another retelling of oil company imperialism), but when he gets to his central thesis on page 295 he hits the stride of classical stoics—Zeno, Epictetus, and, especially, Marcus Aurelius, the emperor who year after year witnessed the gradual crumbling of Rome's frontiers and keenly sensed the end of his age.

The Lean Years is about physical resources and political power. Whoever controls world resources controls the world in a way that mere occupation of territory cannot match. Besides oil, Barnet takes us through the scarcities of minerals, food, and water, the globalization of enterprise and labor (from "export platforms" in go-go Third World countries to illegal immigration in Western Europe and America) to interdependence, a favorite word of politicians in recent years. Barnet cannot quite make up his mind whether certain shortages are fabricated. Like many people he wants to believe that the oil crisis is manufactured by the oil companies and OPEC, and he goes to some lengths to tell us that "proven reserves" merely means a company has determined it can pump out the oil and that the expression has nothing to do with the level of ultimately recoverable resources. Much of this has been said before, but Barnet manages to touch important bases:

> When a society buys an energy system, it is also buying a particular path of development. By choosing to burn up imported fossil fuels, to develop new coal technologies, to take the nuclear option, or to develop new alternatives—solar energy, fusion, harnessing of the ocean winds—leaders are also making decisions about how dependent society will be on scarce minerals, how much water it will use, how many jobs will be created, which cities and regions will rise and which will fall, and who will hold political power.

He reminds us that attitudes toward scarcity don't follow traditional left-right ideological splits. Marxists and capitalists alike reject Thomas Malthus's notion of biological determinism and demand uncontrolled development, while conservationists and antigrowth proponents despair of ever making the pie big enough. Spaceship Earth and "lifeboat" ethics tend to be rich people's metaphors. He mockingly says, "A gentle shove, and those who were doomed to die anyway because of their history of reckless reproduction, will make it possible for the rest to survive in comfort."

Democracy may have to be scrapped. Barnet quotes Robert Heilbroner and other spokesmen for the liberal left who wonder whether democracy can be reconciled with political and ecological stability, and admits that such views provide the ideological rationalization for dictatorships, but he himself says the choice is more democracy or much less.

> The effective participation of people in making the decisions that most directly affect them is the precondition for economic, political, and spiritual liberation .... When masses of people come to see themselves as either extensions of machines for making things they can never have, or as surplus population, or as the inmates of a zoo where things called "basic needs" are periodically dumped into the cage, they lose the incentive to create. They lose and the world loses immense resources—imagination, creativity, love, and power."

Barnet concludes, a rational system of sharing and a renewed sense of our deepest collective folk wisdom are the keys to survival in an age of scarcity. We must become conscious of the collective

"His leg appears to have been broken in two places: Eddie's Lounge and Al's Bar and Grill."

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unconsciousness of the human race so we can invent the institutions that will allow us to do what we must do. If only *The Lean Years* had gone on from here!

Axel Madsen's tenth book, Private Power, *will apppear in the fall.*

Father of the Bomb

Robert Oppenheimer: Letters and Recollections *Edited by Alice Kimball Smith and Charles Weiner*
Harvard University Press, 376 pp., $20

Reviewed by Michael Brown

ONE WOULD THINK that anyone who could dazzle all of Harvard as a chemistry student, greatly impress his most sophisticated friends with a deep knowledge of literature and philosophy, and direct the secret laboratory in which the atomic bomb was created must have been a strongly independent personage, with a view of the world that was at once unique and severe. But after an exhaustive search of archives and personal desk drawers, Alice Kimball Smith and Charles Weiner have produced a hitherto unpublished series of correspondence showing, in fact, that Robert Oppenheimer, the father of the A-bomb, was not of that kind. To the contrary, this important collection of Oppenheimer letters, written between 1922 and 1945, displays a highly vulnerable and at times embarrassingly obsequious man whose brilliance was like that of a laser: strikingly intense but, alas, frequently narrow as a pin.

Thus the book will be of as much interest to the psychologist as it is to the physicist. For the student of physics, it presents some fascinating if rather abbreviated technical communication that evolves from Oppenheimer's interest in cosmic rays and his attempts at entering mainstream quantum mechanics, to his later duties of estimating such things as the critical mass of material needed for nuclear fission and the efficiency of the devastating new weapon. But the most telling glimpses are those involving Robert Oppenheimer's remarkable insecurities. They demonstrate not only the instabilities nurtured by genius, but also the mentality that would lead a most sensitive man to fall in love with a most insensitive new technology.

Born in 1904 on New York's West Side, to a family made wealthy by the textile trades, Oppenheimer was a predictably precocious young student at the prestigious Ethical Culture School. His interest in science developed in his preteen years when his curiosity was piqued by a collection of minerals given to him by a grandfather. As we find through his letters, however, Oppenheimer's main love, in his initial days at Harvard, seemed to be literature. From 1922 to 1925, his voluminous correspondence to Herbert Winslow Smith, who had taught him English in high school, clearly shows the burning ambition to write. Why he did not may also be found in these letters, which many times were cleverly phrased but just as often burdened with a thick, rambling prose. He sent his poetry and stories to Smith, who, it appears, found little to praise. "With most of what you have to say about my filthy stories I agree quite absolutely," wrote Oppenheimer to his teacher on May 15, 1923. "I think, though, that what, in Conquest, you so magnanimously consider carelessness, is in reality ineptitude ...."

That was perhaps the first sign of Oppenheimer's fawning dependence on others, but by no means the last. Receiving word from a distant friend, he reacted, to use his own verbiage, with "a violent schoolgirl flutter of excitement." And he literally begged for further correspon-

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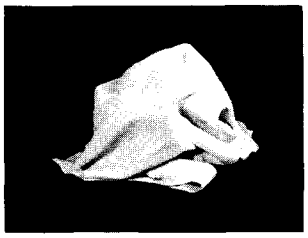
Tools for Living is an attempt to cut through the proliferation of products and bring unusually worthy values to your attention. Our items are not selected by an organized process. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for well-designed items of honest usefulness that do what they say they will do—and at reasonable cost. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it easier to shop that way. Some of these items can be found in local stores. Wherever you buy, we trust you will find the information here helpful. If you want to recommend a product based on your experience with it, write us at the address below.

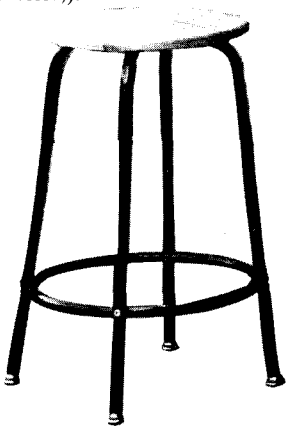
THE SECRET OF CHAMOIS



Sometimes you just can't improve on nature. Without doubt the best all-around cleaning and polishing cloth is natural chamois—a special oil-tanned, suede-finished leather prepared from various skins that have the texture of sheepskin. It's gentle enough to clean your eyeglasses and rugged enough (given proper care) to last for years. It absorbs water beautifully, which is why people with fancy finishes on their automobiles dry them exclusively with chamois. But the real secret of chamois is not how well it works but how good it feels. True chamois is supple, pliant and incredibly soft. The tactile pleasure it gives makes any job seem shorter. We can send you 2½ square feet of genuine imported British chamois for $11.25 postpaid. Even if you don't have a sports car to buff lovingly, using this chamois will give you a special feeling of privilege. (SRA162)

ADJUSTABLE STOOL

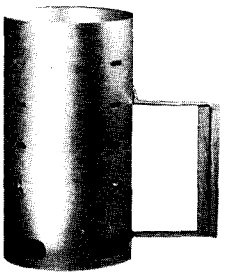
A scattering of stools adds to the warmth and comfort of any kitchen. Stools invite company. They are nicely informal, a compromise between awkwardness of standing around and the formality of fetching chairs. They are temporary perches rather than settled seats. Stools also provide more direct comfort: they give much needed support while you are slicing, chopping or engaged in some other lengthy preparation process over sink or counter. Stools have saved many a cook's back. Lastly, stools have the practical advantage of extending the usefulness of your countertops, so they can serve as snack bars or a quick place to feed the kids. Unfortunately, most stools on the market these days are of the bar-stool variety—bulky, heavy, designed to support a stationary or even tipsy drinker. By contrast, the ideal kitchen stool is built for mobility. *Tools for Living* is happy to have found a stool that is light, simple, sturdy, attractive and best of all *adjustable*. With a choice of 24″, 26″, 28″ and 30″ heights, the stool adapts to fit any cook or countertop. It is at home in any decor, made of tubular steel with a butcher-block wood seat. With reasonable treatment, there is no reason why it won't last forever. Each kitchen stool costs $35.75 plus $4.00 for shipping (please specify brown (SRA164), white (SRA165), red (SRA166) or yellow (SRA167)).



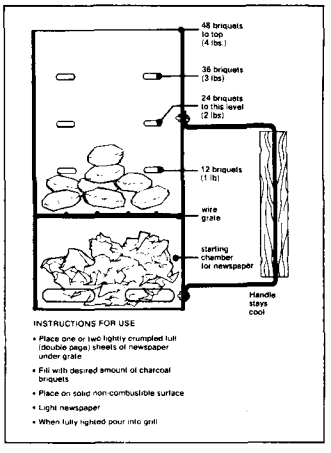
CHEAP FIRE INSURANCE

No one likes to anticipate emergencies. But it is undeniably better to be prepared than to be sorry. Fire is a good example. It is simple good sense to have a fire extinguisher in every kitchen, every motor vehicle, every boat. Probably you'll never need it. But if you do, you'll need it *right away!* Fire extinguishers are coded according to what sorts of fires they are effective against: (A) for combustible materials (paper, wood, fabric, some plastics); [B] for flammable liquids (gasoline, cooking oil, grease, paints); (C) for live electrical (short circuits or faulty wiring in motors, switches, home appliances). Different fires require different treatment: while water will work on a type (A) fire, it can actually *spread* a type [B] fire or cause a fatal shock in a type (C) fire. As believers in preparedness, we at *Tools for Living* have found a small inexpensive fire extinguisher that is rated effective against all three classes of fire. We think this is the best multi-purpose unit available for protecting home, apartment, car, boat or camper. It is a dry chemical type extinguisher (it sprays a 10-foot stream of non-toxic powder onto the fire, smothering it) that exceeds all the minimum ratings recommended by the federal government. A gauge on the extinguisher registers its degree of pressurization. The original charge will last for up to 6 years. The extinguisher comes with a bracket assembly for wall or vehicle mounting. At only $22.50 + $2.50 shipping, this is a pretty inexpensive form of insurance. (SRA159)

CHARCOAL MAGIC



The biggest hassle with charcoal cooking is getting the charcoal lit. To keep frustration levels among outdoor chefs manageable, a whole line of charcoal-starter fluids has come onto the market. But they are expensive (and getting more so) and there's something a little absurd about using a petroleum product to start what is after all a wood fire. So we were delighted to find this Chimney Starter that uses only newspaper to easily set up to 4 pounds of charcoal ablaze. Once we used the product, we were simply amazed: 2 balled sheets of newspaper had 2 pounds of charcoal briquets burning merrily in 6-7 minutes! It will relieve you forever of the silliness of needing three or four tries to get a stubborn batch of charcoal ready for your hamburgers. One futher hint: since charcoal absorbs moisture readily, when you bring a bag of briquets home, put them in a securely fastened plastic garbage bag. That will make all your fires quicker. Chimney Starter $13.50 plus $2.00 shipping. (SRA160)


48 briquets to top (4 lbs.)
36 briquets (3 lbs.)
24 briquets to this level (2 lbs.)
12 briquets (1 lb.)
wire grate
starting chamber for newspaper
Handle stays cool
INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE
• Place one or two tightly crumpled full (double page) sheets of newspaper under grate
• Fill with desired amount of charcoal briquets
• Place on solid non-combustible surface
• Light newspaper
• When fully lighted pour into grill

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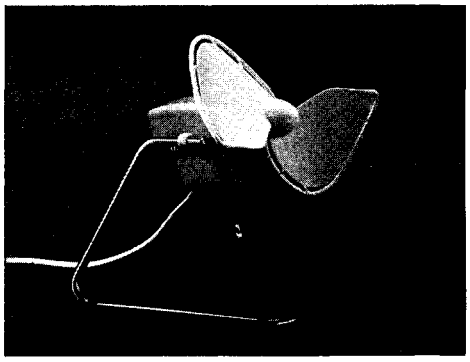
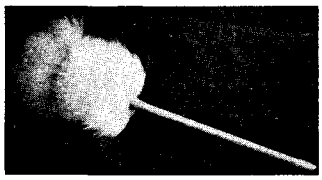
A FAN FOR ALL SEASONS



The important qualities of a household fan are safety, quietness, portability and force enough to get the air circulating. We've found a little powerhouse of a fan that is made in Canada and meets all these criteria admirably. The fan blade is made of pliable plastic. If you stick your finger in, the blade simply stops turning. So far as we can tell the possibility of injury, even for small children, is virtually nil. The fan has two speeds and although it is small (only about 8″ high) it moves a surprising volume of air. The operation is ultra-quiet, so your soothing breeze comes with no distracting mechanical rattles. Summer or winter, this is the best way we've seen to put air where you want it. The fans are $36.50 each postpaid. (SRA158)

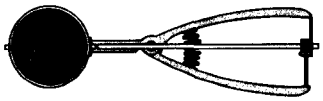
DUST MAGNET



If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways,* we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. It evokes memories of all those movie scenes of starched maids humming happily to themselves as they dust endless feet of library shelves. On its own it actually *attracts* and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Its magnetic qualities also are perfect for gathering cobwebs from the tops of windows or from ceiling corners. When the duster is soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water, let it dry and fluff it out. We are happy to offer a 20″ authentic lambswool duster imported from England for only $7.75 postpaid. (SRA163)

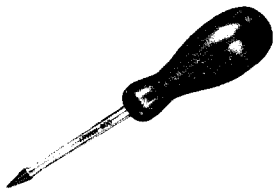
THE TRUE SCOOP

Here's a well-made, up-to-date version of the old fountain ice-cream scoop. But instead of using thumb pressure to operate the rotating wand, in this design the wand is powered by the ratchet-and-spring handgrip. This means the scoop is far more comfortable to use, and it works equally well right-handed and left-handed. The scoop is made entirely of stainless steel and has a 2¼″ bowl. Of course it works on many more things than just ice cream. In England, these servers are called "portioners," and they are used for mashed potatoes, rice, stuffing, squash, puddings and other soft foods. The scoop is especially useful for foods that tend to stick to serving implements, for a mere squeeze delivers a perfectly shaped portion. $10.75 postpaid. (SRA161)



Kite Heaven. According to the U.S. Weather Bureau, Great Falls, Montana is the windiest American city, with an average wind speed of 13.1 mph.

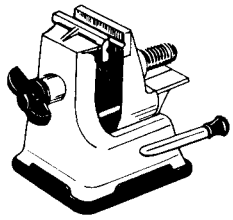
FOR PROPER STARTS



At first glance, a screw-starter may not seem to be an essential tool. But the impression is deceiving. For the experienced craftsman or for the home handyman or woman, this inexpensive instrument will simplify and improve any non-metal, screw-setting operation. The sharp, tapered screw-point marks, starts and threads a hole for any size screw. Screws turn easier, meaning no more scarred hardware from screwdrivers slipping off tight screws. Screws are perfectly centered, so hinges, striker plates, latches and other installations are precisely positioned with the screws seated flush. As a result, it looks and performs better. Because it requires only one hand, this tool is far more convenient and accurate than using a hammer and nail to start screws. The Irwin screw-starter pictured here is made of tool steel with a hardwood handle, overall length 6″. It bites fast and clean and because of its sharpness requires very little strength to turn. The screw-starter costs $3.75 postpaid. It is one of those small things you'll thank yourself for every time you use it. (SRA157)

A MIGHTY SMALL VISE

This ingeniously designed little vise does a lot more than you are likely to give it credit for. After all, it stands only 3″ high and is made of plastic, no less. Hardly seems to be in the same family as a 25-pound, tempered-steel bench vise. But looks are deceiving—this is truly a mighty mite. Its suction base fixes the vise firmly to any non-porous surface (metal, glass, Formica, finished wood), so firmly, in fact, that you can't break the suction without using



the release lever. The mini-vise offers the best of two worlds: eminent portability yet solidly fixed in place during use. Anytime you need to hold small objects securely but gently, leaving both hands free for work, this is your tool. It's perfect for precise glueing jobs, for crafts, for small assembly work, for taking apart a fishing reel or putting together a clock, and for all those household tasks like sharpening scissors that always seem to require three hands. Yet the best feature is the price. At only $5.00 postpaid, you can't go wrong—and if you end up using the mini-vise only once a month, in no time at all it will rank as one of your best bargains ever.

(SRA122/1)

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dence. "Please, I almost whimper it," he says to Francis Fergusson, a friend. "Please write again." In a note to the writer Paul Horgan, he describes the arrival of Horgan's mail as "something to be awaited, hoped, prized, loved, treasured; something to be read and reread, lingeringly, with fondness; something even, perhaps, to be enshrined ...." The portrait is one of a desperately lonely young man whose naiveté is deepened by an over-reliance on old books and old friends—as opposed to more revealing societal interactions. He needed to spend more time on the streets.

Oppenheimer's letters also, however, display an extraordinary intelligence bordering on that of eidetic memory. His appreciation of art was a most sophisticated one. He knew the classics. And he did not allow language to be a barrier in discovering literature. Oppenheimer could read some French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek. All of this came, of course, alongside his profound understanding of chemistry and physics. In 1923, when Oppenheimer applied to take an advanced course in physics, his partial list of books he'd read (on subjects to do with thermodynamics) was so impressive that one faculty member commented, "Obviously if he says he's read these books he's a liar, but he should get a Ph.D. for knowing their titles." His petition was granted.

The interest in science came about, then, in good measure because Oppenheimer realized he was unfit for a career in writing. Despite the discouragement of his friends, "I continue to write," he stubbornly related to Fergusson, in 1923, the time of the most revealing correspondences:

> It is strange that it should make no difference to me that I know the stuff is useless, and especially strange that I should make no improvements. But I have not the skill or the fortune to find enough people, and physics is a stern and uncompromising muse—I wish, though, that I could get along without it.

We see that Oppenheimer's personality required self-immersement of one sort or another, and since science was what he could do, he keyed that cerebral beam of his squarely on the subject, and allowed it to lead where it may. The collection of letters is worthwhile for this psychohistorical perspective alone; after all, it was the following of such inner needs that quickened the nation's march to Hiroshima.

"They're apparently intelligent, but so far all I've been able to train them to do is to stick a fish in my mouth whenever I jump through a hoop."

As Oppenheimer made the transition from would-be writer to ardent physicist, there were periods when his emotional behavior grew outright bizarre. As editors Smith and Weiner tell us in one of their helpful interpolations, one time, in the course of an intellectual and personal conversation with Fergusson, "Robert suddenly leapt upon Fergusson with the clear intention of strangling him." These rough edges were smoothed over, however, as Oppenheimer increasingly immersed himself in physics. His new confidants were scientists—Niels Bohr, Paul Dirac—and once he moved on from Harvard to the University of Gottingen, where he obtained his doctorate, the depression lifted. Physics, at the time, was undergoing a grand enough revolution to capture his thoughts and ward off psychological pangs. Possibilities were being raised that a new quantum theory, which accounted better for the behavior of radiation than did the older one of electromagnetic "quanta," would wipe away many of the problems encountered when science opened the door to the invisible—and nearly mystically exhilarating—world of the atom. Oppenheimer worked feverishly in England on the application of quantum theory to changes in the continuous spectrum. He was also beginning to better explain the characteristics of colliding atomic particles. In short, his brilliance in physics was becoming readily apparent and, if these letters are properly representative, this newfound power fed his curiosity like a breeder reactor. By the 1930s, Oppenheimer was saying that "the only letters I can write with any conviction are technical ones." His world was one woefully aloof from mainstream society, but he wasn't so lonely anymore.

During the 1930s, as Oppenheimer's reputation grew, and as he increasingly split his time between the University of California and the California Institute of Technology, his ideas grew bolder. On the technical side his interests were in nuclear energy levels, mesons, and theories concerning the interactions between matter and cosmic rays. This was also the time during which news reached Oppenheimer and other Berkeley physicists on the discovery of nuclear fission. He immediately delved into the question of how many neutrons "come off during the splitting," for if enough were produced, a chain reaction would be feasible. Thus did he excitedly—and with narrow perspective—pursue the new territory. On the personal side, the decade ended with his courtship of his soon-to-be wife, Katherine Harrison, and the worries of war. "I had had a continuing, smoldering fury about the treatment of Jews in Germany," he was later to recall.

So was cleared the way to Los Alamos,

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New Mexico, where Oppenheimer agreed to direct a secret project to develop the atom bomb. Of these years we cannot discover as much from the letters. The reason, of course, was that necessary secrecy; he could hardly send detailed mail of his life there to his far-flung friends. We do manage to learn, however, that Oppenheimer was hardly reluctant in what he was now charged to do. He cared for details concerning everything from theoretical theory on implosion to how the recreation areas should be arranged for his men, where the housing should be placed, and how scientists' children should be schooled. Indeed, Oppenheimer even had a major hand in choosing the actual site for the laboratory. It seems he did little to encourage any discussion of the implications of what he and the scientists he had enticed there were doing. The only important goal was technical knowledge and practical success. That same tenacity "Oppie" had once misdirected toward literature had now found a new groove.

No one could doubt that Oppenheimer was smitten during these years by patriotism and energized by his fear that Hitler would get the bomb first. But, again, the scientist expresses few passions on the dangerous effects of the Los Alamos doings. Oppenheimer seemed more worried about how the drain of scientists for the bomb project would affect various universities than about the more alarming implications. A main motivation in his devotion might have been the comfortable feeling of camaraderie Los Alamos presented—scientists tied together in an exciting challenge, one he certainly seemed to relish. Nowhere here will one find a particularly darkened heart after details arrived about those mushroom clouds sprouting over Japan. "In some sort of crude sense, which no vulgarity, no humor, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin," he was to say years later, in an interview with *Time* magazine. Still, the fact remains that Oppenheimer was not nearly so mournful at the time.

To his credit, Oppenheimer spent the years before his death in 1967 telling high-ranking officials that war must never come again—that an international body was needed to oversee the atom. He certainly was not in favor of the development of the more devastating hydrogen bomb, a project his main foe, Edward Teller, so forcefully and successfully endorsed. But although Oppenheimer was one of the few people of stature who could do so, the same insecurities that haunted his earlier life may likewise have prevented his using his stature to offset Teller's. At any rate, they undoubtedly contributed to his journey in atomic energy and to that project which, in Oppenheimer's own words, has left the world "only a stone's throw from despair."

Michael Brown is the author of Laying Waste: The Poisoning of America by Toxic Chemicals.

Our Airborne Cattle Cars

Airport Confidential
by Brian Moynahan
Summit Books, 384 pp., $15.95

Reviewed by Marylin Bender

IN LITERATURE, film, and youthful memory, flying is symbolic of freedom and adventure. It may still be for those who fly in capsules to the moon and in executive jets. But for the rest of us, who get from here to there in the coach sections of those wide-body planes that are hardly distinguishable from cattle cars, going places can be somewhat of an ordeal.

Consider the perils confronting the traveler from the moment of booking passage to that of returning home with a smashed and pilfered suitcase. Chances are that you will be fleeced into paying more for your narrow seat than someone who was born later, has purchased earlier, or has joined a group. Disliking the cut of your jacket, a clerk at the check-in counter may assign you to a place next to a colicky infant. A harsher luck of the draw may give you a pilot suffering from alcoholism or undetected coronary disease. A fellow passenger may be intending to make a political statement by hijacking the plane to Qum. Do not ask how he slipped through the security shield at the boarding gate.

These are but a few of the dangers enumerated in *Airport Confidential* by Brian Moynahan. To produce this book the author has taken a vacuum cleaner to the subject and packaged his findings into a traveler's survival kit. Allowing for the patches of incoherence and hyperbole that result from this approach, the book offers sensible commentary on air transportation. Commercial flying doesn't live up to the promises of its advertising, but is it delivering less than the ticket purchaser is entitled to from a service in which so many governments have a stake? Airports are operated by public authorities. Foreign airlines are largely government controlled. In the last bastion of capitalism, air carriers are privately owned, but the U.S. government exercises surveillance over their technical operations (it is pulling out of economic regulation).

Bargain fares have put air travel within the grasp of Everyperson. Unfortunately, they are so confused as to re-

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quire a deciphering agent, and most of what it takes to make a plane journey tolerable costs extra. A $30-a-year membership in an airline club insulates the traveler from the waiting-room masses where, according to Moynahan, sneak thieves lurk.

First-class seating comes high—25 to 60 percent higher than in the economy section—though it does suggest comfort, abundant reading matter, and interesting companions. Airline employees with pass privileges and business men and women with ample expense accounts predominate, while some of the movers and shakers one would dearly love to meet, such as D.K. Ludwig, the shipping billionaire, prefer to sit in the rear section, incognito. As a baggage loader explained to the author, "People with old cases and old money travel tourist."

If the company in first class sometimes falls short of expectations, so does the cuisine. Those who complain about the quality of the caviar on the New York–Tokyo nonstop expect the $452 differential between first class and economy to entitle them to a meal from the Palace, when just about all they are going to get is legroom.

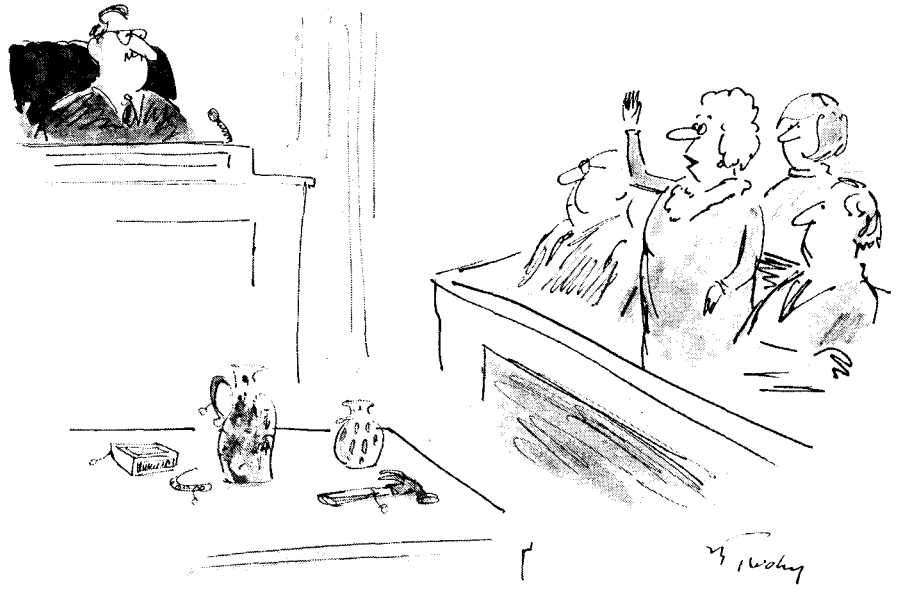
The cost to the airline of feeding passengers, which Moynahan reveals, must give one pause: $20 for a first-class meal, including lavish menu prose and regional specialties; $10 for an economy-class TV dinner; $3 for an edible box lunch on Freddie Laker's flights. The airlines ought to quit the restaurant business and let travelers with finicky palates arrange for their own cold chicken estragon. The false premise of the hearty, free meal is a vestige of the prejet era, when airlines had to try to assuage the tedium of long flights and the prevalent fear of flying.

In times of rigid price fixing, service was just about all that airlines could promote competitively. More to the consumer interest would have been disclosures about the frequency of accidents, but the International Air Transport Association did not allow its members to advertise such statistics; and besides, flaunting a safety record was seen as tempting fate.

This book fills a significant gap: It gives ratings on safety and almost every aspect of air travel. Forewarned, the reader can plan to take the train from Moscow to Leningrad, avoiding "the world's worst jet," the Tupolev 104A, or to cruise by ship to St. Thomas, bypassing the inadequate runway of its airport. Alas, there is no feasible alternative to the airplane for such destinations on the international pilots' blacklist as Hong Kong, Teheran, and practically every airport in Colombia.

It's bolstering to American morale to be informed by a British newspaperman like Moynahan that U.S. airlines live up to their reputations for technical skill and prudence; the likelihood of one of our planes crashing is four to five times lower than the world average, and we are the most scrupulous about checking security before our planes depart. (Responsibility for security of passengers and baggage lies with the airlines rather than the airport authority.)

Several recent air disasters indicate a disturbing trend. The accident rate has been creeping upward since the mid-Seventies. Economies of scale that should have made operating a plane so profitable convert a single crash into a holocaust. Forty years ago, when a seaplane of an international airline fell out of the sky, 10 victims perished. The crash of an American Airlines DC-10 at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport in May of 1979 claimed 273 lives.



"Your Honor, after the trial will it be possible to purchase items from the exhibit table?"

The National Transportation Safety Board cited improper maintenance as contributing to the tragedy at Chicago, but the most frequent cause of aircraft accidents is pilot error. Moynahan's matter-of-fact recital of case histories makes them even more chilling: a simple misreading of an altimeter, a misunderstanding of a radar controller's instruction in accented English, a fit of indecisiveness on the part of a pilot who is being paid $70,000 a year or more to make life-and-death decisions. If pilots owned up to their mistakes and if airlines were more candid about the causes of accidents, air safety standards could be improved, but fear of being fired and of liability exposure are inhibiting.

Pilots and airline managements are at odds over the one component of human error—fatigue—that seems the easiest to eliminate. Fourteen-hour tours of duty through eight time zones, with sleep and other body patterns interrupted, can make for disorientation in the cockpit during final approaches for landing, the phase of flight when more than 50 percent of all air accidents occur. If the crews are struggling to keep their eyes open, they may revert under stress to emergency procedures learned in training on propeller or turboprop aircraft that are not appropriate for jets. Yet management regards demands for shorter hours or an additional pilot on the flight deck as labor-union mischief.

The motive of containing costs is, as you might suspect, not always compatible with safety principles. A main factor in the DC-10 accident at Chicago was the substitution of an airline-maintenance procedure that saved time, and therefore labor costs, for one recommended by the aircraft manufacturer.

The Federal Aviation Agency has been on the defensive since the crash. Critics assert that the agency has been too tolerant of the expense to manufacturers and airlines that certain safety features entail. "Somewhere along the line, the dollar bill gets in the way," a Boeing executive told the *Wall Street Journal*. The FAA itself has been budget-wary when it comes to hiring more traffic controllers and installing more instrument-landing systems. The trouble may lie in conflicting directives from Congress to promote aviation and also be its watchdog.

The economics of safety receives a lick and a promise in this book, and airline deregulation is not even mentioned, possibly because its impact on international routes has been modest so far. Deregulation is the brave new policy for the Eighties, as enacted by Congress less than two years ago and trumpeted by the then chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, Alfred E. Kahn, since promoted to the hopeless role of President Carter's inflation fighter.

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The goal of freeing the airlines from the dead hand of government bureaucracy was sensible and appealing. Consumer advocates warmed to the prospect of airlines cutting fares and entering new markets at will. Businessmen like the rhetoric of free enterprise, as they always do until it begins to inflict pain.

The airlines behaved predictably, flocking to major markets (the longer the haul the more profitable) and abandoning shorter or less trafficked routes. No one has rushed in to challenge Eastern Air Lines' near monopoly of the New York–Washington shuttle, which increasingly resembles a Lexington Avenue subway. Smaller cities are left without service or to the mercies of airlines with shaky finances. The safety records of the commuter airlines are of growing concern to communities that have no other services.

Proponents of deregulation naturally could not have predicted the Shah's hasty exit from Iran last year or how high the latest round of Middle East oil price hikes would go. They could have weighed the warnings in the previous decade about the need for fuel conservation against the wasteful consumption bound to result if any commercial operator can send his plane along any route he chooses. The airlines have already been socked with enormous fuel bills and are raising their fares. Of course, they will find ways to economize. Deregulation could be responsible for more corner-cutting than has been seen in the 42 years since Congress first moved to regulate the airlines by instituting rules of limited competition. The policy consideration then was to restore the health of an industry that had nearly destroyed itself.

Moynahan, somewhat unfairly, tends to paint air travel in a monochrome of woe. The subject does have its lighter side, but in *Airport Confidential* even the humor is outlined in black. Moynahan focuses on the chicanery, particularly smuggling and stealing in the air and in the terminal. Flight attendants are scathingly depicted as galley looters and moonlighters from other occupations who barely tolerate the passengers they are supposed to serve. Part of the problem lies with the job description for the stewardess. Originally it called for a Florence Nightingale, then for a sex symbol. The advent of the jumbo jets turned her into a flying waitress, but along the way she gained at least some rights. No longer can she be dismissed for marrying or growing old, much as those changes upset the marketing departments of the airlines.

Moynahan asserts that cabin crews are undertrained for their most important duties, which only come to the fore during emergencies. He offers an abundance of self-help hints. For example:

Keep your seat belt fastened at all times. You could be killed hitting the ceiling during a spell of turbulence.

Study the position of the emergency exits in the plane and find out whether the doors pull inward or out.

As the plane is crashing, cover your head with a pillow and brace yourself. When the aircraft comes to a stop, leave the plane and run away.

After the plane has been ditched and you are floating on a raft, suck a button to reduce thirst. Above all, do not eat fish with bristles or human-looking teeth.

Amen.

Marylin Bender, a former business news reporter and editor, is writing a book about an international airline.

Books in Brief

Laying Waste: The Poisoning of America by Toxic Chemicals
by Michael Brown
Pantheon, 351 pp., $11.95

IN 1977 MICHAEL BROWN was working as a reporter for the *Niagara Gazette* when he happened to hear a woman at a public meeting complaining about mysterious health problems affecting her neighbors. This was the beginning of a story that led to four Pulitzer Prize nominations for Brown and made Love Canal a synonym for the scandal of chemical waste disposal. Unlike the meticulous case studies of the dioxin problem by *New Yorker* writer Thomas Whiteside, *Laying Waste* is an angry, often emotional exposé that quickly moves beyond the Love Canal neighborhood to chronicle the personal horror stories of individuals across the country who have had the misfortune of living next door to a chemical dump site.

Brown will no doubt be criticized for repeating "anecdotal evidence," but it will be hard to fault his case against the chemical industry's approach to getting rid of its toxic wastes. This messy business has typically been subcontracted to fly-by-night companies, some with underworld connections, according to Brown. No one, it seems, has a clear idea of the magnitude of the problem we have inherited, and even the Environmental Protection Agency has not been eager to uncover the bad news.

Laying Waste will make no friends for the chemical industry. (As a plaintive Hooker company advertisement proclaimed during the height of the furor, "It's easy to hate a big chemical company.") Nevertheless, as Brown points out, the general public has enjoyed the benefits of cheap chemicals and can expect to pay for most of the clean-up.

—JOYCE MILTON

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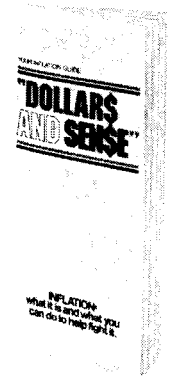

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PETER SOUTHWICK

Beattie—Coolly ironic chronicler of our time.

Falling in Place
by Ann Beattie
Random House, 342 pp., $10.95

ANN BEATTIE has a reputation as a chronicler of a generation—the one that came of age toward the end of the 1960s—which is a popular yet also a suspect kind of writer to be. She is not, however, an airy trend spotter. With a resolute lack of pretension, Beattie keeps a sharp eye and ear out for the mundane facts of lives that don't add up to much in themselves but set a style and tone for a decade. Her two collections of short stories, *Distortions* and *Secrets and Surprises*, and her first novel, *Chilly Scenes of Winter*, are about that unprepossessing but amiable bunch, the survivors of the 1960s: characters in their 20s, without steady jobs, spouses, or ambitions but with lots of friends and intermittent lovers for company. Her new novel, set in the end of the 1970s, is about what many are hailing as the issue of the 1980s: the foundering family.

Ten-year-old John Joel Knapp thinks it's weird—and embarrassing and confusing—to have to explain to people that your father lives in Rye, New York, with his mother and your younger brother, works in New York City, and only commutes home to Connecticut to his wife and two other children on the weekend. No one planned this unconventional setup; it just worked out that way and it stays that way, though no one is very happy with it. Adolescent Mary, who hates the summer school she has to attend, and John Joel, who isn't happy with his fat, friendless self, hate each other. Their mother, Louise, doesn't rock the precarious familial boat but no longer puts much hope in it either. John, the wandering husband and father, is in love with Nina in New York but can't bring himself to break with his other life; indecisive, he watches the disparate pieces of his life awkwardly fall into their places.

Falling into place describes both the shapeless lives of Beattie's characters (who include her familiar array of young, flaky singles as well as the Knapps) and the novel's low-key prose. The author does not construct a plot (though she uncharacteristically includes a dramatic crisis, which I won't reveal). Instead, she accumulates details—those of her characters' private, lonely days as well as those of the popular culture they live and breathe: *Saturday Night Fever*, Mr. Bill T-shirts, Blondie, Peter Frampton.

In this amorphous novel familial arrangements don't promise to work out. But love keeps cropping up in the lives of Beattie's characters—even if it's not something that they dare, or that coolly ironic Beattie cares, to make too big a deal of. It's safer to be blasé in Beattie's undependable world and to dismiss the idea of a cozy, old-fashioned family as a corny one—while secretly thinking it doesn't sound so bad. —ANN HULBERT

Authority
by Richard Sennett
Knopf, 206 pp., $10

SOCIAL SCIENCE has long threatened to replace literature as the moral educator of our culture. For while literature has drifted off into aesthetic play or entertainment, social science has looked ever more closely into the ways we live our lives. No social scientist relishes this role more than Richard Sennett; and his pleasure has never been more evident than in *Authority*, the first of four volumes on the social sources of emotion.

Not for Sennett the dreary graphs and statistics, the inflated trifles, the barbarous abstractions that squeeze the life out of so much scholarship. Sennett traffics in tales of human feeling, taken from both life and fiction and embellished by excursions into history and theory. And he here aspires to nothing less than a "political vision" spun from his "social-psychological analysis" of the modern fear of authority.

People fear and try to negate authority, Sennett says, because most of it has roots in political and economic systems indifferent to the emotions and is exercised by people ignorant of human nature. If only we could abandon the oppressive structures and intimidating images of power and harness its use to "the ethics of recognition—sympathy, sensitivity, modesty about oneself"—we could shake off our fears and act freely and cooperatively.

An airy promise, you might say. But it is the most that Sennett gives. For the social scientist as moralist (and in this case a professed anarchist to boot) has here allowed himself too free a rein. Leading us into a roughly mapped field, Sennett identifies varieties of authority and resistances to it, ruminates fitfully, and then quits the scene, leaving us intellectually unsatisfied and uncertain of the way out. —JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Silk and Steel
by Stephen Alter
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 327 pp., $11.95

TWO YEARS AGO, at the age of 21, Stephen Alter published *Neglected Lives*, a remarkably fine first novel about the stunted dreams and thwarted ambitions of Anglo-Indians wasting away in a remote hill station. At 23 Alter has brought out a second book that, like its predecessor, is beautifully composed and extremely entertaining.

Silk and Steel is a traditional but hardly old-fashioned historical novel set in India during the early part of the 19th century. It focuses on a daring, one-eyed Anglo-Indian soldier of fortune, a man "caught in the middle, in limbo, as if forever on a journey between Hindustan and England." Colonel Augustine's life has become a quest for revenge against the occupying forces who defeated and killed his warrior father and raped and murdered his British mother.

Webley, Augustine's commanding officer, is an eccentric military genius who has forsaken a secure post as a British officer for a glorious but self-destructive career as the head of a motley bandit army composed of local tribesmen and mercenaries. His seesaw campaign for hegemony in the subcontinent's wild and mountainous north becomes the perfect vehicle for Augustine's private war against the British. What neither of them can foresee is their impending entanglement with Khasturba, a teenage prostitute from the luxurious city of Lucknow, or the imminent rounding out of their own battlefield destinies.

Alter includes some exotic set-pieces here—among them, a flash flood that wipes out an entire army, a fight between a bear and a wild boar, the palace entertainments of a decadent nabob—and steeps the entire novel in the history and lore of 19th-century India without descending into the falsely romantic. His ability to evoke locations stands out as the most visible, if not the most formidable, aspect of his burgeoning talent. Lucknow grows before our eyes, "a lush tangle of trees and architecture. From the edge of the forest it had the appearance of an ethereal city .... Each of the palaces and mosques was surrounded by shade trees, tamarinds, mangoes, and palms. Stands of bamboo lined the river, arching over the chalk-white buildings .... The cupolas and havēlis, domes of every shape, from an onion to a woman's breast, protruded above the gardens and groves...." Alter's sense of human personality matches his sense of place, and his language takes quiet but certain command over all.

—ALAN CHEUSE

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Requiem for a Sports Car

COURTESY JAGUAR ROVER TRIUMPH INC.

The MGB—Driving it, all the joys and possibilities of creation unfold before you.

WHEN THE news came over the wireless that British Leyland had sold the Morris garage marque to Aston-Martin, Ltd., makers of the 007-mobile and other automotive fantasies, I was standing in the driveway in dreg-encrusted jeans sanding down the new fiber-glass patches on the rear fenders of my '65 MG. Since I had put in half an average life expectancy's worth of labor on my MG's restoration, not to mention considerable costs in parts and domestic tranquility, I took British Leyland's decision to get rid of the MG rather personally. As well might MG's 25,000 workers, who must still be holding their breath, given the precarious nature of the British auto industry.

If I could stick it out with my old MG, why couldn't British Leyland? To hell with streamlining operations and cost-cutting; this was "the sports car the world fell in love with," the nymphet of the automotive world they were handing over to strangers. This was youth and exuberance and precocious charm on rollers they were abandoning!

The MGB, last and longest-lived of its line, was the direct descendent and legitimate heir of those classic postwar MG touring cars, justly remembered for their squared-off grilles, fire engine-red finishes, leather-strapped hoods, and rear-mounted spare wheels. Those were the little dreams your debonair bachelor Uncle Basil bobbed round in come summer, if you had an Uncle Basil. (I did not. I had an Uncle Emile, a used-car dealer from the Bronx, who dispensed this wisdom in the time of Dwight Eisenhower: "When you buy a foreign car, you're buying yourself trouble." But that is another story.)

The MGB reached these shores in an era when big was still beautiful. The highways were the domain of the V-8s, with their Dinah Shore styling and goliathan appendages. When the Philistines of Detroit looked about and saw the MG, they disdained it:

> For he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

But the MG stole hearts and minds over to the idea that small, too, had its special appeal. The MGB had the longest run of any single model that could legitimately be called a sports car.

The MGB was MG's export model, big seller, and smash success, the first European sports car redesigned for the American market. This basically meant they replaced the isinglass side curtains with roll-up glass windows, substituted door handles for guide wires, and improved the convertible top to the point where you could almost get it up into place before your date got drenched.

The colors the MGB came in looked like a Carnaby Street Teddy boy's idea of Alice's acid trip in the Colonies. Not that they were bad colors. On the contrary. They were, up until then, the most beaudacious colors to have graced sheet metal. They were plain eccentric. They included a gorgeous robin's egg blue; a fleshy beige; lemon yellow; and, my own favorite, a rosy-hued pink, the shade of a Balzac heroine's cheeks as she sits in her box at the Opéra Comique under the gaze of an ardent chevalier.

But thereabouts ended compromises in the name of new-world comfort and tastes. For the rest, the MGB brought along the essential elements of the true sports car. Its first order of business was to lower the driver's butt so close to the ground that one felt every twig, pebble, and road surface imperfection. It took all four limbs, coordinated by the split-second decisiveness of a smoothly functioning brain, to run through the four gears and start cruising, while the eyes had to mind an instrument panel only slightly more complex than your average Boeing. With the top up, the engine rumbled through every nerve ending of your body. With the top down, it purred, and you felt yourself mesh with its rhythms.

For its size, which was very small, and its weight, which was very light, the MGB had an indecent amount of power in its four-cylinder, dual-carbureted, overhead valve engine. Neither the MGA nor the MGB did a whole lot more than 120 mph, fast enough for me, and the Midget strained at 90. But lowered into the driver's crevice, with that Orson Welles-sized, leather-covered steering wheel wrapped around your chest and your legs thrust straight ahead for the pedals, even at more humble velocities you felt like Icarus roaring for the sun on waxed wings.

Despite British Leyland's barmy ad campaigns to convince the American public that the MG was just the thing for trendy executives and busy housewives, nobody was fooled, and the MGB made little pretense about its utter lack of utility. The luggage compartment (endearingly known as "the boot") had room for a packet of Kleenex and a paperback novel, provided that work did not stretch beyond 150 pages. You could wedge a can of tennis balls in between the bucket seats and the inadequate space provided behind them for storage of the convertible top. But you were smart to lay in metric wrenches instead.

A journey of more than 100 miles in an MG was nearly every bit as challenging—or foolhardy—as Scott's last venture to the Antarctic. Semis and tractor-trailers took an instant dislike to MGs and tried to trash you every chance they got. Then, too, you had to possess the

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confidence and skill to weather the breakdown. The *inevitable* breakdown. Providence and British engineering so conspired that for every MG there could be only one person who understood its problems and could set them right.

One MG required gentle rocking in second gear to engage the starter motor. Another wanted a stiff ratchet clout on the regulator to get moving. A third needed tending of the groundwire on the fuel pump, located, of all places, up behind the right rear tire, where said tending was nearly impossible unless you happened to be the jointless wretch from the Ringling Brothers' sideshow. Some MGs didn't catch in wet weather, and more refused to budge if it looked like snow, but who could blame them? I don't know anyone who claimed to have detected heat coming out of an MG heater.

In any case, whatever your MG needed, you had to supply it personally. No strange mechanic was going to diagnose the auto's malaise. As with the family dog, you often had the certain impression that your MG could speak. But arrive at an unfamiliar garage and the little darling suddenly clammed up. It is beyond scientific doubt that MGs responded more favorably to sweet tokens of attention, such as new racing plugs and super-high-octane gas.

I'm not here to tell you the MGB was the most beautiful sports car in the world; that it had any single curve to match the dimple front fenders of the old Jaguar XK-140 or a figure to shame a teardrop Porsche.

What the MG did, and did better than the rest, was persuade its driver for the duration that the world was a bright and happy place and belonged to him, or her, or in many cases, them. To take an MGB down a twisting country road with the sun dancing in your eyes, a fine breeze on your hair, the silver fluting of leaves flashing by, and children squealing as you passed, was to grow dizzy on the pleasures of life. It was nearly impossible to set out for an aimless spin without feeling all the joys and possibilities of creation unfolding before you. At 30 miles to the gallon and a price tag then under $3,000, it put those tantalizing gifts of rejuvenation within the reach of the toiling classes.

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—Jonathan Evan Maslow

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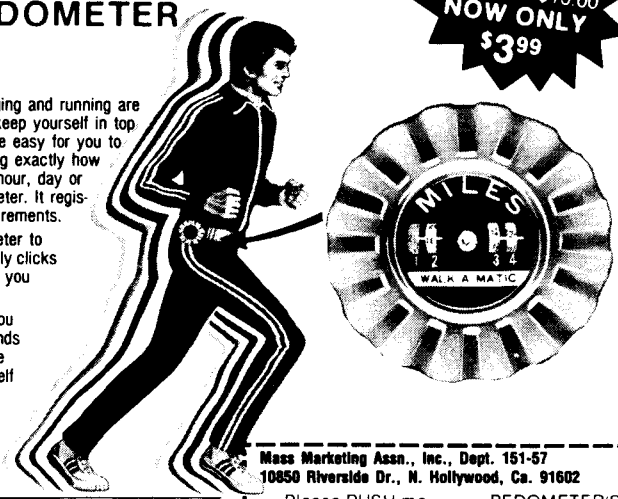

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SR COMPETITION NO. 9 — EDITED BY CLARENCE BROWN

It has long been my contention that certain famous words would never have become famous, or even known, if the speaker had been interrupted, forced to repeat, explain, etc. Imagine the following dialogue:

Louis XIV: L'Etat c'est moi.
Courtier: L'Etat c'est *qui?*
Louis XIV: Je dis, L'Etat c'est moi.
Courtier: Vous?
Louis XIV: Moi! Moi! Moi! *Imbécile!*

The courtier, thinking that His Majesty had gone definitively mad, never mentioned this to a soul, and the remark was lost forever.

And here's an entire oration, the principal adornment of American eloquence, that might well have died aborning:

Lincoln: Four score and seven years ago ...
Man in crowd: Four *what* and seven?
Lincoln: Score!
Man: What's a *score?*
Second man: I think it's seven to five.
Lincoln (tearing up scrap of paper): Oh the hell with it! Get me back on that train!

Kindly think up some dialogue of your own along these lines and of about this length. The three winners will receive copies of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.* Entries for Competition No. 9 must be received by July 15 and the winners will be announced in the September issue. Send submissions to SR Competition No. 9, *Saturday Review,* 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. All entries become the property of *SR.*

WINNERS OF NO. 6

With our customary candor, we have decided to reveal that Competition No. 6 (March, 1) drew a comparatively tiny number of responses. You were asked to write an imaginary paragraph in some presidential candidate's handbook, outlining how staffers could immediately determine who, in any gathering, was for their man and who against him.

Our readers must have instinctively known who was on the way out, even then: no Dole, no Crane, no Baker, no Anderson, and no (sob!) Stassen. One for Brown (matching his eventual number of delegates), one for Connally, and a scattering for Carter and Reagan.

What does this mean? Nothing at all, to tell you the truth. But what do we *think* it means? That, of course, is a different matter: We think it means that bright people with a sense of humor are bored out of their skulls with politics.

Our conclusions amount to two resolves: to avoid the subject of politics until around 1982 and to write the rules henceforth with a clarity approaching the threshold of pain. We *intended* by saying "any presidential contender" to refer to those about to run, running, or having run in *this present year.* Sly readers lunged through the loophole and picked on everyone from Millard Fillmore to Warren Gamaliel Harding, ignoring those we have listed above, and paying little more attention to James Earl Carter, Jr., than that due any head of state, however titular. We nonetheless have a quorum of winners.

First prize to Marianne Landor of Brooklyn, New York, for these guidelines to the staff of Woodrow Wilson:

Be especially wary of those persons who address Mr. Wilson as "President" Wilson. These are probably embittered Princeton alumni who resent our candidate's efforts during his presidency of that university to provide a modicum of social life for the odd wimp or nerd that managed to outsmart the Admissions Office. Those who address him as "Doctor Wilson," and then complain of some vague physical discomfort, are feigning ignorance that his doctorate is in political science, a perfectly respectable field no matter what anyone says, and are even more dangerous than the above, since they are apt to sue for malpractice. Those who comment on the candidate's resemblence to Our Lord are for us.

The indefatigable Jack Pope of San Francisco, who is among the most loyal of our contestants, wins second prize with a paragraph from the handbook of some unidentified candidate. We know of him only that he has the most extraordinary tolerance of puns:

How do you know if you're in friendly territory? Forget about the names on the banners, posters, and bumper stickers. What really counts is the handclasp or the buss. The American people are clasp-conscious and overwhelmingly in favor of bussing—if they like you. The clammy clasp and the fussy buss can, of course, betray a secret preference for the opposition. When in doubt, refer to the clasp-buss scale in Appendix 7-B.

Finally, we award third prize to L.B. Foote of Dallas, Texas, whose address alone seems to confer a kind of authority. This lone entry for John Connally had us uneasy about kicking a man who was down, but friends assured us that the word "down" could not conceivably be applied to Big John.

Procedure for little old no-speech gathering in the northeast where you might as well forget about chili: If they is anyone at the door taking guns for goodness' sake GIVE THEM A GUN. If they have one of these metal detectors, demand equal time for Brannif. Anybody that sounds like they are from Lubbock and walks bowlegged is Dan Rather. Get shut of him quick and if he makes any trouble say you have to run off to be interviewed by Walter Mudd.

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 154

PUPS APE DOG JINX SPI AOJ, AOGI OG EPHU P VJJU DOHIV, RIGA DOPD IJTJUX OPU EPHU HD TGLJYG OHS.

—SPYR DAPHI

Wit Twister No. 166

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Like blooms that ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
in the desert's glare,
Pink jellyfish bestrew the oily strand,
While stifled minnows ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ beside them there
And, in hot sun, bleach ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ than the sand.

Mrs. Thomas E. Harris
Alexandria, Virginia

Answers next issue

ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 153

No man can terrorize a whole nation unless we are all his accomplices.
Edward R. Murrow

Wit Twister No. 165

unbred, burned, burden

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 194

(ALGERNON CHARLES) SWINBURNE:
(THE) GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

I am tired of tears and laughter,/And men that laugh and weep;/Of what may come hereafter/For men that sow to reap:/I am weary of days and hours,/Blown buds of barren flowers,/Desires and dreams and powers/And everything but sleep.

No. 195

(BOYCE) RENSBERGER:
THE CULT OF THE WILD

Although the term "leviathan" is sometimes thought to mean whale, it is clear from the description in the Bible that a whale is a less likely leviathan than a crocodile. Job's leviathan spewed flames from its mouth and smoke from its nostrils and was impervious to swords and spears.

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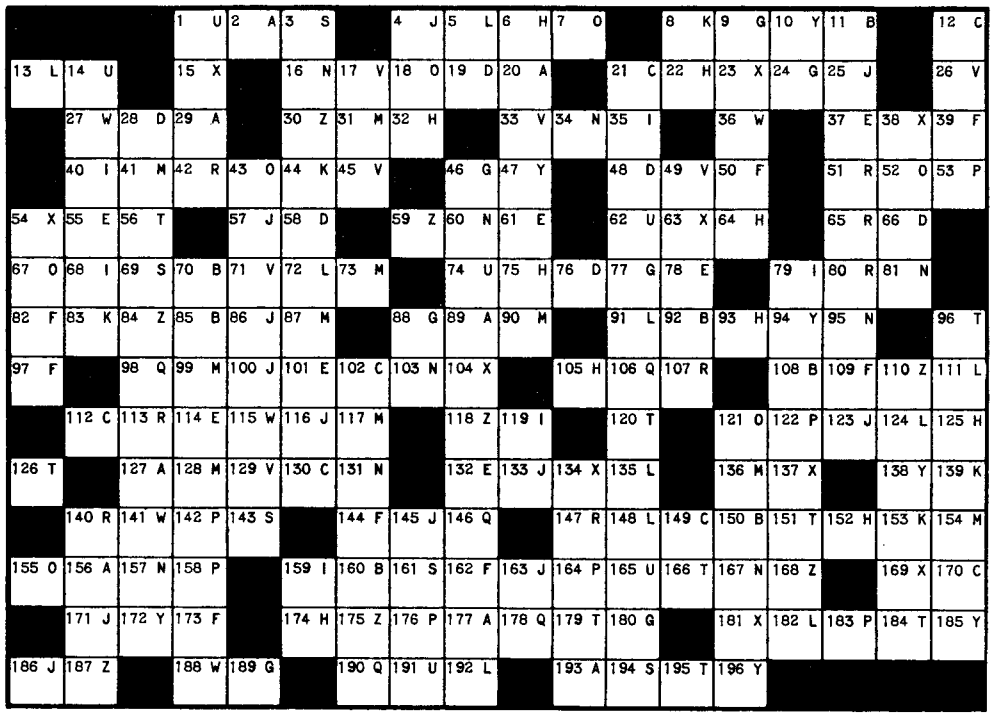
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 196

BY THOMAS H. MIDDLETON

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answers to Double-Crostics No. 194 and 195 appear on page 90.



CLUES	WORDS
A. Unscrupulous and ruthless subordinate	2 20 29 127 156 177 193 89
B. Prophet; book of the Old Testament	92 108 150 11 70 85 160
C. Pilgrim leader (1595–1655) a founder of the Plymouth Colony	12 102 112 130 149 170 21
D. Influence	28 58 66 76 19 48
E. Emitting offensive odors	55 61 78 101 114 132 37
F. Beat, overcome	39 50 97 109 144 162 173 82
G. Hodgepodge; medley	189 9 24 77 88 180 46
H. Advisor to David who joined Absalom's rebellion (II Sam. 15-17)	64 75 152 174 22 32 93 105 125 6
I. Seaport, east Kwantung, China	35 40 68 79 119 159
J. Mystery story by Wilkie Collins (2 wds.)	186 4 25 86 123 133 145 163 171 57 100 116
K. Oland's successor as Charlie Chan in the movies	139 153 8 44 83
L. Describing a pace in walking contests (comp.)	91 135 148 192 13 111 124 182 5 72
M. King of ancient Assyria, son of Sennacherib (comp.)	73 87 99 128 31 41 117 90 136 154
N. A people to whom Pauline Epistles were written	167 16 60 81 95 157 34 103 131
O. Alaskan port, major disembarking point to the Klondike	155 43 52 67 121 18 7
P. Horse-cavalry soldier	53 142 164 122 158 176 183
Q. Friendship	106 98 178 190 146
R. Windbag, gasbag	140 42 65 51 80 113 147 107
S. Liberty, as in the navy	69 143 161 194 3
T. Introduces something new	195 179 126 96 166 120 151 184 56
U. Pie, cake, candy, etc.	62 74 165 191 1 14
V. "The worms were ___ that did breed the silk" of "that handkerchief," says Othello	49 26 71 17 129 33 45
W. Jack, kale, bread, the long green	27 141 188 115 36
X. 1952 Steinbeck novel (3 wds.)	23 15 181 169 38 137 54 104 63 134
Y. WORD M's capital city	10 138 47 94 196 185 172
Z. Small speakers	118 30 84 110 59 175 168 187

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Writing in the Dark

THIS IS MY last column in this space. Beginning next issue, I will be writing elsewhere in the magazine assessments of men and women in the arts and letters.

Moments of transition jog us to reflection. They remind us that though we may sometimes ignore time, it never returns the favor. Having to face the transitoriness of all things forces us to ask ourselves whether what we do with our time has value.

It is a healthful exercise. Journalists, like many other souls, tend to *assume* that their occupation is important, without bothering to explore the proposition. The risk of such negligence is that it prevents the development of values. Unless one knows one's underlying goals, one cannot judge whether one is making progress toward them, whether one is doing well or poorly.

In my view, print journalism has never been so necessary to the health of our body politic as it is today. History shows that there are invariable swings between ages of "reason" or reliance on man's intellect and ability to solve his problems, and ages of "faith" or superstition, when man is viewed as a slave to some higher Purpose. Ages of reason tend to be characterized by optimism and human accomplishments; ages of faith tend to be gloomy, oppressive, and stagnant. In broadest outline, Western history has experienced three such swings: the emergence of a man-centered world view in Greece and Rome, followed by the Dark Ages, followed by a renaissance of belief in man. The Industrial Revolution was fueled by optimism that man could achieve a better world through technology. The United States was founded on the radical faith that ordinary men working together could manage their mutual destiny better than any king or priest.

Today, the signs suggest a return to an era of unreason. The worldwide rise of fundamentalism bespeaks a disillusion with man-made solutions. In overthrowing the Shah, the Iranian revolutionaries rejected not only a tyrant but the notion of progress altogether. The indifference of the American people to the electoral process suggests that we no longer share the Founding Fathers' buoyant belief that our votes matter. The murderous violence reported in last month's Miami riots, where individuals were brutally mutilated for the hell of it, is evidence of a deep malaise in the American soul. There is a vast difference between social action, however violent, and barbarism: The one is born of optimism, the other of utter hopelessness.

A degree of discouragement is understandable. For decades, American industry has promised us Nirvana-via-consumption; better things must result in better living. Meanwhile, television has vivified the disparities between rich and poor, sharpening frustrations. And we have all come to realize that for many social problems there are no quick fixes. Indeed, solutions often spawn worse problems than those they were intended to solve. It is not impossible to sympathize with Ayatollah Khomeini's assertions that Western technology and commerce are inventions of the Devil. His pronouncements about greedy industrialists raping the earth might be echoed by the residents of Love Canal.

It is natural enough in such a perplexed environment for the thought to take hold that if man can't solve his problems, maybe Somebody Else can. It is tempting to try to rid oneself of the problems by placing one's faith in a Superman.

The importance of print in such a time is to persuade us of the implausibility of any such desperate solutions. Print is the least emotional means of communication. Television and radio are dramatic media: We end up buying Ultra-Brite or Walter Cronkite because of their appeal to our gut, not our intellect. As Orson Welles demonstrated in 1938, the electronic media have the terrifying capacity to persuade us instantly that Martians have landed.

Print is an analytic medium. With print one can dissect complicated problems into their component parts. The more imposing the problem, the more important it is that its solution be predicated on analysis. Whatever momentary satisfactions the Iranian rulers derived from exiling Western technocrats or taking hostages, the impoverishment of the Iranian people is too high a price to pay for them. If the Iranian leaders had analyzed their objectives, they surely would have selected a different course.

Print is, furthermore, an enduring medium. The truth in print survives. Demagogues invariably detest print if they cannot control it. In an era of uncertainty, when our confidence is wobbly and our convictions are shaken by emotional gusts, print serves as an anchor to our reason, reminding us that there are no easy or instant solutions.

The dangers I perceive are not imminent. I do not expect the majority of Americans in the next few months to go crazy, like the Miami rioters, or, like Mount St. Helens, to blow their tops. The pendulum swings imperceptibly, by increments. Surely the dissatisfaction with technology is widening. Our faith in reasonable solutions has been buffeted. Either we will build a postindustrial world sensitively and sensibly, or we will rebel against sense altogether. In either event, print will help to protect our freedom of thought—the only freedom without which we cannot live.

—Carll Tucker

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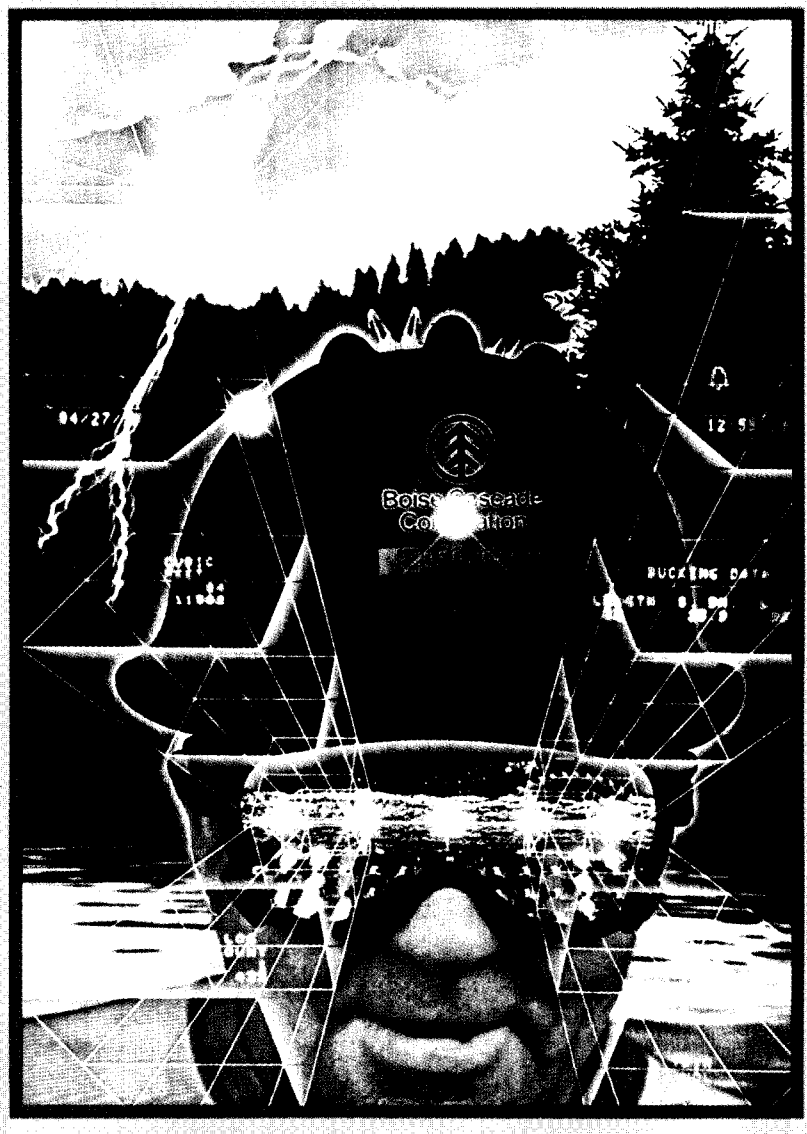

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